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A JOURNEY THROUGH THE DRAGON EMPIRE AT THE TIME OF THE BOXER UPRISING

(SEE POCKET IN BACK COVER FOR EIGHT PATENT MAPS)

PERSONALLY CONDUCTED BY
JAMES RICALTON

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WHERE ARE WE GOING?

The ancient empires of Egypt, Phœnicia, Assyria, Babylon and Greece, all passed away. One venerable contemporary of those old empires alone remains to connect the present with the hoary dawn of history; and this solitary antique among the nations of to-day we are now to visit through the stereoscope. Exaggerated claims to the antiquity of Chinese history, identifies the first dynasty, that of Fohi, with Noah of the Bible; but more reliable native historians do not attempt to place authentic records earlier than 1100 B. C. This was during what is known as the Chow dynasty, covering the period when Homer, Hesiod, Zoroaster, David and Solomon lived and when the pyramids of Egypt were built. At this time Roman history was mythical and fabulous, and yet Pa-out-she, a Chinese scholar, had completed a dictionary containing forty thousand characters.

The mariner's compass was known to the Chinese at this early period. History also records that Fong, a ruler of this time, built a Tartar city in five days; that permanent political institutions were established as early as 800 B. C.

When we remember that one of the oldest and most progressive among those ancient empires exists to-day not essentially altered in her customs, laws and institutions, what an interesting study is therein offered to us!

We can see Egypt under the Khedive, but not under Rameses; we have seen Italy under Victor Emmanuel;

but we cannot see Rome under Julius Cæsar, nor Greece in the time of Pericles. We know Palestine under the Sultan; but we cannot behold Judea under Solomon. It is now possible for us to look upon the dreary plains of the Euphrates; but we can only read of the splendor of Babylon under Nebuchadnezzar and the world-encompassing Macedonian Empire under Alexander the Great. To see life as it existed in any part of the world three thousand years ago is a rare privilege. Yet to see China is to turn back the wheels of time and gaze into the dawn of human history. We delight to stroll through a museum of antiquities and look at isolated objects that carry us back to former ages. In China, a veritable world of antiquities, relatively associated, moral, social, literary, political and industrial, are offered for our inspection. The word change was not in Pa-out-she's dictionary, and China under the Manchus is China under Chow.

Nor is it altogether her antiquity that offers so interesting a subject for study; she is at this time a puzzle among the nations, and promises to be, in the future, a gigantic and mysterious force. During the recent Boxer uprising, we have witnessed this oldest of the world's empires, proud of her history and tenacious of her time-honored civilization, hurling back the encroachments of modernism. None of the nations of this age are so little known—so misunderstood, yet so relentlessly assailed; but when she learns her own latent strength and how to use it, the aggressive cupidity of the Occident may hesitate to assail her.

It has been my privilege to visit many countries in different parts of the world; twice I have wandered over portions of the "Flowery Kingdom," and I do not hesitate to assure those who are to follow me on this jour-

ney of observation that nowhere over the whole world could we see so much of the past which is still in the present, and so many differences in conditions of life from what we are accustomed to see in our home surroundings.

How Are We Going?

In previous journeys I have seen China with my natural eyes; during this itinerary we shall see, so to speak, with our stereoscopic eyes; and having used both these media of sightseeing, I wish to state to those not already familiar with the genuine realism of the stereograph, that its power to produce vivid and permanent impressions on the mind is scarcely less than that of one's natural vision; that it gives accuracy in size, proportion, distance and perspective; and, besides these things, it gives a vivid and fascinating effect that almost equals reality in producing pleasurable sensations and in giving a sort of mental emphasis which fixes all impressions.

The stereograph tells no lies; it is binocular—it gives the impression that each eye would receive on the ground, affording essentially perfect vision and giving the most realistic ocular perception attainable in the photographic art. The telescope brings distant objects apparently near; the microscope magnifies the appearance of objects; the stereopticon or magic lantern magnifies images that have been produced by monocular vision (a single lens)—all more or less deceptive, and showing objects only on a single plane, while the stereograph virtually projects solid figures into space before us.

Furthermore, sight is our cleverest sense in the acquisition of knowledge; to see is to know. All princi-

ples of instruction are being more and more based on a recognition of this truism. Any art, device, or principle best calculated to bring objects clearly and truthfully before the eyes is, therefore, surely the best means of imparting instruction.

If you cannot visit a country and see it as the traveller does, do the next best thing and see it through that miracle of realism, the stereograph. To make this possible I have spent a year in the land through which you are now to accompany me.

It might be of interest to you to know that the beginning of my itinerary in China follows the conclusion of a year spent in the Philippine Islands, which was marked by all the vicissitudes and experiences of our flag-planting in the Orient. When I reached Manila, scarcely had the clanking of the anchor chains ceased when all on board our ship were startled by the sharp popping of Krags and Mausers only a few miles away. This was soon after the first conflict between the Americans and the insurgents; so that the year following embraced the most important events of our war in the Philippines, during which time I was at the front, not only in Luzon, but also in the southern islands of Panay and Cebu, and made during that time nearly nineteen hundred negatives representing war, life and industrial scenes.

Then I proceeded to China, where I stereographed many hundreds of places, though time and space will permit us to visit through the stereoscope only a single hundred, and these will take us to some of the more important treaty ports, some of the interior cities of China, and then into the midst of the Boxer uprising, or the war of China against the world; and this, it is hoped, will stimulate a desire to more fully understand this peculiar country and her people.

How to Use Stereographs.

a. Experiment with the sliding-rack which holds the stereograph until you find the distance that suits the focus of your own eyes. This distance varies greatly with different people.

b. Have a strong, steady light on the stereograph. This is often best obtainable by sitting with the back toward window or lamp, letting the light fall over one's shoulder on the face of the stereograph.

c. Hold the stereograph with the hood close against the forehead and temples, shutting off entirely all immediate surroundings. The less you are conscious of things close about you the more strong will be your feeling of actual presence in the scenes you are studying.

d. Make constant use of the special patented maps in the back of this book. First, read the statements in regard to the *location on the appropriate maps*, of a place you are about to see, so as to have already in mind, when you look at a given scene, just where you are and what is before you. After looking at the scene for the purpose of getting your location and the points of the compass clear, then read the explanatory comments on it. You will like to read portions of the text again after once looking at the stereograph, and then return to the view. Repeated returns to the text may be desirable where there are many details to be discovered. But read through once the text that bears on the location of each stereograph before taking up the stereograph in question; in this way you will know just where you are, and the feeling of actual presence on the ground will be much more real and satisfactory. On the maps you will find given the exact location of each successive standpoint (at the apex of the red V in most cases) and the exact range of the view obtained from that standpoint

(shown in each case by the space included between the spreading arms of the V). The map system is admirably clear and satisfactory, giving an accurate idea of the progress of the journey and really making one feel, after a little, quite at home among the streets of Canton and Pekin.

e. Go slowly. Tourists are often reproached for their nervously hurried and superficial ways of glancing at sights in foreign lands. Travel by means of stereographs encourages leisurely and thoughtful enjoyment of whatever is worth enjoying. You may linger as long as you like in any particularly interesting spot, without fear of being left behind by train or steamboat. Indeed, you may return to the same spot as many times as you like without any thought of repeated expense! Herein lies one of the chief delights of China-in-stereographs—its easy accessibility.

CHINA THROUGH THE STEREOSCOPE.

" I felt I was right on the spot," said a man, as he leaned back in his chair and took his head from the stereoscope in which he had been looking along the crowded wharves of Canton. Though one might not at first think so, this remark was descriptive of the *facts* of this man's experience. Let us see if we cannot show in a few minutes that this is true.

It is now being recognized that with the proper attention and the appropriate helps, maps, etc., a person can obtain in the stereoscope a definite sense or experience of geographical location in that part of the earth he sees represented before him. Moreover, it is recognized that to get this sense of location means that we have gained not merely the same visual impressions in all essential respects that we would gain if there in body, but also part of the very same feelings we would experience there; the only difference in the feelings being one of quantity or intensity, not of ***kind***.

But some one objects probably that this man's experience in connection with the stereoscope could not have been a real experience of being in Canton, because it was not the real Canton before him.

But what would be this man's object in going as a traveller to Canton? As a traveller he certainly does not

go to possess himself of that city's material buildings and streets. No traveller brings any material houses or fields back with him. No, the object of the traveller in going so far, at the cost of so much time and trouble, is to get *certain experiences of being in China.* It is not the land, but the experiences he is after.

This makes it clear, then, that in whatever place he stands he is concerned with *two kinds* of realities. First the earth, people, trees, the realities of the physical world; second, the states of his consciousness, made up of thoughts, emotions, desires, the *realities* of his mental or soul life. The physical realities which are so often thought of as the only realities, serve simply as the means of inducing the states of consciousness, the mental reality, the end sought.

Now it will be easier to understand how it is possible for us to be dealing with *genuine experiences of travel* in the stereoscope. For we can see that proving there is no real Canton before a man in the stereoscope does not prove there is no real soul state within him, no genuine experience of being in Canton. "In the stereoscope *we are dealing with realities,* but they are the realities of *soul states,* not the realities of outward physical things." We cannot see too clearly, then, that on this stereoscopic tour, we may have real experiences of being in China.*

But to get these experiences in connection with the rep-

* Send for our booklets, "Light on Stereographs" and "The Stereoscope and Stereoscopic Photographs," by Oliver Wendell Holmes. See article, "Extraordinary Results from Stereoscopic Photographs," in the magazine *The Stereoscopic Photograph*, March, 1902.

resentation of a place in the stereoscope, certain conditions must be observed. We must look intently and with some thought, not only of the location of what is before us, but also of what exists, though we do not see it, on our right or left or behind us. We certainly could not expect to gain a definite consciousness or experience of location in any place, unless we knew where that place was and what were its surroundings.

To give people this knowledge in connection with the stereograph, a new map system has been devised and patented. There are eight maps and plans made according to this system and found in the back of this book which are to be used on our complete China tour.

Turning to Map No. 1, we find a bird's-eye view of the world in two hemispheres. The position of the Chinese Empire is outlined in red on the Eastern Hemisphere, showing us its relation to the various land and water portions of the world. Opening now Map No. 2, we find in outline the eastern part of China, from French or Indo-China on the south to Russian Siberia on the north. Here we can get in mind our general route. The first place we are to visit is Hongkong, found on the seacoast in the most southern part of the Empire. The red line which starts from this city and extends toward the north along the seacoast, and into the country at several points, indicates the route we are to follow. Noting this route more carefully now, from Hongkong we are to proceed inland one hundred miles to Canton; returning, we shall then go along the coast nearly a thousand miles to Shanghai.

From Shanghai we shall take a special trip to Ningpo, over one hundred miles south, to Soo-chow, fifty miles northeast, and then to Hankow, six hundred miles up the Yang-tse-Kiang. From that great inland tea port of China, we go one hundred miles south into the country to Matin. On our return trip down the Yang-tse-Kiang, we stop at Kinkow and Nankin. Reaching the coast again, our next stop is at Cheefoo, nearly five hundred miles north. After Cheefoo, we proceed directly to the seat of war operations of the allied nations against China at Taku, Tien-tsin and Pekin. The rectangles in red on this Map No. 2 indicate the sections of the country given on a larger scale on special maps.

HONGKONG.

Let us now turn to the first of the special maps, Map No. 3, which covers the territory from Hongkong to Canton. Here we can tell with definiteness where we are to stand first in China. Find the island of Hongkong and the city of Victoria or of Hongkong on its northern side, in the lower right-hand portion of the map. Note the number 1, in a circle, both in red, above the island of Hongkong. From this encircled number, a zigzag line runs to the apex of two red lines which branch toward the west, or slightly south of west. We are to stand now at the apex of those lines, on board a ship in the harbor of Hongkong, and look to that part of the city which the lines inclose.

1. *Britain's Rich Mart of the Orient—Hongkong from the Harbor.*

We are on the upper deck of one of the many steamers that ride at anchor in the beautiful harbor of Hongkong, and there we see before us in the distance, at the base of that dark, green mountain side, the city of Victoria, generally called Hongkong, after the island on which it is situated. We are not, however, yet in China. We are looking southwest and the mainland lies on our right, distant only a mile or two, and which we shall soon see from the slope of the mountain in front of us. A little to the left

of the highest point of that somber elevation floats the English flag, that grand old symbol of our fatherland, on which, you know, the sun never sets. Only a small portion of the island is within the range of our vision. To our left, the city skirts the base of the rugged mountain for several miles; and should we follow the winding and irregular coast line and complete a circuit of the island, it would require a journey of over thirty miles; and should we ascend that dark green slope by cable tramway or by winding shady path, a climb of two thousand feet would be rewarded by a panorama scarcely surpassed in the whole world. The summit of that mountain island is a maze of peaks and dells dotted everywhere with cozy villas of the wealthy who find there a cool and healthful retreat from the languishing summer heat of the city below.

But before giving further attention to this city, let us be sure we have a definite consciousness of our surroundings in this part of the world. Remember we are looking somewhat south of west here. Then by reference to the maps we can see that the great mass of China lies off to our right, stretching away for over two thousand miles. Directly before us, six hundred miles distant, is French or Indo-China, and further in that direction is Siam and the Malay Peninsula, Singapore being nearly fifteen hundred miles away. Luzon, the northernmost of the Philippine Islands, lies over six hundred miles sharply to our left. Back of us is Formosa, about four hundred miles away, while Tokio, Japan, is one thousand miles beyond Formosa. San Francisco is nearly six thousand miles distant

behind us and over our left shoulder. Now, with a clearer sense of our location in this part of the earth, we will give further attention to this place immediately before us.

Hongkong is a British crown colony and was a "voluntary" cession from China made sixty years ago, in settlement of trade difficulties between the two countries which had extended over a period of two hundred years. It is now the most important entrepot of the far East, with a native population of two hundred and fifty thousand and about twelve thousand Europeans.

That water front, which you see, is lined with commodious modern office buildings, granite quays and landing stages, around which queer native boats called sampans, manned by native women, ply their trade of carrying passengers from point to point.

In the center of our field of vision a distant mountain peeps over the shoulder of Victoria Peak. It is Mount Davis, nearly nine hundred feet high, and around its base is a Chinese cemetery. Between Mount Davis and the sea, on a gentle slope facing the northeast, thousands of little mounds, designated by simple board tablets, indicate the burial place of the victims of the bubonic plague which has prevailed for many years in this city. The cemetery is not an attractive resort. Neither the friends of the victims buried there nor leisure strollers are ever seen near the silent hillside; there even the dead menace the lives of the living.

On the roof of this little house directly before us, in which John "makee washee, washee," we see squatted

three coolies in the characteristic position of the lower classes, not only of China, but of many other Oriental countries. If the classification of men were made on the same plan as that of birds by ornithologists, these fellows would be styled perchers; for, whether eating, smoking, resting, or in social confab, they are always in this couchant and ungraceful pose.

We can see three large, new buildings on the quay, facing the harbor; the farthest of those buildings was a place of much importance during the Spanish-American war. It is the Cable building, and it was to that place that all war dispatches were brought for transmission after the cable was cut in the bay of Manila.

We shall go ashore in a sampan, most likely sculled by a Chinese mother with a babe tied at her back. We shall land near those same buildings and follow a well-paved street toward the mountain side. The second street we pass, Queen's Road, the chief thoroughfare, is almost impassable at times, so full is it with darting jinrikishas and sedan chairs, borne by chair coolies. We ascend the mountain slope along beautiful walks and through botanical gardens embowered in every species of tropical palm and tree-fern, and past well kept lawns studded with bright flower beds, until we have reached an elevation of nearly a thousand feet somewhat farther to the left than we can see, when we turn about and from our elevated viewpoint look back in this direction upon the busiest and most beautiful harbor of the Orient. This new position is given on the map of Hongkong and vicinity by the two red

lines that branch north from the island, each having the number 2 at its end.

2. *Looking Across the Bay to Kowloon and Mainland from Bowen Road, above Hongkong.*

Now we obtain our first sight of the main-land of China, but scarcely yet do we see Chinese territory, for all that portion of the mainland now within our view is under the British flag, England having in recent years leased for a period of ninety-nine years (which an Englishman knows means forever) a peninsula embracing many square miles of territory, and extending many miles beyond those rocky mountains. The military and naval defenses of Hongkong would be quite insecure unless England held adjacent lands on the mainland shore before us. To the right and to the left of those bold barren mountains are sheltered bays from which a foreign fleet with modern guns could hurl monstrous projectiles to the very spot on which we stand. Mirs Bay, that memorable retreat of Admiral Dewey, when compelled by the enforcement of England's neutrality to leave the port of Hongkong, is only ten miles away, just behind those mountains to the right. We are now looking a little to the east of north.

If we now look down to the harbor before us we may see, quite to the right and farthest away, the long black cargo ship on which we stood when we obtained our first view, and a little nearer we see a large white mastless hull roofed over and anchored fore and aft; that is a naval re-

ceiving ship of the station, to which naval men and officers are brought when transfers are to be made.

A little nearer we see a long, rakish, crouching, demoniacal looking craft with a skulking lowness in the water. Her appearance betrays her—she is a torpedo boat. In the center of our field of vision we see a large white ship with three funnels; her lines indicate other purposes than the pursuit of commerce. She is plainly a warship. Our field of vision embraces only a narrow space across the channel; throughout its full length there are seldom fewer than fifteen or twenty of these grim arbiters anchored in this focus of Oriental commerce, and they are mostly English. What a wonderful country is England!

Across the harbor immediately before us, and to the right of the projecting headland, are situated the city and harbor of Kowloon, at which are dry docks that will accommodate the largest warships. We can faintly see the docks across that small bay beyond a sharp point of land, to the right of the city. It was there that several of the Spanish warships destroyed by our fleet in Manila Bay were taken for reconstruction under the supervision of the brave hero of the "Merrimac," Lieutenant Hobson. The water front at Kowloon is lined with piers to accommodate the largest ocean ships. It is out there at Kowloon that all cargoes to and from distant ports are loaded and discharged. Vast storehouses, or "godowns" as they are named in the East, to accommodate transshipment, are ranged near the piers. It is estimated that the actual trade of the European col-

ony, exclusive of the cargoes which pass through this port without breaking bulk, is over 100,000,000 pounds per annum. Many passenger steamers for Europe and America coal and embark passengers from the docks at Kowloon; but the boats of the Pacific Mail, the Canadian Pacific and most of the great lines for Europe receive and discharge their cargoes and embark and debark passengers at their anchorage in the harbor, which extends a mile or more on either hand in the bay between us and the opposite shore. The harbor front at Kowloon presents a busy scene; rail-trucks are constantly thundering back and forth between the long piers and the godowns, coolies, in long lines, waddling under heavy loads carried on bamboo poles, pass to and fro uttering a weird, rhythmical cry which they think helps to dispel a consciousness of physical burden. At frequent intervals small steam ferry-boats ply between Hongkong and Kowloon, carrying first-class passengers at five-cent fares and second-class at half that amount. I must remind you, however, that the busy commercial port we see across the bay is not the *native* city of Kowloon. What we see is chiefly the result of England's commercial development. A water-front embracing about three square miles was here added to the colony of Hongkong thirty-five years ago. Before this section was ceded to the English, it had been a haunt for smugglers and all the lawless rabble around about. A few miles out among those low hills a granite bowlder marks the place of the surrender of the last of the Taipings.

The native city of the same name is hidden among the

low hills three miles distant and a little to our right. The *native* Kowloon is a typical old Chinese city of low one-story buildings with tile roofs and surrounded by a dilapidated brick wall.

Those mountains in the distance are rocky and barren as is frequently the case near the sea-coast; but beyond are many fertile and well-cultivated valleys producing rice, sugar-cane, sweet potatoes, garden fruits and vegetables. In some portions of this peninsula that curious nut or fruit, sometimes seen in our markets, called the lichee, is abundantly produced. Along that mountain range to the left, distinctly visible from positions near us, is a long line of excavation that shows the beginning of a railroad that is to connect Hongkong and Canton.

When we looked at Hongkong from the ship your attention was called to three buildings, one containing the cable office; those buildings are again before us, down by the harbor. On the left is the Cable building. A little further to the left, just to the right of the tree before us, and about half way to the Cable building, is St. John's Protestant Cathedral, a pretty building erected over fifty years ago, with a seating capacity for eight hundred. And below us to the left of the tree we see the spire of the Union Church, erected two years before the former and seating about five hundred people. Looking at European churches in the Far East naturally reminds one of schools. Much encouragement has been given in that direction in Hongkong, and the Chinese inhabitants are quite alive to the importance of education. Nearly nine thousand children are

in attendance at the public schools. I once visited a native school here. When approaching the schoolhouse I was amazed at the great volume of vocal noise proceeding from within the schoolroom. On entering I soon learned that all the pupils were studying aloud, and very loud. I asked the teacher, who spoke intelligible English, if Chinese pupils always study in this fashion. He replied that "Chinamen believe study muchee loud remember more better." This is a thought for the teacher who is fond of hearing a "pin drop," and a plea for the boy who isn't.

Within a few feet of us we see some of the vegetation on the mountain-side, and sections of the occasional pine-trees. My native boy supports himself against one as he also scans the panorama. I do not now remember whether his back presentation was from choice or necessity, because sometimes the lower classes can be induced to present their backs to the camera when vast sums of money would not induce them to face that dire instrument of evil, believing that when their faces are photographed a part of their identity is forever lost to them, and this becomes a serious matter in their ancestral worship.

CANTON.

We have seen the mainland of China from Hongkong. We shall return again to the harbor, pass along the water-front to the left for a half-mile, and board a steamer for Canton, distant about seventy-five miles. After landing at Canton we shall go a short distance above the landing-place to the Imperial Custom House, from the roof of which we shall look back down the river over the route from Hongkong.

Let us turn to the special map of Canton, Map No. 4, where we find our position and field of vision shown by the red lines which start from near the river and branch toward the right. The number 3 is found near the apex and at the ends of these lines.

3. Looking down the Chukiang River into the Homes of the 400,000 Boat Population of Canton.

There is the Chukiang or Pearl River leading down to Hongkong. We are looking directly east now. Our large side-wheel steamer lies still at her dock. Two steamers of this class, besides several other boats that carry freight and a few passengers, ply daily between Canton and Hongkong. These side-wheel boats are of European construction and are quite similar to those that ply between New York and Albany on the Hudson River. They have accommodations for first-class European pas-

sengers and a separate accommodation for first-class native passengers, besides an entire lower deck for the second-class Chinese, who are carried between the two ports at fifty-cent fares; first-class natives are carried for one dollar, while European travellers are charged at the civilized rate of eight dollars for the same short passage.

We are looking due east, and the water before us is only one branch of the Canton or Pearl River. The land on the right of the steamer is an island five or six miles long, and beyond it is another broad affluent of the Canton River. That island on the right bank is densely populated and forms an important suburb to the city of Canton, which lies on the north bank and extends several miles in every direction from our point of view.

The scene before us is one of the most interesting features of the myriad life of China's greatest commercial city. As far as our sight can reach we see boats; these boats are homes in which millions of human beings have been born, have lived and have died; and in many cases without ever having set foot on land. It has been estimated that in these floating homes from two hundred and fifty to four hundred thousand lives are daily rising and falling with the tide.

The inhabitants of these floating dwellings are called Tankia, which means boat-dwellers; their ancestors were also amphibians. They are looked upon as a class below the land people, and they have many customs peculiar to themselves. Their house-boats range in size from fifteen feet to fifty and sixty feet in length. It has been estimated

that eighty-five thousand of these boats are about Canton and that, of this number, forty thousand are permanently located. On many of them pigs and chickens are reared, and in many cases when the smallness of the boat does not afford deck space for such stock, a box or cage is suspended from the stern to serve as a pig-pen or a chicken-coop. This way of securing comparatively free homesteads has seldom occurred to the poor of other countries. For centuries the Chinese have used boats for dwellings, and having a free anchorage their building sites cost nothing. A house-boat that will accommodate a moderate-sized family can be obtained for twenty dollars. A house for twenty dollars and a free site surpass all Western residential economics; but for one hundred dollars a boat almost luxurious in appointments, according to the Tankia's order of life, can be obtained.

Most of the boats we can see here are small. A thatch of palm leaves or a cover of matting over a portion of each boat protects the occupants from sun and rain and serves as an eating and sleeping place. We speak of limitation of space, as things "in a nutshell," but here in the small compass of a fifteen-foot boat there are births, deaths and funerals; there are henneries and pig-pens, and even flower-gardening, particularly on the larger boats, where considerable space in the bow is set apart for flower-pots.

Sometimes European travellers who wish to make a prolonged sojourn in the vicinity of Canton, and do not care to pay the high prices charged in the one hotel, hire a comfortable house-boat which can be had for one dollar

per day. In that case the native owners occupy a small space in the bow, where all cooking is done for the traveller without extra cost, with the additional advantage of free transportation to any point on the river.

One naturally wonders how this swarming population of river-dwellers is maintained, and the answer is chiefly by transporting merchandise and by carrying passengers from place to place. In some cases daughters go ashore to work in factories as girls do in other countries; but the factory girl's annual income in China would scarcely buy an American girl's hat.

On that dock between the steamers and the shore you see several huge casks; if you were on board the steamer you would find many of these filled with water and alive with large and beautiful fish for the Hongkong market, where they are delivered alive.

Down the river beyond the steamer and before reaching that dark group of buildings we can see several ranges of larger boats extending from mid-stream toward the shore on the left. Out there we shall see floating dwellings of more beautiful construction. From those boats called "flower-boats" we shall look toward the city, on our left here. On the Map No. 4 the red lines connected with the number 4 show the relation between our two positions.

4. A Street of Flower-boats—Places of Amusement and Debauchery, Canton.

We stand on the upper deck or roof of one of these boats and look northward toward the shore and over the

city. A range of flower-boats lies between us and the shore. These may be called the summer-gardens of Canton. They are often gorgeously furnished within; the woodwork is carved; the walls are hung with pictures and embroideries; wall mirrors duplicate all objects of ornamentation; the furniture is inlaid with mother-of-pearl; flowers, both natural and artificial, furnish an abundance of color; and every night these popular resorts are filled with seekers after pleasure and recreation. The opium smoker with his seductive pipe comes here to dispel his cares with this insidious narcotic; the gambler comes to these flower-boats to try his fortune at fan-tan or other Chinese games, for gambling is one of China's national vices.

Although the Chinese are an industrious race, they often have an excess of leisure, and too much leisure always creates a desire for a pastime or for pleasure resorts —" An idle brain is the devil's workshop." As our idlers repair to a saloon or a summer-garden, so the Chinese idlers, as well as Chinese professional chance men, come to these flower-boats to win at cards, at dominoes, or dice. The passion for gambling is universal, and the stereotyped invitation " Buy a chance and get rich," is heard everywhere. So the gaudy interiors of these floating dens of vice are nightly filled with sharpers, with idlers, with gamblers and desperate characters.

Most travellers and tourists who come to Canton seldom spend more than two or three days in visiting the various places of interest. Many come on the morning steamer

and return to Hongkong by the night boat of the same day. It is not a desirable place for a long sojourn. There is so much that is repellent besides the exorbitant prices of poor hotels that a single day may satisfy the sightseer; naturally, therefore, there is a set number of places to be visited in a limited time, and one of these places is the flower-boats. A question one constantly hears at the hotel is, "Have you been to the flower-boats?" They have a sort of Monte Carlo notoriety that makes them an object of interest to all travellers.

These boats cost from five hundred to a thousand dollars, and are generally owned by the men in charge of them. At night these boats are illuminated brilliantly with lamps and lanterns, and patrons come and go by boats and along those projecting bows. Then they are not safe places to visit unless accompanied by a guide; but during the day they are vacated except by the owners and their families whom we see engaged in their daily routine of putting their boats in order for another night's round of feasting, gambling and dissipation. One woman is whipping the dust from chair and settee cushions. Two girls have spied us and are gazing quizzically at our strange manner and appearance. A little beyond, a dame with her back toward us is delivering the morning gossip to her neighbors on the next boat, while her liege by her side, with "turned-up pantaloons," is on daily avocations bent.

Beyond the small house-boat two men in characteristic crouching pose are plainly watching the "foreign devils"

and commenting thereon in a foul sarcasm only possible among Chinese. We see near the same place a woman perched on the roof; we can see another in the distance. With us "Time is money," with the Chinese time is of little account, but space is money. The top of the flower-boat is a place for storage and for clothes-lines, which you see are poles.

Although space is valuable and upper space is free, yet the Chinese do not evidently take to "sky-scrapers," as you can judge from the single story buildings everywhere. Pawn shops, however, constitute a curious exception to the rule of low buildings, two of which you may see in the distance. These pawn shops form landmarks in Chinese cities and may be seen at great distances towering above all other buildings.

Just before these flower-boats we have a good example of a small house-boat—its shape, its roof, and a projection over the stern, where, as I have already stated, are placed the pig-box and the hen-coop. We have heard of countries where the pig is kept in the parlor; but in the house-boat space is more valuable. There is not much choice, however, for the porcine member in one case has more space, in the other better ventilation.

You see those garments hung out to dry on poles and near them, also on poles, objects that might be mistaken for sheepskins; they are mackintoshes—rain coats made of bamboo leaves; they serve their purpose well and only cost from ten to twenty cents each.

Notice now a short distance over in the city an object which in other countries would be taken for a flag-pole, with an arrangement resembling the cross trees on a ship's mast. That pole you will see in every city and large town in China. It marks the residence of a mandarin, and it is often a convenience when travelling in China to know just where the mandarin, in a town or village, lives.

We are here looking almost due north, and by following a northerly direction for several miles we shall find ourselves next standing on the northern side of the city and looking almost directly towards the spot we now occupy. The red lines starting from the number 5 near the top of Map No. 4 and toward the southeast show our position and field of vision.

5. Canton, the Vast Metropolis of China, from the Pagoda on the Northern Wall.

We are now standing on a low hill on the northern side of the city with the city wall just behind us, and looking a little east of south toward the Canton River, which we see in the distance. The greatest commercial emporium of Asia is spread out over the plain before us, extending eastward and westward for many miles. That vast hive of human life is encompassed by a high brick wall seven miles in circumference, and within that wall a million human beings are toiling for a livelihood. Almost an equal number have outgrown the limits of the ancient wall and spread out into the suburbs and across the river. We cannot from this distance look into one of the narrow busy streets; but this we shall do on our return.

Here we must be content to look over that vast urban world and reflect. A distant panoramic view of any city always leaves much for the imagination, just as when we look at the exterior of a single house, the interior life is for the imagination. Notice the low one-story brick buildings with tile roofs. The brick is not red, but drab or gray; no paint can be seen anywhere; very little is used in the whole empire. But you notice here that, although the Chinese are innocent of the expensive æstheticism of paint, they are not ignorant of the use of whitewash.

We can observe an occasional clump of trees; but no high chimneys. We can see no church spires; but there are one hundred and twenty temples down in that great sea of lowly homes. There are fourteen high schools and thirty colleges. Of course, they are not Yales or Oxfords, but they are somewhat educational.

People are carried from place to place through the narrow winding streets in sedan-chairs, and it is probably not unsafe with respect to truth to say that not one wheeled vehicle could be found within the entire range of our vision.

If by some power the real inwardness of all the social and industrial life in this panorama could be disclosed to us, what a marvelous scene we should behold! There are palaces after a fashion; there are hospitals; there are arsenals; there are ancestral halls; there are prisons; there is the imperial mint; there is the execution ground where beheading is done; there are scores of markets, in-

cluding a cat-market and a dog-market, where these domestic friends are sold for food. There are seventeen thousand people engaged in silk weaving; and not in great factories, but in small dingy homes where hand-made bamboo looms turn out the delicate fabrics with which our stores are filled, and those magnificent brocades which charm our fancies. There are fifty thousand people making cloth; and there are over four thousand shoemakers; there are great numbers of wood-carvers, stone-cutters and workers in iron, brass, ivory and silver.

It is a world of ceaseless industry; it is likewise a world of vice, as I have already intimated, and has acquired an infamous celebrity for profligacy and corruption; it contains the greatest number of the worst specimens that can be found in the empire. A retiring viceroy once expressed himself thus about Canton: "Deceit and falsehood prevail everywhere in this city, in all ranks and in all places. There is no truth in man, nor honesty in woman." At one time there was an organized band of twenty thousand robbers. There are countless tea-houses and opium-joints and gambling dens. But we cannot gaze longer over this broad panorama of busy industry and unspeakable vice.

We must now turn our attention in the opposite direction; we shall step upon the wall and look northwest. Then we shall have an aspect of the landscape where there is no suburb beyond the wall. See the red lines marked 6 at the top of Map No. 4.

6. *Panorama Northwest from the Northern Wall of the City, Canton.*

We are at the northern edge of the river plain, from which a rolling surface extends to the mountains in the distance. We are looking out toward the great heart of China. We see a country where only the low land is cultivated and where the hills and mountains are without timber except for an occasional clump of trees. With us it is usually only the rocky character of the soil which prevents cultivation. In China there is another cause of neglected cultivation. It is the vast amount of ground occupied by tombs which can never be removed nor disturbed. The hills, both to the right and to the left, are old cemeteries. You can see the partially obliterated graves, but the ground is sacred for all time. Agriculture and ancestral worship know no truce; these are the state and church in China. The area of valuable land occupied by graves has long been a serious curtailment of agricultural resources. This can be better understood when we consider that the venerated graves of ancestry have been preserved for thousands of years.

Down in the little vale below us we can see examples of the care with which the Chinaman cultivates his ground. Here he is evidently a truck gardener for the great market near at hand; you see how carefully the ground is ridged; how the streamlet from the hillside is carried around the walled compound and along the slope at a proper elevation for irrigating his plot of ground; that it is continued along the base of the hill to his neighbor beyond, where it

again does its work of irrigation, and so down the plain in the benevolent perpetuity of Tennyson's " Brook."

We call the aborigines who built and lived in mounds, mound-builders. We might call the Chinese wall-builders. They built the greatest wall in the world—a barrier to repel the Tartars—and how long before that period they were wall-builders we do not know. We know that from time to time to the present they have been defending their cities by prodigious fortifications; that their homes within walled cities are also protected by walls; that even their country houses are encompassed in the same way; that our missionaries in China imitate the wall-building instinct of the natives and encompass their compounds with high, exclusive and defensive walls. Now notice the home of that evidently well-to-do gardener—how carefully a wall incloses and defends all within; yet it must be confessed that these ramparts would scarcely be a protection against Western thieves. Walls may do for the East; but bullets or buckshot are necessary for the Western Tartar.

Let us now turn about, pass through the heart of the great city and look into one of the narrow congested thoroughfares.

7. Looking into Shappat-po Street, from one of the Nightwatch Bridges, Canton.

We are standing on a foot-bridge that enables night policemen to pass from roof to roof, and are looking down into Shappat-po Street, one of the principal business

streets, especially for merchants who deal in European goods. Shappat-po Street is a curious sounding name in our ears because it has not been anglicized. Another street near by called Hog Lane is more intelligible to the Anglo-Saxon, and would scarcely be a misnomer if applied to any of the streets, so narrow and dirty are they all.

I am sure it will not diminish your interest in the scene before us should I state how difficult it is to photograph a dark, narrow, crowded thoroughfare in Canton. Before finding this street, which is more open and better lighted than most streets, I had made three different unsuccessful attempts on different days to obtain a street scene. I had endeavored to hire policemen to stop, for a few moments only, the passing throng, until I could set my camera for a time exposure, as all streets are too dark for instantaneous work. The policemen said they could never stop the crowd. In this place I found an American Mission reading-room, from the roof of which I reached the bridge on which we stand, where some light penetrates into the street below.

A little farther along we can see another foot-bridge over this street, similar to the one on which we stand. Policemen nightly patrol these roofs and cross the streets on these bridges. The buildings are low and the streets are closed by gates or barricades at frequent distances; so that thieves can most readily reach the shops and pass from place to place along the roofs. A further reason for the bridges is that much industrial work is done on the

roofs; clothes are here hung out to dry; frames are erected everywhere for the coloring and drying of cloth and yarn. You will perceive a halt among those passers below; they have plainly spied the operator, but do not suspect that the eyes of a stereoscopic camera ever look down into that closely sheltered chasm.

Note how the vertical signs are suspended from poles extended from roof to roof. These characters have little resemblance to our Roman letters; they are read downwards. The nearest sign-board on our left gives simply the name of the shopkeeper, Kwo Heung. The second, in the center of the street, gives the owner's name, Tai Chung Loong, followed by words which in English would be—Sewing machine manufactured goods. The next vertical sign to the right belongs to Tin Wah Gok. Another to Wing Fong Lau, who, according to his sign, is a dealer in paper fans, panels and decorated pictures. Do you see the one horizontal board both in English and Chinese which tells us that artificial speech and song have a fascination for the "heathen Chinee"? Here in the very heart of this great, strange hive of human life the phonograph and graphophone are for sale.

Should we go down and enter one of those stores, the doorway would soon be blocked by men and boys (not women, because very few are seen on the streets) who would stop and glower at us as we might stop and gaze curiously at a wild man from some strange land. The shopkeeper would not importune us to buy, neither would he attempt to repel the gaping crowd that fills his door-

way; he would stare at us himself, smoke his pipe and keep his seat in statuesque stolidity and scornful indifference, as much as to say: "Not dependent on the patronage of 'foreign-devils.'" Mongolian etiquette is not Caucasian etiquette; dissimilitude is written on everything.

We have looked at the dingy house-boats and over a wilderness of paintless houses, and now, lest I should lead you to think that the Chinaman has no appreciation of architecture, no love of beauty and no artistic development, we will descend, enter a sedan-chair and be carried and jostled through lanes and byways for some distance, and then enter the court of one of the most beautiful buildings in Canton.

8. Splendors of Chun-Ka-Chie, the Ancestral Hall of the Great Chun Family of Canton.

Many believe that nothing has contributed more to the vastness and perpetuity of the Chinese Empire than their practical recognition of a commandment promulgated both by Moses and Confucius, the fifth in the Mosaic decalogue: "Honor thy father and thy mother that thy days may be long upon the land which the Lord thy God giveth thee."

According to Confucius, in his "Filial Piety Classic," "There are three thousand crimes to which one or the other of the five kinds of punishments is attached as a penalty, and of those no one is greater than disobedience to parents"; but filial piety in the Chinese cult is very

misleading. It is not at all identical with what we look upon as children's obedience and respect for their parents in Western countries. The meaning would be better expressed if the so-called filial piety were termed veneration for ancestors, both immediate and remote, which, of course, should naturally begin with reverence for parents living. Homage to ancestors antedates Confucius; but he has emphasized its importance, and now it may be regarded as the religion of the Empire. To honor and commemorate the family line, therefore, shrines or temples are erected in which memorial tablets are placed to different members of the clan or family. This temple or ancestral hall before us has been erected, and is maintained by members of the Chun Clan, which has existed for some sixty generations. The Chun family were the founders and are still the proprietors of the Chun-li-Chai, the house name of an old medicine firm which has been in existence for a thousand years, and of which there are two establishments still to be found. This beautiful ancestral temple is a shrine at which all members of the Chun Clan, from the humblest to the highest, can place their memorial tablets for those who have gone before. There are three pavilions in this exquisite temple; in the center one, contributors of two hundred taels have the first privilege. The second pavilion is for members who can afford only one hundred taels, a third for those who are only able to pay forty taels. The walls are of brick, the floors of the courts are of granite slabs. The slender columns and the massive paneled balustrades are of gray granite. Notice

the representations of grape-vines worked out on posts and panels. Even more elaborate still are the porcelain decorations on the roofs; notice the fantastic designs that extend from the ridge of the roof to the eaves; also the roof of the arcade running across the court; these are all wrought in richly colored porcelains. Considerable time could be spent in examining the wonderful carving and grotesque decorative art in this charming structure, which is considered the finest in this part of the Empire. By a handful of "cash" (a small copper coin, seventeen of which make one cent) I induced those three juvenile Celestials to stand where you see them; but do not imagine that these boys are the only life near us; just out of sight at our left, the court is well filled with gaping onlookers, who were kept back with great difficulty. The gate of the temple had to be closed to exclude the crowd on the street. They are eager to see, but afraid to pose. You cannot conjecture what I regarded as the rarest personal phenomenon that obtained in connection with that little trio; it was something seen everywhere in Japan, but seldom in a Chinese crowd or individual; I mean that I caught once on one of those faces a genuine, roguish, first-class, fun-loving smile. I was afraid the boy lacked "filial piety." The Japanese are a laughing people; but the Chinese countenance is cold, expressionless, and as immobile as that of the eternal Sphinx. The ready laugh usually denotes a genial nature, which is often lacking in the Chinese people. The boy and little child are a familiar feature of domestic life in China. Everywhere one may

see very small boys and girls carrying and caring for younger brothers and sisters; in this respect they are certainly not only filial, but fraternal and useful.

We have had a single glance into one court of this beautiful Ancestral Hall of Chun-Ka-Chie and will now, followed by a hundred gazing onlookers, turn out into the narrow street again and wend our way toward the west to another temple, old and dingy, but which constitutes one of the chief attractions to all who visit Canton.

9. *In the Temple of Five Hundred Genii (founded A. D. 500), Canton.*

This temple was founded 500 A. D., or about fourteen hundred years ago, and is called the Flowery Forest Monastery, or Temple of Five Hundred Genii. At the early date of its establishment its surroundings probably made the former rural name appropriate. The exterior consists of a series of low, grimy buildings quite unattractive in appearance; so we lose little in confining ourselves to this view within where you can see a phalanx of the celebrated so-called Genii from which the temple takes the latter name. These really are statues representing noteworthy disciples of Buddha; they are familiarly called Josses or idols.

This being a Buddhistic shrine, let me, while we look at these odd figures, tell you briefly who Buddha was; you may easily know much more about this famous character than I do myself, yet it may be otherwise with some. I have visited many of the most noted Buddhistic temples

in India, Burmah and Ceylon, and have often been surprised to find how much error exists with reference to Buddhism. For instance, many do not know that there are more Buddhists than Christians; that about one-third of the population of the world are Buddhists; that Buddhism is numerically the religion of the world; that two-thirds of the population of China are followers of Gautama, or Buddha. Yet till the middle of this century there was nothing but vague notion and conjecture in Europe or America respecting the nature and origin of this world religion. There are over four hundred million disciples of the wonderful philosophy taught by the so-styled Buddha. There are eminent scholars who doubt that such a person ever existed, and believe that Buddha was only a metaphorical figment; but Oriental authorities have no doubt as to the historical reality of a personal Buddha. They give the time and place of his birth and many incidents of his life with the utmost particularity. You say, What statues are these? They are not statues of Buddha, but statues of men who have been worthy disciples of him. Many are inclined to laugh at these Josses or so-called idols, and suppose the Chinese followers of Buddha worship them; some of the more ignorant may do so; but intelligent followers do not worship these statues.

You see small sticks, called Joss-sticks, in those pots; these are burned before the statues, and this naturally leads one to believe this is idol worship. Buddhists offer flowers and oil and make reverence before the statues of

Buddha, his relics, and the monuments containing them; yes, these things are done and offered as before stated, but not in the spirit of an idolater. We do the same with the graves and statues of our honored dead, and we do not call it idolatry.

The object of the statue is to recall the example of him who taught the way that leads to deliverance. We see essentially the same thing in our Christian religion; great and worthy men in the church have been canonized and are called saints. We know how the mother of our Savior and his disciples are worshiped because they were near to Christ. In the same way, these statues representing noteworthy examples of Buddhism are honored by the followers of that great teacher, and the honor shown in some cases may resemble worship. They are intended, however, only to remind the disciple of those who have pointed the way to Nirvana, as they call a state of deliverance from the ills of the present life.

More interesting even than these figures, however, are the teachings of Buddha, the tenets and principles of life that have won the faith and following of more than a third of the human race, a full account of which would require volumes; but here I can only mention a few cardinal points in his life and teachings, taken from a carefully compiled Buddhist catechism:

(1) Buddha was not a God, but a man born at Kapilavastu, one hundred miles northeast of Benares, in India, 623 B. C.

(2) Buddha is not his real name, but the name of a condition or state of mind; it means enlightened, or he who has the per-

fect wisdom. His royal name was Siddartha; Gautama or Gotama, his family name. He was Prince of Kapilavastu. His father was King Suddhodana; his mother, Queen Maya, who ruled over the Sakyas, an Aryan tribe.

(3) In form Buddha was a man; but internally not like other men. That is to say, in mental and moral qualities he excelled all other men of his own or subsequent times.

(4) Buddha was born and reared in a splendid palace, and when he was but a child he seemed to understand all arts and sciences, almost without study; but he did not become a Buddha in his splendid palace; he saw the vanity and sufferings of human life and, in order to discover the cause of them and how to escape from them, he left his beautiful palaces, his beloved wife and only son, and retired to the solitude of the jungle, where he spent several years in meditation and fasting. At one time he was at the point of death from starvation; after years of struggle he decided that the higher knowledge could never be attained by fasting or penance. He took food, repaired to an asvattha tree and determined not to leave the spot till he attained Buddhaship. Just before the dawn of the next day, the light of supreme knowledge was revealed to him and he saw at once the cause of all human suffering and the means of escape. The cause, in a single word, he ascribed to ignorance.

(5) Of things that cause sorrow, he gives:

Birth, growth, decay, illness, death, separation from things we love, hating what cannot be avoided, craving for what cannot be obtained.

As a means of escape from these sorrows, he gives what he has called the *Noble Eight-fold Path.* The parts of this path are:

(1) Right Belief; (2) Right Thought; (3) Right Speech; (4) Right Doctrine; (5) Right Means of Living; (6) Right Endeavor; (7) Right Memory; (8) Right Meditation. The

man who follows these will be free from sorrow and reach salvation (Nirvana).

Buddha has summed up his whole religion in one verse:

"To cease from all sin,
To get virtue,
To cleanse one's own heart,
This is the religion of the Buddhists."

The following are five precepts imposed on the laity, in general:

(1) I observe the precept to abstain from destroying the life of any being.

(2) I observe the precept to refrain from stealing.

(3) I observe the precept to abstain from unlawful sexual intercourse.

(4) I observe the precept to abstain from falsehood.

(5) I observe the precept to abstain from using intoxicating liquors and drugs that tend to procrastination (stupefy).

This is a brief list of precepts for the laity. Other precepts may be voluntarily added to this, and a special list is required of the priests.

You say, how about transmigration or rebirth—is not that one of the peculiarities of their belief? Yes, the Buddhist believes, according to Alcott's interpretation of their philosophy, that "The unsatisfied desire for things that belong to the state of personal existence in the material world causes us to be reborn. This unquenched

thirst for physical existence is a force, and has a creative power in itself, so strong that it draws the being back into mundane life. It is in reconciliation with science, since it is the doctrine of cause and effect. Science teaches that man is the result of a law of development, from an imperfect and a lower to a higher and a perfect condition which is called evolution."

Now, with this brief résumé of some salient features of this world-wide philosophy, we will go on with our inspection of this line of figures. You see that these statues represent Mongolianized types of Buddha as represented in India; they have the drooping, looped ears; they all have the sitting posture; their heads are shaved after the fashion of Buddhist priests the world over; they wear the flowing, loose robe of cotton, dyed yellow; they have Chinese shoes; no two are in the same pose. Sometimes I think the great Buddha must have been lazy; I have scarcely, if ever, seen a statue in any way typical of him that was not in a sitting position and did not represent him as suspiciously obese. These are certainly a good-natured lot of worthies, and some of them must be guilty of telling a good story, for, from one end of the line to the other, they wear a pleasant smile. I told you at the Ancestral Hall that a smile is a rare phenomenon in China, and I cannot help entertaining a mild suspicion that some slight consanguinity exists between the grinning boy at the former place and these sacerdotal figures.

The interior of this temple is quadrangular, and every side of the square is flanked by double rows of figures,

five hundred in all, and all blackened with the smoke of incense that has been curling up before them for centuries.

But we have stopped here for considerable time; let us betake ourselves hence to a great national institution, one of another type. See the red lines marked 10 near the right-hand portion of Map No. 4.

10. Examination Hall—Rows of Twelve Thousand Cells, where the Ku-Yan Triennial Examinations are held, Canton.

You will scarcely think it possible that those low, shed-like structures, hardly more imposing in appearance than the cattle-pens in some city stockyards, are the halls in which applicants for examination for degrees that nearly correspond with our college degrees of Bachelor of Arts and Master of Arts are held. Yes, once in three years learned examiners come from Pekin to test here the literary merit of those who aim to fill government offices or to obtain honorary degrees. The government of China has encouraged the higher education of the few by dispensing state offices and honors only to scholars, and the distribution is based on this system of elaborate examinations. As far as it goes it is an equitable system of civil service; for the poorest may rise to the highest rank next to the Emperor. China is the only country in the world in which titles of honor for learning are higher and more lucrative than those conferred on military officials. The greatest general is outranked by a Doctor of Laws. The preparation for these triennial examinations

is very unlike our preparation for a degree in college; it consists largely in a cramming with obsolete Confucian classics. The applicant most likely to secure a degree is the one who has memorized and can best quote the four sacred books and the five classics of Confucius. Four degrees are conferred. Examinations for the first degree are held in provincial towns throughout the Empire; for the second, in each capital of the eighteen provinces. Those for the third are held in Pekin; the final examination gives the successful candidate a membership in the Imperial Academy. Every male, without respect to age or position, is eligible, and should a degree be obtained, even though no government appointment be the result, the possessor is not only honored in his community, but enjoys an immunity from the baser penalties of the law, such as bamboo flagellations, which are inflicted for many trivial offenses. The examinations are very rigorous and often only a very small number out of the thousands of applicants carry away the honors of a degree.

Women are not eligible in these examinations; indeed, they can hardly be considered eligible to any education whatever, as immemorial usage has placed them on a lamentable plane of inferiority, as is exemplified by the prevalence of female infanticide.

The grounds of this Examination Hall cover about twenty acres and contain accommodation for twelve thousand competitors. We entered through a gate at the farther end of this causeway, and we are now standing on the upper floor of a building which contains apartments

for two chiefs and ten junior examiners; also for the Viceroy and the Governor of the Province, whose presence is required during the examinations. The examiners who are sent from Pekin are received with every mark of honor and ceremony. We are here looking southeast over one portion of the ground covered by the examination cells or pens. You will notice the low, narrow brick structures with half-roofs sloping toward the entrance side, with a narrow alley or lane between them; these long, shed-like buildings are partitioned off into spaces five feet six inches deep, three feet eight inches broad and six feet high. Each cell, when occupied, is securely closed in front by a strong wooden grating. In these solid brick quarters the candidate is confined for two whole days and nights, during which time he is to complete his essay or poem. From a tower built for the purpose, a close watch is maintained over the whole area, and the utmost precaution is taken to prevent students from smuggling into their cells any available item of literature. These buildings and the whole surroundings have a cheerless and dilapidated aspect which we can hardly discern here. You will notice, on the end of each range of cells, characters designating the number of the range and the cells included. You can see also the source of the water supply for the twelve thousand feverish and anxious competitors that are locked in those close, hot cells for two days and two nights; I mean the cisterns with stone curbs that extend along the space between the causeway and the buildings. I need not tell you that the two Oriental specimens

discover when we go ashore by those trees along the wall. Among the trees yonder you can see the west end of a row of European houses that extends the full length of the island; many of them are much more imposing than those we see; some are four stories in height and surrounded by fine shrubbery and flower-gardens. In this line of buildings are all the consulates, where Li Hung Chang occasionally called during his official term in Canton. I witnessed one of these formal calls; it was marked by what we would look upon as semi-barbaric pomp; Earl Li was carried in his state-chair, followed by a motley retinue of soldiers, musicians, standard-bearers and a few horsemen on miserable and ill-caparisoned ponies. The whole proceeding seemed somewhat ludicrous and childish.

Again we see the conspicuous pawnshop looming above the other buildings, as we did when we looked over the city from the flower-boats. You may see by the Bund at the end of the row of trees a low building, on piles; it is a boathouse, in which the Europeans keep their pleasure boats. In all the Orient Europeans indulge in their home sports and pastimes; they have the race-course, the boat club, the tennis court, etc. In that building you will find the most up-to-date row-boats and the long, slender racing shells. Lying between us and the shore is another assemblage of house-boats; and here we obtain a better view of their appearance. They are short and broad, and the occupants are sheltered by a thatch of palm-leaves. At first glance one might think these boat people meant

These samples, when shaken up, show the amount of turbidity, and when allowed to settle the relative amount of sediment in those bodies of water. Rivers often take their name from the appearance of their water, as the Hoang Ho (or Yellow River) from the pronounced yellow color of its water; Missouri (Mud River) from its muddy aspect; but you will feel sure that the river before us is not named Pearl River after the pearly aspect of its waters, for you can distinctly see the yellowish muddy appearance and how the reflections are diminished thereby: yet it does not seem to be unwholesome, and is much used both for cooking and drinking.

We will call that little sampan and be landed about two hundred yards to the right of what we see here, on the wall beneath that row of beautiful trees, and look back toward the river to Hongkong again. Our position is given on the map by the lines marked 12.

12. Mission Children, with One Little American Girl, on "Respondentia Walk," in the European Settlement, Canton.

We are now in the European Settlement, on the walk by the water, looking eastward, down the river, with a group of mission children gathered under the shade of a range of stately banyan-trees. This island is only about three hundred yards in width, separated from the city of Canton by a narrow canal congested with every style of small craft. It comprises chiefly the English and French concessions, and is considered one of the most beautiful and

ion, smooth and glossy. Notice also the one American child on the end of the stone seat, and the difference in features between the Caucasian and the Mongolian types; the stiff, straight, black hair of the latter, with oblique eyes, flat nose and rather poor facial lines generally, and the soft, flaxen ringlets that float about the prominent forehead of the former, with mouth and chin that are modeled on Hogarth lines of beauty.

There appears to be the promise of a smile on the face of the girl next the river; a scarce article in China, as already mentioned. A few of them carry handkerchiefs—a missionary innovation, no doubt. Their garments are not ungraceful, with their capacious sleeves and a simple cord at the neck, instead of a stiff starched collar that enforces awkwardness of head movement; note also that at least one girl has her hair knotted on the side of the head, something that is quite common with small girls in China. This bevy of Christianized little Orientals seemed much attached to their teacher, and clung to her skirts and fingers as confiding children do in Western lands. How many, such as these, have been ruthlessly sacrificed during the Boxer uprising! I have seen children just as innocent and attractive as those composing this little group, dead in the streets of Tien-tsin after the siege, and floating in the Pei-ho to be devoured by dogs.

These little Christian girls will now return to their boat down there by the wall, recross the great river and tell to their parents the strange things they have seen in the foreign settlement. And we will take an opposite direc-

tion, to our left, to a bridge that connects this foreign settlement with the native city. See the short lines marked 13 on the map.

13. Watching the "Foreign Devils."—Gate of the English Bridge, barring the Cantonese from the Legations, Canton.

Here we have a perfect example of the stupid, sullen, gazing crowd that assembles instantly wherever a foreigner halts for a moment; and this is not peculiar to Canton, but to every part of the country. We are standing on the English bridge with our back to the island, and this strong iron gate is a barrier to prevent the natives from entering the foreign settlement. It is closed securely at night, and during the day is guarded closely by native police, who permit Europeans to enter the native city and duly authorized Chinese to enter the foreign quarters. The street along which this crowd is passing faces the canal over which we stand, and runs parallel with the island of Shameen and the river. I had, up to this moment, been photographing the busy scene on the canal from the bridge on which we stand; so the crowd in a twinkling surged up to the gate to view the operation. Knowing that any appearance of deliberately making a picture of this gaping horde would scatter them precipitately beyond reach, I focus for the proper distance while the camera is aimed in another direction, swing instantly on the tripod, expose and return to the original position, without arousing their suspicion. This I repeat several

times for duplicate views without provoking a smile. Look over this mélange of faces and see how many smiles you will discover. It is a facial mosaic of sullenness, coldness and cruelty—a study for the physiognomist. There are none of the upper class in this group; a few wear caps, indicating a position above the majority, who are bareheaded coolies; there are a few boys; but, as usual, no women. We can see dimly, across the narrow street, a drug-shop with a modern lamp suspended from the ceiling, and shelves of bottles on two sides of the room which has its whole front thrown open to the street. This shop is considerably patronized by the Europeans, and usually some one in it can be found who can speak a few words of English. The Chinese, like some of our own people, have great faith in medicinal properties. They advertise and issue pamphlets setting forth the cure-all principles of their discoveries and preparations, and undoubtedly do a flourishing business in an empire where from fifty to seventy-five per cent. of the people are illiterate.

Once I was taken by my guide into a first-class native pharmacy, where the proprietor presented me with a half-dozen small sample bottles of a preparation said to be wonderfully efficacious in curing every form of disease. I can vouch for its powerful odor, but not for its curative virtues; I can vouch furthermore for the prohibitive duties put upon it in our own country, for while the six small vials were valueless to me and to everybody, the custom-house appraiser in New York, ignorant of the

contents of the tiny bottles, called them medical preparations and taxed me one dollar and fifty cents duty. Where ignorance is *profitable* it is folly to be wise.

You will not fail to notice that Scott's Codfish man, notwithstanding his piscatory impedimenta, has found his way to Canton, as he has to most parts of the world, and, without doubt, he has brought with him a supply of the universal emulsion. Many medicines from the West are found in most of the native pharmacies.

How strange we must appear to these fellows! Their eyes are still fixed upon us, and they never weary of looking at us. We are ready for a change of scene, however, and so will leave them behind the gate and stroll down the river to a place near the steamboat-landing called the "Dying-place."

14. Dying in the "Dying-field," where Discouraged Poor are Allowed to Come and Die, Canton.

Dying-places are ordinarily in homes or in hospitals, but this poor fellow has neither a home nor a hospital in which to die. We are here in a vacant space near the river—a sort of a common littered with refuse and scavenged by starving dogs. It has been named the Dying-place, because poor, starving, miserable outcasts and homeless sick, homeless poor, homeless misery of every form come here to die. The world scarcely can present a more sad and depressing spectacle than this field of suicides; I say suicides, because many that come here come to voluntarily give up the struggle for existence and

to die by sheer will force through a slow starvation. They may be enfeebled by lingering disease; they may be unable to find employment; they may be professional vagrants; they come from different parts of the city and sometimes from the country round about. They are friendless; they are passed unnoticed by a poor and inadequate hospital service; they become utterly discouraged and hopeless and choose to die. Their fellow natives pass and repass without noticing them or thought of bestowing aid or alms, and here it is not expected; they have passed beyond the pale of charity; it is the last ditch; they are here to die, not to receive alms, and no one thinks of bestowing them. The pitiable specimen before us is near the end—too near to heed the usually dreaded camera. I attempted to catch a view of others, who, having a trifle more vitality left, crawled away on hands and knees. His glassy, fixed gaze tells how soon his long, hard struggle will be over; how soon even the grimy rags that cover his nakedness will be unnecessary. With a stone for his pillow, a sack for his garment, without food or friends, an uncoffined grave will soon be his; he has begged a fellow mortal for work, but it was refused him. Would that the vast numbers who squander extravagantly and needlessly unearned wealth could witness the innumerable instances like this—of existence so full of suffering that death is welcome. This far-gone case of destitution and misery is not the only one in this last retreat of human agony; you see another in the distance, probably a new arrival, as he yet has strength to

sit erect. I have been several times to this haunt of agony and have always found several sitting or lying in different parts of the ground. When death ends their sufferings they often remain several days before the tardy authorities remove the body, and when removed it is borne to an unknown grave in the potter's field. Probably you do not care to tarry longer before this harrowing scene in the "Dying-place." It is the darkest and the saddest, and we can find a brighter scene. Go with me to the Shameen, to the home of a faithful missionary, and there we can see a different face, a countenance illuminated by Christian "Nirvana," a Chinese Bible-woman.

15. A Chinese Bible-woman—Many of these Faithful Teachers Have Suffered Martyrdom.

You cannot fail to note the maternal thoughtfulness of this face, the intelligence, the kindliness. Buddhistic asceticism has left her; almost the Mongolian obliquity of eyes has deserted her since Christian light entered her mind and Christian love her heart. She has been lifted from the low level of her sex among her own people to the level of European culture and refinement, and that by missionary influence. Her adopted Christian religion permits her to smile, which she can do charmingly when not posing for a picture; it also permits her to shake hands Western fashion, on an equality with European men and women, which she does gracefully and modest-

ly. Her new religion has removed her superstitious fear of the camera, and she is pleased, even anxious, to have her picture taken. What a change is wrought in these people by Christian influence! In China women are slaves and playthings. Wives and daughters are treated as animals. Their education is practically forbidden; socially they are ostracised; they do not appear in the streets nor at public functions, and I have been told that a Chinese gentleman is supposed to turn his back when one of the opposite sex passes on the street. Under these circumstances how much emancipation means to Chinese women! Can we wonder that the law of love and equality has transformed the countenance of this Bible-woman! A man, in China, may even kill his wife with impunity, provided he obtains the sanction of the mother (his mother-in-law). Can we wonder, either, that the prayer of the Chinese woman who is a Buddhist and believes in transmigration, is often that in the future existence she may be a man? It would appear from views expressed by the great founder of the Indian religion that his teachings did little to elevate the low state of women in China; for he refers to them in words which might afford grains of comfort to the misogynist and the henpecked husband. Here are his words: "A woman's body has many evil things in it; at birth her parents are not happy; rearing her is 'without taste' (distasteful); her heart fears men; she must rise early and late, and be very busy; she can never eat before others; her father and mother begrudge the money spent on her wedding;

she must leave father and mother; she fears her husband and has times of travail; if her husband curse her she is not permitted to get angry (talk back); in youth her father and mother rule; in middle life her husband; in old age she is at the beck and call of her grandchildren."

This Bible-woman is seated on the veranda of the home of Mr. and Mrs. Nelson, located in the Shameen. These devoted workers in the field of the foreign mission were evidently much interested in this woman, and spared no effort to enable me to secure views of native types, who under their Christian influence had come to think of foreigners in a reasonable way. Bible-women perform a special work in the mission field. Mr. Nelson explained to me the difficulty of reaching Chinese homes; only men can go to the services when general meetings are held, for it is not considered proper in China for women to assemble with men, or even for young women and ladies of the better class to be seen on the street. In order, therefore, that the homes may be reached and mothers and daughters taught to forsake their idolatrous ways, elderly native Christian women are chosen and specially trained and educated for this work. Elderly women are chosen because they will be tolerated and respected when young women would be insulted. When trained for this special work they are called Bible-women. This Bible-woman is fifty-three years of age; her name is Mak; she belongs to the middle class; is a widow, and had an only son who died of the plague three years ago. The son had been converted to the Christian religion some time

before he was stricken with the dreadful malady. On his death bed his faith in his new found "Nirvana" was so firm and strong as to turn his mother, who had never been in a Christian church, to the same source of consolation and hope. She applied to Christian women to learn about Jesus; then she applied for admission to the Woman's School of the American Board. She was admitted; but she could neither read nor write. She at once set to work to learn the Chinese characters; she did not ask for aid, but supported herself by selling needles, thread, yarn, etc. She made rapid progress in reading and in Gospel knowledge. Mr. Nelson says it is a common thing to see her with her Testament in hand going out from the school to sit at some home and tell the "Story." Her education necessary for the best work is not yet complete, but while now doing a good work she is still engaged in educating herself. She is very correct in her deportment, and, to show how quick she is to observe, Mr. Nelson tells that when she first entered their foreign built house she remarked: "Your religion is better than the Chinese religions; you are even allowed to move your chair about and sit where you please; while in a Chinese house chairs are not to be moved from their places against the walls." These women are paid not more than two dollars and a half a month, barely enough for food and clothing. In reference to their value and efficiency in the mission field, I give Mr. Nelson's exact words in a letter to me: "One cannot overestimate the amount of good done in China by a

terror of navigators? Simply because at certain seasons disastrous tornadoes occur on that sea and in the Formosa Channel. The channel is not very wide, and for that reason it is particularly dangerous during typhoons; but we shall pass through in the early spring and typhoons prevail mostly in midsummer. Therefore, we have nothing to dread. In three days we shall be in Shanghai. In the meantime, on our way, I must tell you something about that city, and when we arrive we shall find an elevated position as we did at Canton, from which we can get a general view. If we turn to Map No. 2, the map of "Eastern China," we find the route line in red which shows our course from Canton to Shanghai.

Far out at sea, before entering the estuary of the great Yang-tse-Kiang, every voyager is struck by the discoloration of the water. If countless giants of the deep had been stirring up an entire sea-bottom of yellow ocher, the water would not exhibit a more turbid yellow. This discoloration continues far north through what is known as the Yellow Sea, and is due to the vast amount of yellow deposit from the two great rivers, the Yang-tse-Kiang and the Hoang Ho. The map of China is frequently drawn on so small a scale that the location of the city of Shanghai appears to be on the sea-coast; but by the sailing course, when land is first sighted, we are yet forty miles from the city. When we first enter the estuary of the Yang-tse-Kiang we can but indistinctly discover a low lying land at a great distance on the horizon. After a sail of nearly twenty miles up this

broad Amazon-like river, we reach the mouth of the Wusung River, where all the great ocean liners anchor to debark passengers for Shanghai. The city is yet twelve miles distant along this river and is reached by steam launches or by railway. No mountains or high lands are anywhere in sight. The Yang-tse, at the mouth of the Wusung, is like a broad muddy lake, and in the direction of its course from the west, the horizon is a meeting of sky and water, as out at sea. The shore is a low, fertile, limitless plain. As we ascend the Wusung, one-story, tile-roofed, gray-brick buildings appear, with evidences of excellent cultivation everywhere. I have said that the great ocean liners anchor at the mouth of the Wusung; yet nearly all large coasting steamers ascend the river and discharge cargo at the docks in Shanghai; even light-draught warships anchor in the river before the city.

Consider then that we have arrived in one of these coasting steamers. The first thing that requires attention is our baggage. There are a few cabs out on the street, and an ample supply of the jaunty little man-carts called jinrikishas, or "rikishas." These are for passengers. For luggage, a droll array of wheelbarrows is in waiting—wheelbarrows advanced to a state of utility and capacity unknown in the Western world. Our luggage on the wheelbarrow and ourselves mounted on a dashing, coolie-propelled "rikisha," we are off for a hotel in the European quarter of the city. As we pass along we are amazed at the evidences of up-to-date conditions—well-

paved streets, magnificent modern buildings, street lamps, electric lights, public gardens with music-stands. We can scarcely realize we are in the land of the Chinaman. But for a panorama, that we may get the general view of the city which I promised you, we will ascend to the roof of the Imperial Bank of China and look northward over the street along which we came from the landing-place.

First, though, let us turn to Map 5, a map of the old city of Shanghai, and the English, French and American settlements. The city, we see, is situated on a bend in the Wusung, or, as it is often called here, the Whangpoo River. At this point we find the river flowing in from the south and then turning to the northeast to the Yang-tse-Kiang, from which we have come. The foreign settlements are located on the west and north bank of the river. The old Chinese city, surrounded by a wall, lies just south of the foreign settlements. The outline of its wall is shown on the lower portion of the map. Our steamship wharves are found on the northern bank of the river. Following the river shore to the Soochow Creek, and then southward along the Bund or Yangtsze road, we come to the Imperial Bank, where we are to stand first in Shanghai. The red lines connected with the number 16, which branch toward the north from this point, show what our field of vision is to be. According to these lines we should have the Whangpoo River on our right and part of the row of buildings fronting the river on our left.

16. From the Imperial Bank of China (N.) along Whangpoo River, over the English and American Quarters, Shanghai.

There is the busy Whangpoo to our right. It is a half-mile in width here and turns first toward the north-east, then again to the north; so that its confluence with the Yang-tse-Kiang and the anchorage of the large ocean vessels lies directly north of us in line with the direction of our vision and twelve miles distant. On our arrival we landed about a half-mile farther down the stream, to the right of the farthest building we can see. In our "rikishas" and with our wheelbarrows laden with luggage we came along a street a short distance in the rear of those far-away buildings; then, along the street before us, which is the center of the English quarter of the European settlement. The American quarter begins at the bend in the river and extends down stream farther than we can see. The French quarter, which we shall see from our next position, lies behind us and extends southward to the walls of the native city.

Our more distant surroundings are considerably changed from what they were at Hongkong. Pekin is now about six hundred miles directly in front of us; the homes of millions of Chinese lie off to our left, while the island empire of Japan lies directly to our right.

You need scarcely be told that there is little in this scene immediately before us that is typical of China; the buildings are not Chinese; the well-paved streets lined with shade-trees, and the green lawns near the river, in

the distance, are not Chinese; just beyond, at the end of that promenade next the water, you see a small, round dome that is just within a paling that surrounds beautiful public gardens; they are not Chinese; those tall posts bearing myriad wires that span the streets tell of a busy, ceaseless, commercial enterprise that is not Chinese. There are other poles in the distance, poles to bear the emblems of patriotism; off in the American quarter we can see three flags in the breeze; they are a half-mile away, but I imagine I can see the stars and stripes; they indeed are not Chinese. Those tall chimneys off in the American quarter symbolize modern manufacturing industries that cannot be Chinese; those dismasted clipper-hulls in the river are not junks, but old "have-beens" refitted to receive cargoes of opium, which, owing to heavy duties, is not landed but held in these hulls for reshipment; neither are these Chinese; so you must see that on the river-front, at least, little can be seen to tell you we are in China or in even the Orient. A few things, however, are not quite familiar to Western eyes—the sampans and house-boats are huddled along the water-front and around the landing-stages; the "rikishas" are bounding along the street below us, drawn by Chinese coolies or "rikisha-men." This jinrikisha mode of locomotion has become one of the institutions of the East. You see one of them below us bowling along at a lively gait with a European gentleman on the seat; you may see others waiting for customers. They are everywhere; at railway stations, at boat-landings, at churches on Sunday,

standing before hotels and shops; they take the place of the cab, the tramway and the trolley; indeed, in many respects they are more convenient and much less expensive than the cab. Their speed is about the same as that of an ordinary horse-carriage, while they will carry one to any part of the city for five cents, or, by the day, at ten cents an hour. The "rikisha-men" have wonderful endurance and maintain a constant run; but they are said to be short-lived.

The post and cable offices are on this street, to our left, between us and the public gardens; the Custom-house, the banks and most of the principal offices are here also. You would like to know whether European Shanghai is confined to this street along the river? By no means. You may travel westward or away from the river for a mile and still be within a densely populous city; but only a few streets away from the front will you find modern buildings; beyond this, although still within the European quarter, you will find the buildings and population largely Chinese. For, with business instincts, the natives are not slow to locate in the European portions of every city. Later we shall go to see a street in the Chinese portion of European Shanghai. In this city we have the best opportunity possible of comparing and contrasting the East and the West, Chinese civilization with European; but before making further comparison we will change our position to the tower of the Custom-house, which is a little behind the large building beyond the trees on our left. From that point we shall look in

the opposite direction, southward, and up the river toward the native city.

On the map of Shanghai, Map No. 5, the red lines which start from the Custom-house, just north of our first position, and branch toward the southeast to the map margin, give our next field of vision. The number 17 is connected with these lines.

17. Looking South into the French Quarter and toward the Native City, Shanghai.

Now we have the river on our left. We are looking nearly south. The native city lies in the distance before us, and many hundred miles in that direction is Formosa and the Philippine Islands. A short distance in front of us we can see the place we have just come from.

That fine building on the right-hand side of the street is the Imperial Bank of China, and we looked from that dormer window in this direction toward the north. In that first outlook over the city we saw flag-poles; in this direction we see others. I think we can see the English flag on the first one and the French red, white and blue on the signal staff by the black ball.

I have alluded to the suitableness of Shanghai for a comparison between Chinese and European civilization; this comparison you could make better should I take you through the native city, for it is considered a typical Chinese city; but I am afraid you will have to judge in a measure from what you have seen of Canton and from what you will see later of other cities and be satisfied with

this distant view of the native city. I entered it several times for the purpose or getting a representative view and as often returned in despair. There is no accessible point of elevation over the city for a panorama; there is no street with light and space enough to enable one to obtain a view. It is a wilderness of low, one-story buildings with weather-blackened tile roofs, surrounded by five miles of old crenulated brick wall, and is supposed to contain about a million inhabitants. Within it is traversed by lanes or streets which might better be termed fetid tunnels seething with filth and teeming with miserable and vicious-looking humanity. Odors are suffocating, and the eyes can find nothing attractive or beautiful to rest upon; squalor, indigence, misery, slush, stench, depravity, dilapidation, decay prevail everywhere. One almost fears to enter a place of so many repugnant scenes and hurries away after a brief glance. The saying that "distance lends enchantment" will answer for the native city of Shanghai; therefore, you will, I hope, be satisfied to view the dim outline of it by those long, square structures near the white space far away and in line with that signal staff which bears the French flag and marks the beginning of the French quarter of the city. In greatest possible contrast there lies directly before us a continuation of the Bund in the European city, where all is bustle and activity; the streets are broad, well macadamized and lined with beautiful trees. The houses are surrounded by gardens filled with fragrant shrubs and flowers. The river before the native city is a chaos of junks and sam-

pans; here, out in the stream are many fine coasting steamers from all ports of the Empire, and farther up you see lying at the wharf stately, modern steamers that ply on the Yang-tse or down the coast to Ningpo. The suburbs of European Shanghai are dotted with magnificent villas. Both banks of the Wusung are lined with factories and ship-yards. There are churches, libraries, theaters, clubs and race-courses; there are dances and dinner parties. All the comforts and luxuries of Western life are to be found side by side with what I have mentioned within the walls of the native city. The contrast is marvelous in our eyes. Yet stranger still is the fact that, though the Chinese note the contrast, they are, with few exceptions, happy in their own way. They live in the present, guided by the past; with them the present and the past are wedded, and a divorcement of the two is wonderfully slow. In this case a little leaven will scarcely "leaven the whole lump." It will require every influence for a great period of time; it will require the missionary seconded by the locomotive and possibly by "Krupps," and this for many generations. We can see the French settlement commencing at the signal-pole and continuing on to the wall of the native city, showing all the concomitants of Western progress. Just notice those jaunty wide-awake little steam launches by the landing-stages side by side with the sampans. There is a comparison by itself; you may notice at the same time that those sampans are quite dissimilar in model to those we saw in Canton. In this direction we see again the

promenade along which pedestrians stroll to enjoy the river breeze in hot summer weather; and the same street life, the "rikishas," some scudding along with an occupant and others waiting in the shade of those trees; but here we also see the indispensable wheelbarrow doing transport service. Could you tell by those little docks or landing-steps that extend along the bank of the river as far as we can see that there is a tide at Shanghai? They are made for a rise and fall of several feet, and this is to accommodate the tides.

Do you remember that when we were at Hongkong I told you that a building for storing goods is called a "godown" in the East? Up the river, in the French section by those white river-boats, you can see a range of large godowns. When I returned from the north of China I was obliged to store my luggage in those godowns until I had complied with the tedious Custom-house requirements. While looking in this direction permit me to remind you that in a few days we shall make a trip from Shanghai to Ningpo, and when we go we shall take that first large white steamer lying on the hither side of the godowns. Have you noticed another opium clipper in this outlook? If that great hull were filled with opium at ten dollars per pound, a moderate wholesale price, it would be worth a risky, piratical "hold-up."

We have obtained a general view of European Shanghai along the river-front; have looked toward the French settlement, in which the streets have French names. We

have seen the American settlement, where the principal street is called Broadway and the leading hotel the Astor House; and now, as I promised to show you a street back from the river, a street in which, while in the European section, the shops and inhabitants are altogether Chinese, we will leave our elevated view-point over the Custom-house and enter Nankin Road, a cross-street which leads from the Bund through the heart of the English settlement.

18. Rich Native Bazaars on Nankin Road, Principal Chinese Street in the English Settlement, Shanghai.

Here we are looking nearly eastward and toward the Bund in a street which, although filled with Chinamen and lined with Chinese shops, is plainly not in a typical Chinese city; the streets are broad, well macadamized and clean, very unlike the narrow, filthy lanes seen in any really Chinese city. The sidewalks are broad and well flagged; those poles and wires again give a Western aspect. Those chimneys in the distance to the right plainly tell that we have not gone far into the native quarter to gain a glimpse of the Chinese portion of the settlement; yet it shows again how, aligned side by side, the East and the West are slow to assimilate.

There is one feature, however, about this street which gives more evidence of assimilation; it leads out to the most fashionable suburbs and to the race-course, and on Sundays and during the cool afternoon hours of week-

days it is filled with stylish modern vehicles, many of which are occupied and owned by wealthy Chinese, including the " upper-ten-dom " of Chinese ladies, elegantly attired, richly bejeweled and coiffured and painted. That these Chinese drive out in European carriages, that they attend the races, are among the hopeful signs that there is a trifling infiltration of occidentalism.

Here, again, is the " rikisha," showing its inward construction and suggesting a stunted survival of the " One-hoss Shay." Standing nearest us is one of England's Indian soldiers who aspires to live in art as a man of letters and has probably succeeded beyond his hopes when he halts for a moment before the camera. Notice his costume, his khaki suit, his curious cap, his heavy shoes, and especially his leggings; they are such as are worn by all his Majesty's native troops in India, not buttoned nor laced at the side, but consisting of a continuous piece of cloth wrapped from the foot upward to the knee and fastened. Many English officers and men have adopted this style of legging. A noteworthy physical feature of nearly all East Indian types is a deficiency of calves; but that cannot be regarded as an intellectual disparagement if it be true according to anthropologists that all human development is headwards; it is quite easy to believe on general principles that the less *calf* the more brain. Notwithstanding this headward development theory, I am rather suspicious of the literary attainments of this Hindoo, as real scholars are not always fond of disporting literature.

gentleman who should for a first time pass through an American city or a single street of an average American town and examine the character of our national resort, the beer-saloon—what they drink and how they act therein, the numerical relation between the bakery and the beer-shop; the unaccountable antics and bestiality of alcoholic drunkenness; the suffering, the wretchedness, the crime, the starvation arising therefrom. He might at the same time see a frequenter of this national resort come staggering to the door and in drunken stupor and maudlin profanity point his finger of scorn at some poor humble, industrious tea-drinking Chinaman passing by. His first impression surely would be, "Is this Western civilization?"

I need not describe the beer-saloon; it is well known; but it will be interesting to inspect the tea-house. First, though, note the native policeman in regulation garb; his feet, his arms and his head are all in a position that clearly betrays a consciousness of authority over his fellows about him. Just at the right-hand side of that front we will enter and ascend to the room above, where we can see the interior of the Chinese national resort.

20. Interior of a Tea-house, the Chinese National Resort, Shanghai.

Seated on one of these black stools we are permitted to look around; if you spy any drunken men about do not fail to call my attention, because, while I have been many times in these tea-houses, I have never yet seen

any in such a condition. A tea-house usually consists of two large rooms furnished with many small tables and square stools, as you see here. The rooms are decorated with handsome mirrors, rich carving in wood, and elegant painted wall-screens. You see the tops of these tables are of mottled marble; the frame-work and the stools are of rich black wood. The rooms are lighted by large lanterns of glass set in wooden frames, which you can see suspended from the ceiling. There is a fine French-plate mirror just behind that little fellow advancing with a plate of sweetmeats. In the rear of this room there is a large kitchen where professional cooks, noted for their cleanliness, are employed in making all sorts of pastry. A peculiar feature of these kitchens is the large stock of boiling water kept on hand and sold at two cash a kettleful—two cash being about one-eighth of a cent. This is a rather clever bit of economy where fuel is quite expensive, and, some time, perhaps, stands for the sale of hot water may become a paying business in America when the exigencies of vastly increased population compel a more grinding economy. As guests enter and seat themselves at these tables, trays of sweetmeats and fruits of many sorts are placed on the tables occupied. Small cups of tea, well made but never strong as it is taken in Western countries, are also placed before the guests. When the temperate, harmless beverage is finished, guests, the occasional guests, are expected to leave and give place to others; but the man of leisure may be expected to spend his excess of time here in tea-

third time in the one day's service that this old picked-up guide had "squeezed my pigeon"; but I should explain this curious phrase, which is current and well understood in all parts of China where the so-called "pigeon English" is spoken. "Pigeon," or "pigin," is as near as the Chinese lingual organs can come to saying *business*. A Chinaman, for instance, who wishes to say, "That is not my business," will say, "That no my pigeon." All Chinese servants, without exception, will in some way get a commission or a profit out of any handling of money for their employers. If you send a servant to buy an article he will in some way get a percentage out of the transaction. This is called "squeezing the pigeon." This habit is universal and often extremely tantalizing. It is so thoroughly engrafted on the Chinese business code that severe and repeated floggings will not check it.

Now that we have taken our first lesson in pigeon English, I will return to my guide the tea-drinker. On the same day this cadaverous-looking old Cassius accompanied me to the native city where he pretended that certain fees were required, a part of which, I am sure, he kept himself. Later in the day he engaged to find a native woman who would allow her compressed feet to be photographed; he found one who would thus expose her feet for two dollars, as he said. I afterward learned that he paid the subject one dollar and kept the other himself. Thus at this tea-house was my "pigeon squeezed" for the third time in one day. As we reached

the street I entered a "rikisha" and said to my hungry old guide: "You squeeze my pigeon three times, I squeeze your pigeon one time," and deducted from his pay three "squeezes," and we parted.

During my stay in Shanghai a desperate river pirate was captured. He had previously committed several murders; but his last offense was the gouging out of a man's eyes. He was taken in this crime and brought to the native city where he was tried before a Chinese tribunal and condemned to die by what is known as the "cage."

21. One of China's Most Terrible Methods of Death Punishment, the "Cage," Shanghai.

The public announcement that the death penalty by the "cage" was to be inflicted upon this notorious fiend created great excitement among the natives of Shanghai. This means of execution had not been employed for many years; few had ever seen a criminal in a "cage," which consists, as you can see, of a frame of rough sticks sufficiently high to allow a man to stand erect within. Boards are placed close around his neck and made fast to the frame; flat stones are placed beneath his feet, supporting him about twelve inches above the ground. After a stated time these stones are removed one by one, causing a gradual suspension by the neck and a slow strangulation. Before the termination of this prolonged death penalty, the criminal in his cage is compelled to stand one day before each gate of the city. There are six

gates to the old city of Shanghai; that means a week of unimaginable fatigue before the scornful gaze of crowds in the thoroughfares. During all that time public curiosity was increasing and the daily crowd was becoming larger. When I heard of this unusual spectacle of a caged criminal, I arranged with a Chinese shopkeeper, with whom I had become acquainted, to go with me as interpreter, he being able to speak a little English. Together we visited several gates before we could locate the prisoner. We had heard beforehand that the condemned man was charging fifty cents each for snapshots. When we finally found him he was surrounded by an impenetrable crowd of natives, and his charges had gone up to five dollars under a lively patronage. We found we had to negotiate with the police in charge, who were evidently dividing the " squeezes " with the prisoner. My Chinese friend succeeded after tedious parley in a surging crowd in reducing the license from five Mexican dollars to four, with the proviso that the crowd must be cleared out of the way, and that the prisoner must remove his hat and turn his face toward the light. To this the police agreed and the four dollars had to be paid beforehand. In this way the view was secured. It is rare because this form of death penalty is rarely imposed. Notice how he holds the straw hat, which by our verbal contract he was obliged to remove; and note also the peculiarities of his hair; his queue has been removed and his front hair allowed to grow. This is always done with criminals. The queue and the shaven front are

marks of loyalty to the reigning dynasty and not permitted on the part of those under condemnation. Notice the iron hasps on the side of the cage, through which poles are put to carry it from gate to gate; also the flat stones beneath his feet soon to be removed one by one. His ruling passion (the "squeeze") is strong in death. This is the last gate, and to-morrow means the removal of the first stone. When the morrow came this poor callous wretch was dead; his friends had smuggled in to him during the last night a mortal draught, and he cheated the cage of its intended strangulation. I asked my Chinese friend what this man, condemned to ignominious death, would do with this money. He replied, "Give to his people." Here again is filial piety. His face is not so bad, less Mongolian than most in that horde behind; but the capacity for heartless crime was there, and he paid the penalty. This is one of the many strange devices for torture and punishment practiced in China; further on in our itinerary I will explain others.

From one of the modes of penalty we will proceed to a place where I can show you one of the modes of fashion. Dame Fashion is a tyrannical mistress in all countries, and not less so in China than elsewhere. She contracts waists in America and compresses feet in China. You are accustomed to see the former contracted beyond the normal condition, but not the latter; so we will enter a room at the hotel where you can see what has rarely been seen, the unwrapped, exposed small feet of a Chinese woman. All the world has heard of these small feet, but very few,

even of the missionaries who dwell in that land, have ever seen them.

22. A High-caste Lady's Dainty "Lily Feet," Showing Method of Deformity (Shoe Worn on Great Toe Only), Shanghai.

Here they are in every particular of repulsive malformation, and they are called "lily feet." What a slander on that floral gem! Much has been written about this strange custom of binding the feet, and many different ideas advanced as to its origin. Some Chinese tell us that it was a handicap placed on woman's gadding proclivities many centuries ago. Another tradition tells how a beautiful princess, having club feet, so skillfully concealed the fact that others imitated her methods and in this way her imitators brought about a fashion of binding the feet. I am more inclined to believe, however, that it is an innovation of fashion; that through all time small feet have been considered more comely than large feet; and fashion exaggerates every means to an end, and this custom has been exaggerated into a deformity in China. Western nations are not guiltless in this matter; corns and bunions and other feet ailments are often attributable to feet-binding by shoes which are too small. Any person who wears shoes a size or a half-size too small lives in a glass house and must not criticise foot-binding in China; it is therefore a matter of degree and not principle. The Chinese insist that tight lacing in Western countries is in worse taste and more injurious to health than feet-binding; that

the waist is more vital than the feet, and that a slight compression of the former is more disastrous than even malformation of the latter. It is generally believed that feet-binding is only practiced by the upper classes, and that "lily feet" are a badge of refinement; later writers and travellers in China claim this is a mistake, and my own observations have been that it is practiced by all classes except the Manchus, though no doubt less by the lower class, who are obliged to work.

Doubtless you would like to know the process by which this deformity is accomplished. When the little miss has her muscles of locomotion fairly well developed, say at from five to eight years of age, pieces of cloth from two to three inches wide are wound tightly around the feet, commencing at the great toe and winding upward to and over the ankle; the toes are turned under, as you see them in this case; the heel is drawn toward the sole of the foot until the two extremes are nearly in contact; other and stronger wrappings are added; occasionally the bandages are removed and readjusted; the circulation is sufficiently arrested to stop further growth and development. This process of binding is never abandoned even in adult life. Should the bandages be removed, an undesirable expansion will follow, but never to a normal condition. Disuse of the feet deteriorates the muscles of the legs, and the calves almost disappear; but this adds to the symmetry of the ideal female form which, according to the Chinese fancy, should taper gradually from the shoulders to the point of the little foot. These dainty feet are well nigh

looking eastward down the Ningpo River, up which we have just come. Close to us is a crowd of coolies and the merchandise to be put on board for Shanghai. By descending the river and continuing directly eastward for ninety-five miles we would arrive at Chusan, in the group of islands of the same name. We have here again the same busy scene to be witnessed at every port in China, the ever-present, burden-bearing coolie who, in his own country, bids defiance to every form of labor-saving machine. He is a labor-machine himself—willing, patient, full of endurance and contentment on ten cents a day, and such a thing as a strike has never dawned on his ox-like willingness to do an ox's work. His labor has been of great value to his country and to the world; but who has ever thought of erecting a monument in recognition of the world's indebtedness to the poor coolie. You may notice how he often folds his queue about his head to be less inconvenient. We are seeing this place on the last day of April; by the shadows you know the sun is shining; by the umbrellas you know it is warm. For greater comfort some of the coolies, like the Russian peasants, are wearing their shirts outside their trousers, and I am not sure but it is the proper way. One or two women may be seen in this crowd. I imagine some of these bales contain charcoal, as large quantities of it are shipped to Shanghai; we can see junks in the river; Ningpo is an important place for junk-building. We can see European houses in the distance by the river. Ningpo was taken by the British in 1841, and is now a treaty port. It is en-

compassed by a wall twenty-five feet in height and contains a population of about 250,000. The Chinese consider Ningpo as one of the finest cities in the Empire; but to Europeans it is difficult to find much that may be considered fine; the streets are narrow and dirty, and it is intersected by numerous canals which are not by any means Venetian in general effect. And, as in all cities in China, everything is out of repair; there are no signs of progress; no new buildings or bridges; everything is old; everything is dilapidated; everywhere there is dirt and disorder. Pope makes order "Heaven's first law," but it is surely the tail-end of the Chinese code.

Let us find some one among those natives to guide us into the city. After a half hour's walk we shall find a position on the upper floor of a native shop, from which we can overlook a long bridge of boats.

24. Bridge over the Fung Wha Branch of the Tang River, Showing Catholic Church, Ningpo.

This bridge is usually a great thoroughfare in Ningpo, especially on market days, when it is lined from end to end with sellers of all kinds of country produce, as well as manufactured goods. On such days it is next to impossible to pass over it, and ferrymen do a flourishing business, when this branch of the river is impeded by the multitude of small boats carrying passengers to and fro. The bridge is two hundred yards long and five broad, made of sixteen lighters chained together and covered with planks securely lashed, the whole line of boats being held by

anchors. This is plainly not a market day from the small line of people on the bridge. It was while making this view that I espied a woman crossing with hair coiffured in a most unusual and fantastic style. I dispatched my native guide in great haste to intercept her and negotiate a pose, but all attempts and money offers were unavailing. Her hair was arranged in a thin, vertical coil, projecting about eight inches from her head behind and noticeable at any distance. The wearers of this odd coiffure are female barbers and belong to an order called the "*To min.*" I cannot just now see one; but only a second ago one of them was on the bridge near us. There are three thousand in the "To min" set, and they, like the Tankia at Canton, are despised by the general community. The men are not allowed to compete in the examinations or follow an honorable vocation; they are often actors, musicians or sedan-chair carriers. The women are professional match-makers and barbers, and are obliged to wear a distinctive dress. The "To min" are supposed to be descendants of one Kin who aided the Japanese in their attack on this province; hence the odium which has rested upon them ever since. It is often charged that the Chinese lack patriotism, but this prejudice against the "To min" surely resembles patriotism.

You see a part of the steeple of the Catholic Church beyond the river. A Christian Church in the heart of a Chinese city is always a wonderful sight because of its power of suggestion. It always seems to say: "Look on this picture and on this." The missionary work has long

been well established in Ningpo. All denominations are represented, and it is said that the people in this province have been more susceptible to Christian influence than in many other parts of the country. The sights that meet the eye in Ningpo are very similar to those we have seen in Shanghai and Canton, but still there are some curious things worthy our attention.

We will cross that bridge and pass yonder church. On our way, in a yard, a timber-yard, we will call it, we shall stop to inspect an unusual and ancient kind of saw-mill.

25. Lumber Makers in a Chinese Saw-Mill, Ningpo.

This is truly the saw-mill of the country; it is everywhere in the rural districts, in the villages, in the great cities; even in the great cities like Shanghai and Tien-tsin, where manufacturers are partially Europeanized. This primitive method of lumber making still bears the sway and the smart modern steam saw-mill can scarcely compete. This mill will generally run threescore and ten years without any important renovation or restoration; besides, it is not an eight-hour mill; it runs from sunrise to sunset and seven days in the week, and never goes on a strike; it contains an automatic free orchestra attachment which furnishes music all day long; that is, they sing as they work. It turns out between two and three hundred feet of lumber per day. The running expenses are trifling: mill rent, twenty cents; fuel (rice), ten cents; extra mill hands, nothing; natural wear and tear, nothing; total daily running expense of the mill, thirty

cents. Here we have another example of the invaluable labor of the unhonored coolie. See if you can tell how this heavy timber is supported rigidly erect for the heavy strain of a cross-cut saw. The timber was not put in place for the camera; the coolies simply stopped their work for a moment. Then we are to remember that this is the kind of mill that supplies the largest empire in the world with lumber. Have you ever seen a cross-cut saw like that? It is after the fashion of our buck-saw, used horizontally, with the saw at right angles to the frame; that is the universal model of saw for the East, both for light and heavy work. This is a timber yard as well as a saw-mill. There is a stack of bamboo poles of all sizes, destined to be used for almost every conceivable purpose.

We will give those poor toilers a few cash and proceed on our way until we reach a beautiful temple called the Fukien Guild Hall.

26. The Dragon Guarding the Front of the Fukien Guild Hall, Ningpo.

This magnificent structure was first erected in the twelfth century by men from the Province of Fukien, which lies south of Chien Kiang, the province in which Ningpo is located. It was rebuilt in 1680, and one can scarcely believe from the bright new appearance of the carved columns that it has been standing as we now see it for over two hundred years. It has a large membership of wealthy men and is richly endowed. These Guild Halls in the Flowery Kingdom correspond to clubs in Western

countries; they are social and semi-commercial, being a meeting place for commercial and literary men and people of wealth and standing. The buildings cover an extensive area, arranged in different halls of one story with a courtyard in front of each. Merchants from the same province of Fukien have erected another beautiful Guild Hall at Canton at a cost of $120,000. In some of the halls a stage is erected for theatrical performances, and from a balcony members and their friends can enjoy the entertainments. In other halls shrines are dedicated to different so-called deities, such as the Queen of Heaven, the God of Learning, etc. This Fukien Guild Hall, or temple, is said to be dedicated to the Marine Goddess, Ma Tsupu. There is also in some part of the temple area an Ancestral Hall, in which tablets are erected in memory of departed members of the guild or club. The appearance of this place on festal occasions is animated and brilliant. Lanterns and scrolls are suspended from the ceilings on which curious characters and devices are written in gorgeous colors. The rich and elaborate magnificence of the carving on those columns you can observe from where we stand. Some of these columns, my guide told me, were executed in Amoy and others in Ningpo; they are monolithic and of fine gray granite. We have noticed from time to time on our journey the lack of architectural beauty and attractiveness in Chinese buildings. The Ancestral Hall in Canton was beautiful. In this clubhouse we have another evidence that the Chinese are not devoid of architectural art and taste. These columns would not

disgrace the carver's cunning in any age or country. Just notice how delicate in every detail, how rich the designs and in what elaborate and bold relief are the figures on the columns of this porch.

The two national emblems are here brought before us so conspicuously and in such beautiful art that I must tell you something about them. I mean the dragon and the lion. What the lion and the unicorn are to England, and what the eagle is to America, the dragon and the lion are to China. They are the chief national emblems; you will see them everywhere in art and decoration. The dragon is the symbol on the Imperial flag; the lion is the guardian of every home, shop and temple. Every people must have a mythology; human nature takes to myth as to food; it seems almost an indispensable psychological aliment, and the people of the Middle Kingdom are no exception. The whole empire is filled with mysterious influences, which, of course, must be localized and symbolized. In Chinese mythology there is not one dragon, but many; there is the Celestial dragon which presides over the mansions of the gods; the divine dragon which causes the winds to blow. The Buddhists consider their dragons as numerous as the fish of the sea; but the fabulous dragon with scales and claws seems to be a sort of Jupiter or Odin in their polytheism; he performs many functions. He is represented as a flying Saurian, yet without wings; plainly a different species from the one encountered by St. George. He is always represented as a scaly five-clawed crocodile; he presides over the elements; he has power to

become visible or invisible; in short, he is a factotum in their divinity business. He is the crest on royal monuments, is displayed on the Emperor's robes, and the Grand Chair of State is called the dragon throne.

Next in importance after the dragon is probably the lion. He figures conspicuously in porcelain, in bronze, in painting, in sculpture, in every form of decoration; he is conventionalized into many grotesque forms with feathery spreading tail and bulging eyes. You may see him carved in stone before every yamen and temple and official residence; at the shop doors in every street you will see him carved in wood and gilded. The lion, therefore, seems to be a one-headed Cerberus charged with the big task of guarding all the important doors of the Empire. Cerberus required three heads to guard the entrance to Hades, and two stern lions always guard important doorways in China. These guardian lions may be stone during the day, but they are good, vigilant, live lions during the night, so it is believed, and it is said they may be seen roaming about at hours when children should be in doors. Recalling these things, we can better understand why the lion and dragon are in such high esteem and how they outrank all other divinities in the Chinese mythology. We should not fail to note carefully the splendidly carved dragons on those graceful columns and the one of the two lions which guard the door of this matchless Guild Hall. Do not make a mistake and confound our guide who rests on the porch with the Cerberus on the pedestal, because they are both lions on this occasion.

Before returning to the ship which takes us back to Shanghai, we will enter one hall of a Buddhistic temple to look for a few moments at some gigantic statues of Buddha.

27. Colossal Statues of Buddha in Fuchoo Temple, Ningpo.

I have already told you something about Buddha and the philosophy which he taught. We saw statues in the temple of the Five Hundred Genii at Canton, dedicated to the memory of distinguished followers of that great philosopher; and here we have before us great statues of Buddha himself. Probably no person ever lived who has had so great a number of statues erected to his memory. You know how widespread are his teachings, and memorial statues are as universal as his teachings. These immense figures are carved out of wood according to the conventional model of Buddhas the world over, *i.e.*, in the sitting posture with legs crossed somewhat after the manner of the sartorial artist of earlier days, with eyebrows thinly trimmed down and with looped pendent ear lobes. It is said that "Humility is the mark of every master mind." Observe how, in his downcast gaze, the conception of humility has been wrought out as a proper attribute of the real philosopher; at the same time there is the expression of repose as one who has mastered all the ills of life and attained Nirvana. The world of Buddhism is full of these statues of all sizes and of all materials. There is one in Japan visited by many travellers. It is

made of bronze, and, although in a sitting posture, is forty-four feet in height. I have seen some wonderful monolithic statues of Buddha in Ceylon cut from prodigious granite bowlders and standing erect forty feet in height; also some of about an equal length lying prostrate in the rock temples at Dambulla, not far from the same place. Even in this temple you may see the ubiquitous dragon wriggling in that ornate background of the statue.

We must now make our obeisance, and leaving the presence of this august image of the great Indian philosopher, zigzag our way through teeming multitudes to our ship. Returning again to Shanghai, we enter the vehicle which I likened to the "One-Hoss Shay," and passing around the native city enter the compound of the South Gate Presbyterian School, where we will find a charming group of native schoolgirls under the care of Miss Cogdal and receiving instruction in embroidery.

28. Refinement and Industry for China's Masses—Girls Making Embroidery at South Gate Presbyterian Mission School, Shanghai.

Embroidery is a high art in China. It is carried to wonderful perfection. The garments of the upper classes are decorated most elaborately in richest colors of the rarest needle-craft. Nearly all garments are made of either silk or satin. Embroidery is the crowning glory of every wardrobe, and a wardrobe in China is not pretentious until it reaches a value of from five to ten thou-

sand dollars. It is one of the chief manual industries of the country. It is all hand-work and performed by women and girls in the homes and not in factories. It is not confined to wearing apparel. It is for furniture, wall decoration, screens, indeed, for everything in which rich silk fabric can form a part, from chair cushions to the royal robes of the Imperial Court. For skill in this cunning the Chinese women are unexcelled. Birds, butterflies, flowers, life figures and portraiture are all marvelously executed in the most exquisite colors and designs. Their national trait of patience is the prerequisite for embroidery. Here you see a number of girls, nearly all from families of the better class, some grown to womanhood, others little tots, all neatly attired and as diligent as ants, at work on pieces of embroidery, stretched on sticks, after the fashion of the quilting frame of bygone days. It would be impossible, in all China, nay, in all the world, I am inclined to think, to find a more comely and cultured group of girls than these; so gentle, so refined, so modest. No high-pitched voices, no rivalry in *smart talk*, no gossip, but infinite skill in their handicraft. It is impossible to realize how many such as these were sacrificed during the Boxer war. At the time I was here these pure young hearts were saddened with the dread of the coming night. It was at the beginning of that uprising when many feared an attack at Shanghai. And at this school several natives and others connected with the mission were doing guard duty every night; but no attack was ever made. Distance de-

stroys sympathy, and those far away cannot realize how terribly cruel and wanton and widespread was the butchery of innocence in that relentless war. This school is located quite away from the European settlement in one of the suburbs of the native city and is surrounded altogether by a native population. It was apparently under excellent management, and when these girls were allowed for the first time to look at some of Underwood & Underwood's stereoscopic photographs through the stereoscope, they were quite overpowered with curiosity, wonder and amazement; and when they learned they were to be stereographed they hopped about in the most lively fashion, as girls are wont to do when their joy becomes ecstatic. They could scarcely be longer held at the plodding work of embroidery; they were all in a frolic when Miss Cogdal gave license for a romp in the yard. Then to show me how Occidental these Oriental girls are becoming under Western tuition, Miss Cogdal assembled her little flock for an exercise with the dumbbells. You may now see them in their beautiful garden.

29. Training of Body and Mind and Soul—Chinese Children at Dumb-bell Exercises, South Gate Presbyterian Mission School, Shanghai.

The little girls are placed in front, the larger ones in the rear; they all engage in the exercises with eagerness and animation and acquit themselves seemingly as well as Western girls could do. I desire especially to call your attention to their bright faces. On several occa-

sions before I have asked you to notice the sad and expressionless faces in native groups; but these countenances are scarcely more than half Mongolian; they are bright and cheerful. This is partially owing to the fact that they have just been looking through the stereoscope and are at this moment being immortalized after the fashion of the subjects of the views they have seen, and partly to the loving influence of their kindly teacher. We find here no bare feet nor dirty faces, no soiled garments; all are neat and tidy, and from refined homes and under a faithful American teacher.

The eager and uncontrollable desire of these children to see themselves in the stereoscope was almost pitiful. Some four months later when I returned from Pekin and the North, I secured a stereoscope for their teacher with a picture of the class. I found the school had been removed to safer quarters within the settlement. When the stereoscope and the pictures were presented to Miss Cogdal she could scarcely repress her clamorous, importunate pupils, who clung to her skirts, awaiting their turns to witness their own faces under the magical effect, as it seemed to them, of the stereoscope.

Keeping in mind that those pupils in the rear of the line are young ladies, I must tell you how carefully girls of the upper class are reared as regards moral and social training; though we are not to forget that China is full of paradoxes and contradictions. I have, heretofore, told you that women are slaves and playthings and held in but slight respect. Now I am about to tell you how

carefully the better class are trained in moral and domestic duty. In reconciliation of these paradoxical statements, let me quote from a preface of a most interesting little book translated from the Chinese by Mrs. S. L. Baldwin: "Few people in the West have any intelligent conception of the remarkable civilization that has existed in China for hundreds of years, and this in strange contrast with her squalor, poverty and heathenism." Wherever we go in this "Flowery Kingdom" we are meeting these contradictions, viz.: remarkable civilization and amazing barbarism; so that one is constantly admiring and as constantly in a mood of imprecation. The little book to whose translation I have referred, is a book of etiquette entitled: "Instruction for Chinese Women and Girls." This extraordinary little book of etiquette was written over eighteen hundred years ago by one *Pang Tai Ku*, a very celebrated literary woman, and her instructions are so remarkable when we consider the time at which they were written that I cannot refrain from quoting some portions to you while these little girls and young ladies are before you; because we can scarcely help associating their grace and good breeding with such moral teaching as has come down through the centuries from *Pang Tai Ku*. Let me first give you the introduction to this venerable book of etiquette: "Tai Ku, your handmaid, is of an illustrious family and was a philosopher's wife. I have tried to perfect myself in the four womanly virtues, which are: *First*, carefulness of deportment, which includes manners, dress, and all

outward conduct; *second*, all womanly duties; *third*, talking little and that of profit; *fourth*, to be virtuous. Having but few duties, I made books a study. I also earnestly tried to follow the example of the 'nine upright women' and 'three chaste ones' (ancient Chinese women distinguished for their virtues).

"It is lamentable that succeeding women have not followed in their footsteps. Because of this I have prepared this book and desire it to be carefully handed down for the benefit of girls and women."

ON THE CULTIVATION OF VIRTUE.

All girls everywhere,
First should learn to cultivate virtue.
Of cultivating virtue's method,
The most important is
To be pure and upright in morals;
If pure, you are clean inside and outside;
Chastity is your body's glory;
Having it, all your acts shine.
When walking, look straight, turn not your head;
Talking, restrain your voice within your teeth;
Sitting, don't shake your knees—a common fault with men.
Standing, keep quiet your skirts;
When pleased, laugh not aloud;
If angry, still make no noise;

. . . . . .

USING THE NEEDLE.

To embroider shoes, stitch stockings,
Mend clothes, and unite cloth,
Trim and quilt garments,

All such work should you be able to do.
If you follow these instructions,
Whether it be cold or warm,
You will have suitable clothing,
And rags and poverty you will not know.
Do not imitate lazy women
Who from youth to womanhood have been stupid
Not having exerted themselves in woman's work.
They are prepared for neither cold nor warm weather.
Their sewing is so miserable
People both laugh at and despise them.
The idle girl going forth to be married,
Injures the reputation of her husband's whole family.
Her clothes are ragged and dirty.
She vainly pulls the West over to cover the East—
(A sly pull to hide a rent).
She is a disgrace to her village.
I thus exhort and warn the girls,
Let them hear and learn.

ON ATTENTION TO DOMESTIC DUTIES.

Girls must learn to sweep and clean;
What cannot be swept must be washed.
Think not such work unimportant;
Everyone will see your neatness,
And your whole house will be bright.

. . . . . .

Industry builds the house,
Idleness will pull it down.
Great riches are the gift of Heaven,
A satisfying supply the gift of Industry.

ON THE TREATMENT OF GUESTS.

All families should be hospitable.
When a guest is expected,

See that the chairs and tables,
Plates and bowls are all in order.
If it is a male guest,
The wife may not be seen,
But, near the reception room
Await her husband's orders.
If tea is wanted,
See that it is promptly brought.
If the guest remains to eat and sleep,
Wait for the husband to come
And say what he wishes prepared;
Whether to kill chickens or cook vegetables,
Or only offer refreshments.

. . . . . .

Do not imitate those careless women
Who do not look after the reception room;
Who are hurried and without self-possession,
And therefore do nothing properly.
Such are very angry
When the husband invites a guest to stay.
They bring chop-sticks but no spoons;
Salt but no pepper.
Before the guest has eaten
They are eating;
They whip the boys,
And scold the girls,
And all is confusion.
Such disgrace their husbands,
And mortify the guests.
If a guest arrives
When the husband is absent,
Send a small child to inquire
Whence he comes.
If he looks like a friend,
Send and ask his name

And invite him to enter,
Then with hair in order and dress neat,
The wife may enter the reception room
And present her salutation.
Then let the tea be served,
And observe all politeness.
After he has taken tea.
She should inquire his business,
And if he is a very near friend or relation,
She may invite him to await her husband's return.
But if he desires to go,
She may accompany him *only*
To the reception room entrance.
I exhort all women to follow these instructions.

ON THE INSTRUCTION OF CHILDREN.

Girls must dwell in secluded rooms;
Seldom permit them to go outside.
When they are called they must come;
When told to go, let them obey.
If disobedient in the least,
Use small switches and punish them.

. . . . . .

The present generation's children
Are very bad;
They have learned nothing.
Boys know not how to read;
They grow up following their own wills,
Drinking wine and seeking only amusement,
Living idle and useless lives,
Singing songs and dancing,
Disregarding their family duties,

And fearing not their country's laws.
Girls too are unwilling to learn;
They are stubborn and talkative;
They know little of woman's duties.
Thus they injure themselves and their superiors.
When grown they find themselves disgraced.
Then they are displeased with their parents,
And think not to blame themselves;
Their evil words hurt their parents' ears.
Such girls are worse than wild-cats!

Do not the foregoing quaint precepts written over eighteen hundred years ago plainly tell us that human nature never changes; that proprieties were the same then as now, and that boys and girls were boys and girls eighteen hundred years ago, and after all, human nature in the East is human nature in the West.

By this time our class must be weary with supporting those dumbbells. So we will say good-by to our patient, gentle group of Mongolian lassies and take "rikishas" five or six miles farther out and southward to a village called Loong Wah, where once a year, during what is called the Peach-blossom Festival, the native inhabitants gather in great numbers to celebrate the bloom and promise of spring. One of the most remarkable features of this festival celebration is the number of beggars gathered by the roadside on the way to Loong Wah. We will have only time and opportunity to look at one of these beggars; but he being the king of beggars, we will consider him a fitting representative of the whole race.

30. *"King of the Beggars" the Chief of a Beggar Guild—Vain of His Excessive Raggedness, Loong Wah.*

On our arrival at Loong Wah, near the pagoda of the same name, which you see a few hundred feet before us, this "Jolly Old Beggar" marched directly into our presence with greasy, but by no means a starved-looking face, and asked for alms. We were at once struck by his extraordinary manner as well as by his extraordinary appearance; the first thing unusual in his manner was his smiling face and his cheerful willingness to stand before the camera. This he did just as you see him, and before receiving alms. This was done, too, before I had been made aware that he was a distinguished man, well known in his native village and in the country round; he is a royal personage, even a king in his class, and undoubtedly a possessor of considerable wealth. But surely neither his mien nor his garb betray his royalty; so I must explain it to you. Begging is a vocation in China, and beggary an institution. In every province there is an organized beggar's society or guild, in some provinces several. These guilds have presidents and sub-officials, and are in all respects thoroughly organized. There is a membership fee of about four dollars, and all members swear to abide by the rules and regulations of the society. The presidents, or "Kings," as they are generally called, are under the protection of a magistrate. The power of the head of a guild is considerable; and they are sometimes

appointed watchmen over certain streets because their authority is greatly respected by the unscrupulous element of their own society. When a member dies the guild furnishes a two-dollar coffin for decent burial, and other members are required to attend the funeral; they maintain a lodging-house in which members are allowed to sleep at the rate of one cash (one-seventeenth of a cent) a night. In some towns the rich merchants furnish a dinner twice a year to the beggars on condition that they are not to be importuned by the guild for alms at other times. At certain times in the year all beggars worship at the graves of the brotherhood. Some of these guilds follow curious occupations, as at Foo Chow, where they engage in rearing snakes, which are sold to the medical fraternity, who boil them down for medicinal purposes. All beggars are not members of a guild; many are too poor and miserable to cope with the initiation fees; such beggars you saw at the "Dying-place" in Canton. The many expedients to which beggars here resort to elicit sympathy and extort alms is an ethnological study. Sometimes they have been known to carry a most unsightly leper, on whom the progress of his incurable disease has sloughed off ears and nose and hands. This is done to compel the inmates of homes to bestow alms in order to rid themselves of a loathsome nuisance. Others cut themselves with razors and bespatter themselves with blood, taking care always to present the most bloody appearance with the least cutting possible. Another method is to stand on the street or

by one's home and beat the head in a most ferocious manner with a stick. The beholder is expected to give a few cash rather than witness such a scene. Others will wallop their heads against the house or any convenient wall for the same purpose. Sometimes they will drop on the doorstep and threaten to die there unless their distress is relieved. When I was in Canton visiting a great temple, a miserable wretch who had been awaiting my exit from one of the courts, staggered for some time and then fell prostrate on the flagstones, to all appearances suffering great agony and in a dying condition. My guide told me that it was all affected, but that I might better leave a little *cash-balm* for him, as we were in an evil crowd, in an unsafe quarter.

An expedient tried by some is to ignite a combustible substance on the tops of their heads, when they howl and writhe with pain and in that way prey upon the sympathy of the onlookers. Still another device which may always be seen in beggar thoroughfares, is to sit by the wayside and dash the forehead against a flat stone placed on the ground before them; this is done until there is an abrasion of the skin and the blood trickles copiously down the face. I have mentioned some of the mercenary self-tortures inflicted by the army of mendicants met everywhere in China, while the "King" is still waiting for his tribute money. You can see how thickly the rags are laid on, stratum upon stratum; but you cannot see how dirty they are. Clean rags would not be in good form. Even his royal scepter, which you will notice

is a piece of bamboo, is decorated with emblems of poverty. Baths and ablutions are unknown to his sovereign majesty, and an enumeration of the entomological attendants of this royal bundle would be as difficult as a census of the empire. I had the opportunity of meeting this "King of the Beggars" several times, but after I had bestowed a moderate fee for this pose, his Highness did not deign to ask a second. Now let us "Chin-chin" (bye-bye) court fashion and return to Shanghai.

SOO-CHOW

Eighty miles northwest of Shanghai, situated on the Grand Canal, is a city famous in Chinese history, but not so well known to the outside world. It was founded 500 B.C. and must have been in its palmiest days a veritable Oriental Venice, being still as of old, intersected by waterways in every direction. I refer to the city of Soo-chow (see map of Eastern China), to which the pet name "Beautiful Soo" has been given, because of the many attractive features it possessed during its earlier days. The world is indebted to the scholarship and research of the Rev. Hampden C. Du Bose, D.D., for much information about this historic place. Dr. Du Bose has written a booklet called "Beautiful Soo," in which he gives information that could scarcely be found elsewhere. He says the Chinese have a proverb as follows: "Heaven is above—below is Soo-chow and Hangchow." Hangchow is a seaport city lying about ninety miles south of Soo-chow.

The Grand Canal at Soo-chow is connected with the Wusung at Shanghai by a branch canal, following the course of the Soo-chow creek. This waterway is well filled with all sorts of small craft plying between the two places, including steam-tugs towing native cargo and

passenger-boats. The passenger accommodations are exceedingly primitive in the low, scow-like boats. One can barely stand erect in the shallow hold and must supply himself with food for the journey, if he cannot eat the native chow. Provided with a packet of luncheon and a shawl and blanket, which have been my shelter and my only companions in many lands, I plunged into an abysmal bunk and abode therein until the following day, when I was landed outside the old wall in a European concession, which has been granted in recent years.

31. A Chain Gang in China—In the Thoroughfare Wearing "Cangues," which Record Their Crime, Soo-chow.

We are here looking northwest, across the Grand Canal, toward the southern portion of the city, which is entirely within the wall. These prisoners stand upon a broad, well-paved, modern street running along the canal in front of the General Concession. There are only a few buildings in this quarter; the police headquarters are just behind us, and these three prisoners have been brought out before us that we may better see how law-breakers are chained and *cangued*. Do not imagine that these fellows are wearing Elizabethan frills. I told you when describing the caged criminal at Shanghai I might show you other forms of punishment later; this is another form of torture. It consists of this heavy

frame of planks about three feet square, closed around the neck by transverse dowels and is called the *Cangue*.

It projects so far that the wearer cannot reach his head with his hands, and is therefore liable to die from starvation unless he have friends to look after him. The cangue usually weighs about thirty-three pounds, and when it is borne for several months it would seem to be quite insupportable to any one but an inhabitant of this land. I often think that Chinamen must have cold blood or a very crude sensorium, so callous they seem to physical pain.

A more common mode of punishment than either the cage or the cangue is the bamboo, which is used for all minor offenses. It is in such universal use that for purposes of punishment, its weight and dimensions are fixed by law, which authorizes two sizes; the first is five feet eight inches in length, two and three-quarter inches in width and two inches thick, weighing two and two-fifth pounds; the second size is the same in length, two inches broad and one and one-fifth inches thick, weighing one and five-sixth pounds. These bamboos are applied to the back of the culprit, and the number of blows is according to the offense, varying from ten to a hundred, but these are subject to remission by the grace of the Emperor, or by a pecuniary redemption. The first of this trio of cangued prisoners casts a contemptuous glance at us; the second is humility itself; the third betrays a hand-in-the-pocket indifference to what we say

or think. You see written on the upper side of each cangue, in Chinese characters, the name and offense of each prisoner.

Various modes of torture are practiced to extort evidence or confession; but certain classes are exempt from the torture, in consideration of respect due to their standing in society.

There are five degrees of punishment:

The first degree is a moderate infliction with the smaller bamboo.

The second degree imposes from sixty to one hundred blows of the bamboo.

The third degree is that of temporary banishment.

The fourth degree is that of perpetual banishment.

The fifth and ultimate is that of death by strangulation, as with the cage or by decollation.

We will not have time to go within that old wall which has stood there for two thousand years; you see it is after the fashion of every Chinese wall, and having seen one you have seen all. The same is true of the city inside, it is typically Chinese, with a population of over seven hundred thousand. But here you obtain a good view of China's most celebrated artificial waterway, the Imperial Canal, which extends from Hangchow to Pekin, a distance of seven hundred miles. Here along the wall of the city, where traffic is heavy, it is expanded into a sort of harbor. In its long stretches through the country it is often very narrow and shallow; yet it has long been a very important means of both travel and trans-

portation. Authorities estimate that ten thousand boats ply on this waterway and its branches.

But this Imperial Canal is not only important as a means of transit; it is well supplied with many varieties of excellent fish, fish being one of the three staples of animal food, the other two being the hog and the duck. By entering a boat down there on the canal and swinging to the right and sailing out of the town a mile or two where the canal is still wide, I may show you one of the strangest and rarest methods of capturing fish you have ever seen—a method much cleverer and much more successful than that which provoked the humorous sarcasm that "an angler is a rod with a fly at one end and a fool at the other"—it is fishing with cormorants.

32. Natives Fishing with Trained Cormorants in the Grand Canal, Soo-chow.

Before visiting China I had read of fishing being done in that far-away land by means of trained water birds, but it seemed almost incredible. When I was in Canton I received a letter from the house of Underwood & Underwood saying that if it were possible to find cormorant fishing in any part of the country I should not fail to make a view of it. I was told in Canton that such a thing could only be seen far in the interior and had almost despaired of finding any opportunity of photographing such a scene; but while being rowed along this canal one day I suddenly came upon these two boats covered with great, unfamiliar birds. At first I was

quite bewildered by the strange spectacle. In a moment it occurred to me that it was cormorant fishing. I motioned my boatman to take me ashore that I might obtain the proper light and distance; but the fishermen with their educated birds made away from me as rapidly as possible. I told my native boy to offer them a dollar to stop; they rowed faster away. I told him to offer them a dollar and a half; the offer only served to increase their speed; they were thoroughly frightened. I was a foreigner carrying strange and suspicious devices that boded evil, as they thought. A Chinaman working near came to us and seeing apparently no ill designs in my movements, and being told I would give these men two dollars to be allowed to photograph their birds only, he started in pursuit of the fishermen along the bank of the canal. He finally overtook them, explained my object and the money offer, and at last, after long and tedious negotiations, prevailed upon them to return. They returned and received their fee, and I, in exchange, obtained the much-desired view of fishing-cormorants. It is to be remembered that two dollars meant their earnings for twenty days, which would be equivalent to giving an American fisherman thirty dollars.

These birds are thoroughly tamed and wonderfully trained; they sit around on the sides of the boat and sometimes dive off after fish of their own accord; but are more frequently urged by gentle touches with those poles. The fish are not usually seen from their perches

on the boat, the water being often turbid; but they dive several feet under water and search for them. Strings or bands are put around their necks so that no fish large enough for cooking purposes can be swallowed. Fish passing through this gastronomic handicap the birds, of course, devour; those too large are brought to the surface, where the fishermen snatch them from their beaks and deposit them in the specially made fish-basket. Sometimes the fisherman, by way of encouragement, gives to his successful bird a small fish in exchange for a large one. Neck-bands are not always required; some birds are so well trained that they will deliver their prey without having any check put upon them. When several hundred are fishing together, the scene becomes very lively; but there is no confusion; each bird knows his own master. Sometimes when a large fish is taken one bird will go to the assistance of another, and the two together will bring the capture successfully to the boat. When not in service they are fed on bean-curds. They do not lay eggs until three years of age. The eggs are often hatched under hens, and the chickens are fed on eel's blood and hash. In some parts of the country cormorants are still trained in great numbers and are worth from five to eight dollars a pair. One boatman can oversee from twelve to fifteen birds. One of these boats came to the shore for me so I could make a close inspection of these intelligent creatures. They were very gentle and allowed me to stroke them as one would a kit-

town in China is considered complete without a pagoda. Some people think the native faith in the pagoda is diminishing, as a new one is rarely seen; this might be said of bridges, temples and nearly everything in China, because everything appears old; disrepair and dilapidation are not necessarily evidences of a waning faith in their national institutions.

The purpose of the pagoda is often not well understood by foreigners; it is generally supposed to be altogether a religious monument. It seems to have had its origin in India, where it was wholly a religious temple dedicated to the worship of idols which were called pagods, hence the name, pagoda. In China the form of the structure gradually changed from that of a temple to the tall, many-storied tower, like the one before us. The purpose of the pagoda in China has been changed from that of a place set apart wholly for the worship of idols to that of a mixed order—that of a religious shrine, and also at the same time a temple of geomancy, if I may express it in that way. It is supposed to bring peace and the protection of Heaven, and to repress all evil influences that may be peculiar to the locality in which it is situated. Geomancy prevails everywhere in China, and geomancers are about as numerous as beggars and much more respected. I have been in quite a number of pagodas, in different parts of the country, and I do not remember that I have seen one containing idols or occupied by priests; but all apparently vacant and left to exert their influence on the surrounding country; this is why I prefer to call them temples of

geomancy. A simple and more intelligible name would be " good-luck towers." Do not laugh at their credulity and simple faith in geomancy; there is not much difference after all; they erect a pagoda and we nail up a horseshoe.

This " Leaning Tower " is an unusually large pagoda; it consists of two walls or a pagoda within a pagoda, each wall being six or seven feet in thickness. It does not appear so large because our position is several hundred yards away at the foot of the hill, which has an elevation of some fifty feet, the pagoda being nearly two hundred feet in height. I was obliged to retire to this distance to obtain a view of the entire structure, and even now the first story is not visible. This venerable old pile suffered more from the Taipings than from thirteen centuries of time. Formerly the hill was covered with fine temples and palaces before that rebellion, but since then the once magnificent center of " Beautiful Soo " has been a wilderness of ruins.

We will now return for a second time to Shanghai by the same kind of native canal-boat in which we came to Soo-chow. We cannot afford to remain long in one place; the Chinese Empire is a little world in itself, and much remains for us yet to explore.

JOURNEY UP THE YANG-TSE-KIANG.

People who visit China should not confine their field of observation to seaport towns, as is so frequently done by globe-trotters. It is desirable to reach the interior at some point. When I returned to Shanghai, from Soochow, I received a cablegram to proceed up the great Yang-tse-Kiang River to Hankow, a distance of six hundred miles (see map of eastern China). It proved a lucky cablegram for me; only for its receipt at that time I would have been hemmed in with the legations at Pekin. In that way my trip up the great river was fortunate as well as interesting. Hoping now that our mutual trip to the interior may be equally interesting, we will embark on one of those large side-wheel steamboats, such as that on which we made our trip to Ningpo. The fare is $32.50 for a return ticket. The accommodations are as comfortable as on a Hudson River steamer, and we shall reach Hankow in three days. The scenery en route is interesting, but somewhat monotonous; the valley of the Yang-tse-Kiang is a level plain with no great diversity in its appearance, and all Chinese towns are alike. One can see the hill region in many places, but it is far distant. The vast expanse of yellow water dotted with characteristic junks moves sullenly along at the rate of two and one-half miles an hour. Our fellow passengers are a few

missionaries with their families who are on their way to the hill region to pass the hot summer months. Six or eight stops are made between Shanghai and Hankow, and then, at the end of three days, our boat makes fast to the hull of an old ship. Hulls of ships are used for docks and landing stages everywhere on the Yang-tse. We have arrived, and as we come on deck this is the scene that meets our eyes.

35. Coolies Unloading Tea at Hankow, the Great Tea Market of Interior China.

This is Hankow, six hundred miles from the sea, and undoubtedly the greatest tea market in the world. But it is European Hankow, and you have already learned that Europeanized cities in China and native cities are very dissimilar. There are three native cities here, all within sight one of another and also lying adjacent to the foreign settlement before us; they are Wuchang, on the opposite side of the river, and Hanyang and Hankow, lying near together on this side. It has been estimated that the three cities embrace a population of several millions. Hankow signifies, in Chinese, the mouth of commerce. It is, indeed, a great commercial center. The river is navigable for men-of-war and the largest ocean steamers up to this point. When I stood here a huge three-funnel merchant steamer from Odessa, Russia's great port on the Black Sea, lay at anchor in midstream. Russians are the greatest tea-drinkers in Europe, and they drink Chinese teas almost exclusively. Ships from all parts of the world

come here for tea; so, I think, for gigantic tea-parties Hankow holds the record. Do you see the tea being discharged from the ship on which we stand? Our steamer brought a cargo from a point down the river to this place for transshipment, or possibly to be first transformed or pressed into what is called brick-tea. Should we go ashore a little distance from this shipping front, we would see many places where tea is pressed into hard bricks, chiefly for shipment to Russia, although the best grades of tea are not put up in this manner. Though this is the most important tea center in the world, I want to tell you that the nearest point where tea is grown is one hundred miles from Hankow. This is merely a great shipping entrepôt. Tea is brought here from the hill and mountain districts, where it is grown; it is brought from smaller ports up and down the river to Hankow, where it is sometimes repacked and sent to all parts of the world. There are many docks such as this where lines of barefooted, bareheaded, and sometimes barebacked coolies form a ceaseless line between the ships and the "go-downs," carrying chests of tea and uttering their weird, dolorous cry, which they think distracts the mind from the burden. You cannot see an European among all those natives. The tea is now altogether in the hands of Chinamen; from these landing "go-downs" it will be carried to the *hongs*, as business places are called in the East. These chests of tea do not look exactly familiar; they are differently marked from those we are accustomed to see in our markets. Much of the tea used in America is from

Japan, and besides, teas from different parts of China are marked differently. Have you noticed how high that bank of the river is? I was greatly surprised to learn that at this place the difference between high and low water is often forty feet and over, sometimes reaching and flooding the streets above. It has an annual overflow resembling that of the Nile. I think you have not discovered that each coolie carries a small stick in his hand; they have a simple but a very infallible way of checking off the number of packages discharged; after the ancient fashion, each coolie delivers with each package a tally-stick to a tally-man on shore. The coolies generally have neither honesty nor arithmetic; but they can carry a tally-stick, which is a substitute for both. Not many in the West would like to carry these chests of tea ten hours a day in the hot sun at ten cents a day! Yet this is "how the other half lives."

Let us go ashore, ascend those forty steps, turn to the right a hundred yards, and we will face a pretty plaza, which, overlooking the river, is called the Bund.

36. View Along the Bund from Municipal Council Building, Hankow.

This scene is not only full of beauty; it is full of life and instruction. The beauty of those buildings and rows of trees with well-kept lawns and walks and well-paved streets is enhanced by the recollection that it is in the heart of China, six hundred miles from the sea. I expected to find a few Europeans here, but not this charming vista of

modern buildings and beautified grounds. I expected Western conditions at Shanghai, but not at Hankow. We are looking eastward and down the river; behind this line of trees, on our right, is another promenade, overlooking the broad river and some fifty feet above it, flanked by a protecting wall. Long flights of stone steps lead down to steamboat landings at different places. The great river is here nearly a mile in width, full of life and activity. It is instructive to know that this state of affairs has been established here since 1858, when, by the treaty of Nankin, Hankow became an open port. The native quarter is very unlike this; it is, as I have remarked of other native cities, redolent of every known and unknown odor and teeming with filthy myriads of human life. I was told that several Chinese gentlemen of Hankow made an effort to persuade their fellow townsmen to attempt to model the native city in some measure after the European Settlement, but the proposition met with so little favor that it was given up. To change the ways of the masses of the Chinese people promises to be a "steady job." Here again, we see few, if any, Europeans; this will be partially explained if you notice the shortness of the shadows cast by those figures in the foreground; I mean that you may see it is near midday, when Europeans, in hot weather, are seldom on the streets; but the whole place is animated with coolies, many of them pole-coolies, as they are called, because nearly all transportation is done by them by means of these poles. One coolie will carry a hundred-weight on each end of one of these poles. A

coolie holds his carry-pole in great esteem, for it is his means of livelihood. We are here standing on the balcony of the Town Hall, and when I attempted to make this view the people near at hand fled as though Mara (Chinese Pluto) had suddenly arisen in their midst; a "Fang-qwei" with a camera is scarcely less dreaded. This street immediately below us was entirely vacated. The idea occurred to me that if I should cast a handful of cash down into the street, cupidity might overcome superstition and bring the coolies close again. I have previously explained to you that seventeen cash are equal to one cent and make a good handful. I gave to my native porter a handful of cash and explained to him how, at a given time, he must throw the cash to the coolies below. I returned to an inner room to prepare my apparatus, and when I returned and asked my porter where the cash was he replied: "*Coolie have got.*" The stupid fellow, not understanding my directions, had thrown them to the street in my absence; but they had served a good purpose, for, by this time, the street was full as you see it now, all eager and expectant. I threw another handful, which was instantly followed by a chaos of heads, heels, poles, prostrations, "flip-flips" and somersaults. When there was a partial restoration to mental and physical equipoise, and when they had become engaged, seemingly, in conference as to whether another shower of hard cash was to be expected and whether a madman or a veritable Carnegie had arrived in the foreign settlement, I manipulated my camera.

When I first reached Hankow I supposed I was in the

heart of the tea-growing region; but I soon learned I could not reach the nearest plantation without a tedious journey of a hundred miles; and that this journey must be made in a house-boat, through canals and inland lakes and rivers for eighty miles, and then, when I reached the mountains, the last part of the trip, some twenty miles, would have to be made in a sedan chair carried by coolies. The worst feature of the adventure was the hostility of the people in the province through which the journey lay, for at this time the Boxer uprising was agitating the usual bitterness toward foreigners into frenzied aggressiveness. But I decided to make the attempt, and a companion was deemed indispensable. The American Vice-Consul found a fearless and adventurous young man, son of ex-Consul Childs, who was quite willing to accompany me for the sport of hunting on the way. This young fellow was powerful and brave almost to recklessness, and, as he said, any half-dozen Boxers would only be "*Child's*" play for him. We at once set to work to prepare for the trip; he furnished one double-barreled breech-loading shot-gun and a Martini-Henri rifle, with an abundance of ammunition; he also engaged from a friend of his, a Russian merchant, a suitable house-boat with sleeping accommodations; later I will show you the boat. Next, we engaged a crew, consisting of a captain, four coolies, a cook and an interpreter. We went to a native grocery and laid in a supply of provisions, such as we could get—chiefly canned goods and several dozen bottles of soda-water—

we knew drinking-water would be difficult to find. Mr. Childs said we must take a couple of bottles of whisky, because he was acquainted with a mandarin up the river who was fond of it, and that his favor was worth two bottles; I remonstrated that one bottle was enough for one mandarin. "Yes," he replied, "but we may find another mandarin"; and so we did. Our grocery supply cost fifteen dollars; it included several loaves of settlement bread. Only "cash" is known in the rural districts; silver is worthless. I gave our cook five Mexican dollars to be exchanged for "cash." He returned with a back-load all strung on strings, about one dollar's worth on each, the five straps weighing thirty pounds; this is no exaggeration; because the spectacle of our cook returning with thirty pounds of coin hung over his shoulders and around his neck was so ludicrous that I weighed a one dollar strap, which was just six pounds. A very brief and limited shopping expedition in a native town necessitates a coolie with a wheelbarrow to carry the change. After much preparatory running back and forth, we sailed near eleven o'clock at night. Our house-boat was fitted with sail, but, in the absence of wind, it must be towed by hand by means of long lines from the shore. A light night breeze carried us across the river, where the coolies went ashore with the tow-line and towed through the night while we essayed to sleep in our new and confined quarters. When we arose in the morning we found we had made little progress up the great river, Hankow being still plainly in sight;

some time before noon we reached Kinkow, an important town on the Yang-tse only about twenty miles from our starting-place; here we entered a canal or creek which connects the Yang-tse with a small lake some twenty miles inland. Now let us go ashore just for an opportunity to look at our house-boat.

37. Travelling in Interior China—Our House-boat on a Canal near Kinkow (600 Miles Inland).

Here is the house-boat with my companions and crew, all on deck. I need not designate my companion; his négligé betrays him. My captain stands at his right, his high rank and authority indicated by what appears to be, according to rustic parlance, a "boiled shirt." Our cook left us at this place, becoming suspicious we might never return, and our interpreter, who is clad in black, assumed the duties of the runaway cook. The coolies skulk behind and turn away their faces, fearing the camera. You see the door leading into our little cabin, which had a table in the center and a seat on either side used for a bed at night. The cook's quarters are behind the cabin. Our evening retreat, when the mosquitoes would permit, was on that spacious forecastle where the crew are now assembled. I fear there are many archaic devices about this boat which you will fail to notice. Have you observed the wrought-iron, hand-made anchor projecting over the bow, consisting of four radiating hooks? Have you observed the detached rudder suspended at one side and beyond it a cross-bar pro-

jecting a little over the free-board? On the end of this a large sculling oar is placed to propel the boat when away from the shore or when becalmed in deep water, where poles cannot be used. Have you observed the pike-poles and the gang-plank? I am sure that within the cabin and in the cooking department are curious things you cannot see. There is a pantry and a store-room all in that small place. It is not an Atlantic liner; but withal, it left with me memories more interesting than those obtained from the floating palaces of the sea. An itinerant barber has come out from Kinkow, not far away, to prospect our ship. Do not imagine the barber and his client are the only spectators. A vast crowd has been purposely held back from our boat.

You may get some idea of the character of the soil and the appearance of the country near the river. The whole valley is alluvial, and in its fertility and freedom from stones reminds me of the valley of the Nile. You can see the height of the banks, showing the depth of the soil, and the canal, which was originally a creek or river, is here quite deep, and this continues until we reach the high lands. A typical craft from the interior, propelled by a large sculling oar on one side of the boat, is passing down on the other side; it is probably on its way down to Hangkow or other of the great near-by cities, with farm produce. There is a house on the other side, but it is hidden by trees, so that we can see little of it.

But we must go aboard our house-boat and order our captain to start. You may know by the glossy sur-

face of the water that there is no breeze for our sails; therefore, the tow-line is thrown out, the gang-plank is hauled in and we move slowly on our way. Our meek little cook had prepared for us a breakfast that would satisfy anyone but a man who has no business to travel; and now he was busy in the galley, which was, indeed, more a hole than a galley, preparing our second meal. When it was on the table it quite astonished us, and while we ate we eulogized the cook and made, I fear, some unflattering remarks about French *chefs*. In the afternoon we reached a beautiful lake some twenty miles across. A light breeze, at times, enabled us to use our sail, and when the wind failed the coolies resorted to the cumbersome sculling oars. We made the farther side of the lake a little after nightfall, where we entered a second canal, in which we tied up, our crew not being able to work continuously day and night. On the following day, after we had been several hours in this canal, we entered a small fishing village where the banks of the canal were lined with villagers of both sexes in charge of "lift-nets." This lift-net may be seen in every port of China; it consists of a horizontal net about twenty feet square, attached to a bamboo frame-work projecting over the water from the shore; it is lowered and raised from the shore, and each net requires one attendant; it is lowered until it sinks to the bottom, where it remains for a time, or until fish have assembled over it, when it is raised for a draught of them. This was a novel and interesting scene and we ran our house-boat

ashore, thinking to obtain a view of the villagers in their droll piscatory vocation. We landed and returned along the bank near the line of nets. I planted my camera in a suitable position, when, instantly, along the whole line, they left their nets and came pell-mell toward us and around us. Our attempt was, of course, obstructed. We called our "boy" (every servant is called a "boy" in the East) to persuade them to stand away from the camera; his appeal had no effect; their curiosity increased and the crowd increased; they at once showed an unfriendly manner; one fellow landed from a boat and came strutting forward with an air of importance and authority and lifted the cloth of the camera to see what was under it. I took it out of his hands and motioned him back; he straightened up, swelled his chest, compressed his lips and dove his head under the cloth; no self-respecting photographer can brook any liberties with his apparatus. I squelched his officious and impertinent meddlesomeness with more vigor than politeness. He swelled up in importance again, but kept two yards off; his dignity was damaged; he looked vengeance and sneeringly cried out, "Fanqwei! fanqwei!" There was no possibility of getting a picture, the crowd was rapidly increasing, and the half-mile line of nets was deserted. Our boy said, "Very bad people here!" We had not brought along our guns, and we concluded it would be better to be nearer our defenses. We started for our boat; but no sooner had we emerged from the crowd than we were greeted by a volley of mud and lumps of

clay (there were no stones). We ducked and dodged all the way back. Dodging missiles from Chinamen was a humiliation to which we had not been accustomed. In a mood to even up honors, we brought our guns on deck and donned our cartridge belts; there was a silent but hurried retreat all along the line. I gave Childs my gun to carry, took my camera, went on shore and we advanced to the place from which we had retreated: but like the clans of Culloden, "they were scattered in flight." I took my view, but it sadly lacked life in the foreground. This showed, as has been shown in a thousand other instances, that the Chinese lack the fighting instinct, or, in other words, that they are cowards; but sometimes will fight a little with ten to one. We came off ahead, but it might have been otherwise, only for the alluvial soil which offered no stones. Childs said, on our return, that he had heard of the "Battle of the Roses," but he had never anticipated a "Battle of Mud." This was evidently an unfriendly village and we did not care to linger. Certain villages are friendly and others unfriendly. A village is often composed of a clan, or family line, where one disposition characterizes the whole village; here we had fallen in with an anti-foreign breed and as soon as we reached our boat, our order to the captain was: "*Walkee, walkee, chop, chop!*" (Start at once).

Our coolies kept tugging at the tow-line until, some time in the afternoon, when we spied a typical native plowman quite near the bank of the canal. He had a

queer, home-made wooden plow attached to a grim and vicious-looking water-buffalo. It was a capital specimen of a rustic plowman, and I decided to go ashore for a stereograph. I placed my instrument at the point of his nearest approach; when within about twenty paces the buffalo halted; I knew something about the idiosyncrasies of a water-buffalo, and that when he stops to look at a foreigner, something is going to happen. The plowman himself was nearly as much bewildered as the buffalo—was not only bewildered but afraid; he lacked the bravery of the fishermen; he had no crowd at his back; he walloped the suspicious beast with the drive-rope; it would not budge. I saw it was "now or never." I put my head under the camera cloth; this, to the buffalo mind, was horror added to the horrible—a foreigner behind an infernal machine! It was a snort and a lunge; the plowman went down; the buffalo went off as if fired from a catapult; a cloud of dust arose; the plow flew from side to side and over its back; the beast's terror was increased by shouts of laughter from Childs and the crew; his speed increased with his increasing terror; the plowman, glad of an excuse to run away from us, pursued like mad. The poor beast was soon far in the distance, enveloped in a cloud of dust; it was a level plain, and the last we saw of the water-buffalo was a black spot in the horizon, with a whisking crescent over his back made by the flying plow. I failed in getting the stereograph, but succeeded in getting a laugh. On our return trip several days later, we recognized the same

field and saw that no plowing had been done in the meantime. We wondered whether the buffalo had yet stopped.

During the afternoon we came to a point where the canal expanded into a marsh and lake. At one side of this marshy plain, a large town was located on a hillside, extending down to the edge of the water. We saw banners flying and a great assemblage of people covering the side of the slope, and decorated boats seemed to fill the broad stream before the town. Our boy explained that it was the day of the dragon festival. This is one of the most important fête days in China. It is not a good day to be in a Chinese crowd in a remote and hostile province; but we thought we would experience no difficulty in making our way past the town in our boat. Boat-racing is an important feature of the day; several boats curiously decorated and filled with men rowing with short paddles, dashed back and forth before the town. While these picturesque race-boats were passing and repassing, I stood on the bow of our little boat attempting to catch views as we moved through among them. This seemed to attract the attention of the great crowds on the shore, who commenced to set up a derisive yell, which is quite peculiar and as distinguishable as the Indian's war-whoop. A Chinese crowd, like any other crowd, is always more inflammable and aggressive on a holiday, and a vast assemblage greatly augments individual courage, especially among Chinamen. We halted for a while to witness

the strange proceedings; the jeers increased; then came a shower of mud; next a volley of stones; several waded into the water up to their waists around our boat; another volley of stones nearly demolished our cabin window. At this we jumped into our little cabin and brought out our guns and slipped in cartridges; with this threat those in the water moved back a little; the jeers increased, and a hundred voices were shouting, "Fanqwei! fanqwei!" and punctuating their raillery with stones. We ordered our captain to move on; our crew at this point were all on board and propelling the boat with the sculls. The missiles came so furiously at one time, that Childs leveled his gun, when I called to him not to shoot. Fortunately, at this point, we were thirty or forty paces from the shore on which the enraged mob stood, while the number in the water near us, on the opposite side, were held back only by our guns; our coolies were as glad as we to get away from this ugly and cowardly band. We ducked stones and urged on the coolies. The mob followed for a half-mile along the shore, shouting, no doubt, all manner of ribaldry, but foreign devil was all we could understand. We soon entered a small lake where they could no longer follow, but until we were out of sight we could hear their peculiar yell of derision.

We anchored late that night in the canal, and got away by daylight in the morning, that we might make the end of our boat journey, some ten miles farther, and have the whole day for the last twenty miles, which must

be made in chairs. At nine o'clock in the forenoon we came to a few houses scattered along the bank of the canal; here we must debark and find sedan chairs; they could only be obtained in a town five miles away. Two of our coolies were dispatched in haste; they returned near noon with chairs and chair-coolies. We had victuals for two days in readiness. Guns, ammunition, camera, etc., were packed in the chair. Our "boy" must go afoot with several straps of cash over his shoulder—cash to buy eggs in the country, to buy hot water, to mollify the mercenary—cash was our only credential, and the "boy" had yet nearly thirty pounds on his back, the equivalent of five Mexican dollars, or two and one-half dollars in American money.

We had now reached the foothills of the mountain region. Twenty miles is a good ride in a carriage; it is a long journey in a sedan chair, in a rough mountain district, where there are no roads, where one has to pass many villages, through countless rice-fields on narrow mud dykes, along rocky declivities and up steep slopes. Our chairs were of the rustic order, made of bamboo suspended on bamboo poles ten feet long. The teetering sensation was not disagreeable; but there were other sensations. All persons do not know that a rice-field is, at times, a pond of water, at other times a pool of mud. These fields are separated by ridges of clay sometimes a foot, sometimes two feet above the mud or water. To pass around the corners of the mud-fields, on narrow ridges, without being precipitated into the

mud, was the most precarious part of our journey, and in this we did not quite succeed. I would surely be charged with exaggeration should I attempt to say how many times our chair-coolies were pitched over the narrow dyke into the deep mire while attempting to turn the sharp angles, we ourselves only escaping a mud-bath by clambering to the treacherous path till the coolies could be extricated. During the afternoon we stopped in the outskirts of a village for lunch. We were, of course, at once surrounded by curious villagers who showed no unfriendliness, but were greatly interested in our modern firearms, and Childs entertained them by bringing down birds from the highest treetops. Only one incident occurred here worth relating, an incident which shows how tricky and unscrupulous the Chinese are in ways of extorting money. An old woman hurried into our presence leading a child and affecting great distress of mind; a stream of blood was trickling over the child's face from a scalp wound. She showed us the wound and, jabbering explanations, pointed to our guns, intimating we had shot her child. My companion broke into a roar of laughter and showed how we had been shooting altogether in an opposite direction and away from the village in which she lived. The natives about us saw the shooting and also laughed at the woman's stupid and futile scheme to obtain money. The trifling scalp wound was maternally inflicted and her plan proved a bungling and unsuccessful bit of blackmail.

This was the first village in which we had found the inhabitants friendly. The chair-coolies got a feed of rice from the villagers, and we ate our lunch hemmed in by a staring group of onlookers, which was not altogether agreeable, because one is liable at any moment to be colonized by a drift of eleemosynary insects from leeward, and this prospect is somewhat de-appetizing. Another plain of rice fields lay before us which involved unpleasant liabilities and greatly retarded our progress. But we got across with a single catastrophe. I heard, proceeding from Childs, who was behind me, great volumes of thrice-underscored English. I looked back and saw one of his coolies submerged in the liquid soil, the other at the front, upon the ridge of clay. The mud just reached the seat of the chair and my friend sat quite helpless, holding his gun out of the mud with one hand and projecting his feet upward. The dilemma was only for a moment, as his loud and intensive language worked as an explosion of dynamite and brought the submerged coolie to the surface and, presto, to the path. As usual, there was no damage except to the coolie's clothes, and that was not serious, as they consisted only of "one-piece shirt." A great part of our journey by chair thus far had been across these rice fields, or "sloughs of despond," as Childs called them, but now we had reached the first mountain slope. We rested a few minutes at a wayside inn, where our coolies regaled themselves with tea. We found tea-stands every few miles. In many places the tea stood at the door as a sort of a free-lunch

trap for wayfarers; in other places it must be paid for at the rate of a "cash" a cup. The cups are small and five or six of them would scarcely equal in quantity an American "schooner"; besides tea, about the only drink to be obtained at these inns, is "sam shui," a sort of home-made wine. Western whiskies and other civilized death-dealing and fiend-producing decoctions are unknown in these rural districts.

Late in the afternoon we were among the lower mountain slopes and scattering patches of tea plants began to appear. It was up a steep mountain side, over a crest and down again into a table-land covered with patches of paddy (growing rice in Eastern countries is called paddy) until nightfall, when we entered a broad, fertile valley watered by a small river.

Darkness overtook us and we had yet several miles to go before we reached our destination at a place called Matin. Our chair-bearers had become considerably exhausted and stopped frequently to rest at places on the wayside, where curious rustics would peer around us in the darkness, sometimes thrusting their faces under the front of our covered chairs. Our surroundings were now becoming weird and dismal. Our men sometimes left us for a few minutes to quench their thirst at some tea-house; we could hear persons passing and repassing in the darkness.

Once we became separated for an hour; Childs's men had taken a different path. Mine waited in a farm-yard till our boy had brought in Childs; meantime, I sat in

my chair surrounded by bogey-men; some came with paper lanterns which they held up before me to get a look at a "foreign devil." My companion had both guns in his chair; when he was brought back we apportioned our armament and resolved not to become separated again; we knew now we had no house-boat to fall back upon and trusted we might not fall into a dragon-festival crowd. Not till near ten o'clock that night did we reach the town of Matin. Our chair-coolies bore us through narrow, winding alleys for a great distance. The streets were dimly lighted with paper and tin lanterns and we were set down in the heart of a strange town in the Province of Hunan, we were told, but from subsequent examination of maps I believe we were just on the boundary between the provinces of Hupeh and Kiangsi (see map of Eastern China, Map No. 2).

At once we were surrounded by the usual crowd of night-prowlers of every description. We had no idea where we could spend the night. We told our boy to ask some one to take us to the mandarin. The news of our arrival, even though late at night, spread rapidly; the street was soon a solid mass of struggling humanity; it was difficult for our chair-men to make any headway in such a crowd. They clung to the sides of our chairs and peered in at us; they trampled each other down. It had a good effect when they learned we were to go to the mandarin's. Our "boy" and the chair-coolies slowly wedged their way, by inches, through the dense

mass. The mandarin's palace (?) was a half-mile away; and after we emerged from the crowd it followed us to the door of the buildings said to contain the high functionary we sought. It required several minutes of pounding at a great wooden door before any response came; at last some one, I suppose a servant, arrived. Our instructions to our "boy" were about as follows: "Tell the good mandarin we are Americans, come to see Chinese Tea-man—have no place to sleep—will good mandarin let us sleep any place inside his palace?" It should be remembered our "boy" could speak only a little English. We waited long for a reply and the crowd around us at the door was constantly increasing. When the reply came it was not very encouraging. It was: "Mandarin cannot do." Childs, who knew the mandarin character pretty well, said he thought a stronger appeal was necessary—that we must see the mandarin himself; so, to get out of the crowd, by sheer effrontery, we pressed within the outer door; but the crowd followed.

After much wrangling and persuasion by a number of mandarinish flunkies, the crowd was pressed back and the door made fast. Childs with his gun, accompanied our "boy" into the presence of His Excellency and stated the urgency of our case,—that there was no hotel; that there were plenty bad men outside; that our hong at Hankow "makee" buy plenty tea; these and numerous other necessitous lies induced the mandarin, after a full half-hour of talking, to allow us to sleep in an empty

room. The servants found two rough doors for us to sleep upon. We were too glad to be within walls to complain of a bed of hard boards, and after a midnight repast we stretched out upon our doors to await the strange disclosures of the coming dawn.

I have spoken of the mandarin as "His Excellency," and of his domicile as the palace; but there did not appear to be any excellent qualities about him or anything palatial about his residence. He was ordinary in appearance, stupid and boorish in manner, devoid of hospitality and actuated alone by suspicion. His home was a tile-roofed, one-story agglomeration of sheds made of sun-dried brick without and finished within in the crudest fashion with hand-sawed lumber. He was plainly a country mandarin.

When we arose in the morning we found the town of Matin situated in a beautiful and well-cultivated valley, flanked by lofty, near-by hills with towering mountains in the distance. The valley was checkered with paddy fields, and on the hillsides were patches of tea alternating with shrubbery. The tea plantations were a great disappointment to me; they consisted of only small, stunted bushes twelve or fourteen inches high, in scattered patches that were worthless as showing a typical tea plantation. Considerable quantities of tea were brought in and pressed at this place. I have been in many tea plantations in India, in Ceylon and in Japan, and I considered the plantation at this place unworthy a photographic reproduction; but I felt I must go out on the hillsides to look around and

possibly make a view. The first crop of tea had been picked, and no tea-pickers were in the field.

I thought a group of tea-picking girls with their tea-baskets would be an improvement to the landscape. So we set our "boy" with the mandarin's servants at work to hire a group to go out with their baskets. This we found to be difficult of accomplishment, because of the strange suspicions that seemed at once to fill the minds of the whole people. After long persuasion and offering tempting straps of "cash," a few girls were assembled for the field. Then the mandarin decided to go out also; but he was under the impression that we were tea-merchants. When that "thing of evil," the camera, was brought out all was changed; the mandarin sneaked back into his quarters; the tea-pickers, one after another, gradually disappeared. National suspiciousness had overpowered them all; we were there for some evil purpose, they thought. We left our guns in our room to lull fear and suspicion, but the camera was an omen of evil to be dreaded even more than our Martini-Henri rifle. In profound disgust we started off for the hillsides, followed by a motley rabble of boys and men. We reached the foothills, where we looked down upon what you may see also.

38. Paddy Fields and Group of Jeering Natives at Matin, 700 Miles Inland, Kiangsi Province.

One portion of the crowd following us is there on the bridge; another squad is on the hillside, toward the right, beyond the range of our vision. I made several attempts

before this view was taken to stereograph this band of rustics at close quarters, but failed, because, although sadly lacking in intelligence, they seemed to know the business front of a camera and scattered with the slightest turn in their direction; but at this distance they do not imagine their pictures can be taken. This is an exceedingly interesting scene; in the first place, because it is in the heart of China; in the second place, because it is in the mountain region where tea is grown; and besides, it shows you paddy or rice fields which I had occasion to mention, but could not show you *en route*. Here, in the interior, we see again the typical arched bridge, such as we saw at Soo-chow; but this has two arches, with only one in sight. I have seen beautiful bridges in China with over fifty arches; as usual, this bridge is made for foot-passers only and is approached by steps. You see, too, the stream that irrigates the valley, flooding the paddy fields; it might be called the purveyor for the whole population. Can we wonder that the Chinese, in their polytheism, give a prominent place to Pingee, the river-god? You see this fluvial fertilizer sparkling again in the distance where the hills draw near together.

Do you know that rice is one of the most valuable, indispensable and universal food products in the world? The Encyclopædia Britannica places it second to wheat, but I refuse to accept that so-called high authority on any statement so obviously erroneous. Europe and the Americas are the chief wheat-eating countries of the world, and China alone has a greater population than all;

and China is a country whose food staple is rice. Then we must remember that the vast population of Africa and the other parts of Asia, with the East Indies, are essentially rice-eating peoples. This is why I presume to say, on my own authority, that rice is the most important and universal food product in the world. Here we see it growing in patches, inclosed by ridges of soil and flooded with water. You probably know that rice is an aquatic plant and is supposed to be a native of India, although there are kinds that will grow on high lands. It is sown in mud or water, and when it has grown to be eight or ten inches high it is transplanted, as you see it in these fields.

From the appearance of this field you can now understand the difficulties we encountered on our journey in traversing paddy fields for miles along those narrow ridges in sedan-chairs, and especially in turning those angles.

Those mountains are all tea-lands as far as you can see, although there is no tea in sight except a little line of stunted bushes close down on our right. The tea-plant does not like the vicinity of salt water, but thrives best in mountain air and mountain soil. These peasants do not seem to differ in appearance from those we have seen in other localities; they wear the queue; their heads are shaven; some are half nude; some wear trousers with shirts outside; some are barefoot and some are shod, and all are impudent in a cowardly fashion.

We will descend from the slope on which we stand,

cross the bridge and continue directly across the valley, followed by the gang on the hillside above us and those at the bridge, till we reach the opposite slopes, where we will ascend to a height which will enable us to look back across the valley almost toward the place we here occupy. While we are making that short distance of about a half mile that native escort will, from a distance in the rear, continue to utter their shouts of mockery and their taunting yells.

39. Paddy Fields, Farm Houses and Patches of Tea at Matin, Kiangsi Province, among the Mountains of Interior China.

Before we had reached a considerable elevation the rabble following had been increased by a contingent from the town,—a more belligerent element. No sooner was my camera placed for this view than several small stones fell around us; it was not easy to ascertain the individuals throwing them. Many of them carried sticks and some poles. One bold fellow advanced, and with a pole uplifted threatened to smash my camera. Childs stood near with a heavy stone in each hand and held them in check until this stereograph was hurriedly taken. During this time a heavy clod from some one in the rear of the crowd landed on the camera, but did no serious damage. They were emboldened by the fact that we had no weapons of defense, not even sticks. We had expected the mandarin to accompany us, and so left our guns at the palace.

We need not, however, let the rabble disturb our enjoyment of the landscape. Our faithful servant is before us and looks off into space, as though he were unconscious of the cowardly demonstration taking place behind him, and that by his own countrymen. Two small bushes of tea are just at our feet; these near specimens will show how miserably stunted were the tea-plants in this region. You may see a patch farther down the mountain-side; the mountain on the other side of the valley had only such patches as these scattered here and there among the slopes. It does not follow that tea in all parts of China is like this; we were only unfortunate in getting into a region where the plantations were poor, and a typical tea-picking scene could not be found. In the distance you see mountains of considerable size; they are the same over which we passed on our way to this place and over which we must return. It looks like a formidable journey for our poor chair-coolies. We shall start at noon, and we must traverse those mountains again and reach our house-boat, twenty miles away, before we can sleep to-night. Look now at those farm houses down below. Everybody wants to know how a country house in the interior of China looks. You may know as much about it now as I do after all my trouble. It cost me hardship, deprivation and no inconsiderable sum of money. Are they loghouses, framehouses, stonehouses, mudhouses or what? Are the roofs of tin, thatch, tiles or shingles? Can you see smoke issuing from chimneys? No, there are no chimneys; the houses are of brick; the roofs are of tile; there

are two groups of farm houses. Do you imagine they rear litters of edible kittens in those houses? I scarcely think they do in the country. No doubt, if we could see within those houses, there would be many things in the ways of the Chinaman which would seem very strange to us.

As soon as our view was made we started for the town, and as we turned Childs received a heavy stone on the shoulder; it might have disabled a less powerful man. The blow from the stone angered my companion and he charged the whole crowd. It scattered, but as he returned he was followed by a volley of stones. As we had done before, we retreated, dodging stones as we did so. We finally got out of reach and returned to the house of the mandarin, the inhospitable home of the lord of the town, in which our bed had been a door and our food a stone. Our reception in Matin had not created in us a wish for a long sojourn, but rather a somewhat ardent desire to reach our house-boat as soon as possible. We shook the dust from off our feet—*much dust*— and by midday were in our sedans again with twenty miles of circuitous mountain trails and paddy-pools before us. I will not relate our experience on the return trip, except to say that at the last town, within five miles of our boat, our chair-bearers left us in total darkness surrounded by a dense gathering of the usual type, while they regaled their chums with tea in some teahouse. Our "boy" could not induce them to forsake their pals, and there we sat, knowing all the while that we were in unsafe quarters.

At last, in sheer desperation, we gathered our guns and traps together and commanded our " boy " to guide us out of the town on foot. We started through a dark alley, and soon encountered a savage volley of stones. My camera received one stone and still bears the mark. After tedious groping, in imminent peril of broken heads, we reached the open field. We had walked a mile, when our coolies, hearing that we had left them and afraid of forfeiting their pay, hurried on and overtook us. We reached our boat about ten o'clock at night, weary and sorely out of favor with the Chinese Empire. I still remember my companion's remark when he threw himself upon a bench in our little cabin; shrugging his bruised shoulder, he ejaculated, " Ricalton, I commence to appreciate what stoning means." And true it is, our greetings in many places had been quite barbarous; yet it should be remembered that I have made fuller mention of our experience in the hostile villages, and it is but fair to state that we passed through several villages where the inhabitants were mild-mannered and kindly; upon the whole, though, I must say that, while I have been in most of the Oriental countries, I have never, in any place, barring, perhaps, some portions of the Mohammedan world, met with so much suspicion of and hostility to foreigners. The annals of China, however, show us that such was not always the case; that previous to the reign of the present dynasty, which extends over a period of two hundred and fifty years, the sentiment of the people was favorable to foreigners; but the Manchu rulers, being jealous not only

of foreign influence but of the Chinese themselves, inaugurated a period of exclusiveness toward everything which might hazard the permanency of their own reign.

We will now turn away from our ordeal of stone and mud and omit any mention of our return voyage until we reach Kinkow, the place, you will remember, where I showed you our little house-boat and where we made our first stop after starting out on our trip; the place also where dwelt a mandarin, for whose entertainment my companion showed some forethought when laying in a supply of food at Hankow. Kinkow is an important city at the confluence of a small river, with the mighty Yang-tse-Kiang. This smaller river, on our arrival, was congested with all sorts of native boats, including a fleet of native river gun-boats commanded by a naval mandarin, or, perhaps I should say, a river admiral. This high functionary was he for whom the bottles of whisky had been considerately provided. My friend, on some previous occasion, met this mandarin and knew something of his predilections for Western stimulants. After our arrival, we dispatched our "boy" to find him, on learning he had left his war-junk for some part of the city. He was soon found; he returned to his fleet and received us on board his flag-junk with great cordiality. He could not speak a word of English, but being very jovial and intelligent, the extent and success of our pantomimic communication was really wonderful; then, when pantomime was inadequate, we fell back upon our boy's "pigeon" English. His home and family were in the city.

The Western "Sam-Shui" was sampled, and his good fellowship was increased. It was necessary to visit his home to enjoy his hospitality. Accordingly we did so. We accompanied him for a considerable distance and for once passed through a native city unmolested. We were the guests of a mandarin, and our immunity from stones and jeers was quite delectable after our experiences at Matin. We entered the mandarin's home; we were escorted to a seat of honor, an elevated dais, where a plate of sweetmeats was placed between us; this was followed by a service of tea offered in exquisite porcelain cups. Before we left the flag-ship he expressed a desire to have his picture taken; this was quite unusual in China; but he was intelligent beyond a dread of the camera. I was as anxious to possess his picture as he was to have it taken, but the apartments in his home were poorly lighted and I told him we must find an open space outside. Up to this time no female member of the family had been allowed to come into our presence; but when I suggested that his family should be stereographed with him he was evidently well pleased, and orders were at once sent to the female members to don their best. We sipped the mild, delicious tea and ate the very palatable delicacies for a few minutes longer, when the wife and a daughter of the proverbial sweet ten and six appeared, in beautiful attire and most careful toilette. We all started off through the narrow streets, accompanied by servants carrying stand, stool, *et cetera*, for an outdoor group, and followed by a train of onlookers from the street that grew larger and

larger as we proceeded. We at last reached an open space under some trees and they posed as you here see them.

40. A Genial Official of Interior China—Naval Mandarin (Admiral River Fleet), Wife and Daughter, Kinkow.

As usual we had great difficulty in keeping back the crowd, and a mandarin is not expected to interfere with the obtrusiveness of a street throng. Besides, you can easily perceive by his mellow blink that Western cognac has relegated his basilar instincts to peaceful realms, or, in other words, that he is a good-natured fellow under blissful stimulation; these conditions, added to unusual intelligence, made him a very agreeable personage for us after spending a week among the hostile and unscrupulous tribes out of which Boxers are organized. The wife appears a little demure or matronly modest. The daughter is probably best described in the words of Childs, who stood at my back keeping off the crowd, and whispered: "Isn't she a dandy?" A fan is the *vade mecum* of every Chinaman under the sun and under the moon, too, for that matter, as they carry them at night as well as during the day. A Chinaman without a fan is as rare as one without a queue, or as anomalous as a Scotchman without an umbrella. They may safely be called the greatest fan makers and fan users in the world. It would probably be more correct to call them fan carriers rather than fan users, as they are more often carried and not used.

This official and his family are very richly attired; their garments are wholly of the richest silks and satins and elaborately wrought in the finest embroidery. The styles do not change from year to year, as ours do; they can, therefore, provide themselves with the most costly dress without the necessity of a new supply with every change of fashion. Fashions remain essentially the same for centuries, and garments are handed down from one generation to another, without being considered antiquated. The costumes of both sexes are equally graceful and convenient. The European dress has been called a "mysterious combination of the inconvenient and the unpicturesque." And so it is—neither comfortable nor convenient—and we are greater slaves to fashion than the Chinese. In the Chinese dress there is not much difference in the style for the sexes. In the outer tunics worn by this family notice the capacious sleeves; they are very full and often exquisitely embroidered. In cold weather, instead of wearing mittens or gloves, the hands are drawn within the sleeves; and good breeding requires one to keep the hands in such a position as to properly display the sleeves. You may understand from this why I did not require this mandarin to place his hands in a more graceful position; it would have been impertinence and bad manners; that is his way and it is right, according to his standard of good form. The underskirt is one of the prettiest parts of the female attire; it extends a foot below the outer garment and is beautifully embroidered. You cannot but observe the entire absence of collars or anything about the

neck to impede freedom of movement and destroy comfort. Probably the most important thing about the dress is that square piece of cloth on the front of the tunic, called by some writers a breastplate. It is elegantly wrought in gold thread and silk and bears the insignia of rank. Sumptuary laws and laws of rank and dress are very comprehensive and specific, to the smallest detail, in China. There are many ranks in both social and official life. Houses must be made in a certain way for a certain rank, even to the most trifling detail. It is the same in dress; what is to be worn in summer and what in winter is prescribed, from hat to stockings, with the utmost particularity. It is scarcely possible for any one to understand how precise and exacting are these laws of rank. It is worth while to quote a few lines from Gray's excellent work on China in regard to these laws.

"The law distinctly states, with regard to the winter costume, that the hat to be worn shall be covered with dark satin and the inside lined with dark cloth. The brim is to be turned up. The apex must be adorned with a tassel of red silk so long and so thick as to cover the entire top. The top of a court hat for the winter season must be covered with red floss silk so long as to extend slightly over the brim. The summer hat is to be made either of fine straw or of very thin strips of bamboo or rattan; the outside covered with very fine silk, with a tassel of red silk cord on the top. The border must not turn up. The court hat for summer is to resemble the ordinary summer hat in all particulars ex-

cept the following: The rim must be covered with gold lace and the inside lined with red gauze. The travelling hat for summer is to resemble the ordinary summer hat in form. The red tassel, however, must be of cow's hair. In addition to the tassel, a button, indicating by its color the rank of the wearer, must be attached to the apex of each hat. For example, the hat worn by a gentleman or officers of the first rank, is distinguished by a button of a bright red color on its apex. A dark red button distinguishes the second rank; a dark blue button, the third rank; a light-blue button, the fourth rank; a crystal button, the fifth rank; a white button, the sixth rank; a gold button, the seventh or eighth rank; and a silver button, the ninth rank. To the back of each hat is also attached a peacock's feather, which, in the case of a person of high rank, has two eyes, while persons of inferior rank are restricted to a feather which has only one eye. On those so-called breastplates different emblems are used to designate the rank; birds are used for civil ranks, and animals for the military. The uniform of the imperial soldiers has a cloth badge on the breast and on the back, giving the regimental designation. Official gentlemen of the highest rank have the angelic stork on the breastplate; those of the second rank, the pheasant; of the third rank, the peacock; of the fourth rank, the wild goose; of the fifth, the silver pheasant; of the sixth, the cormorant; of the seventh, a bird called ki chik; of the eighth, the quail; of the ninth, a kind of white bird.

The rank of military officers is designated by different animals on the breastplate."

This is sufficient to show you how exact are the laws laid down for rank distinctions in dress; the minute rules about the cap are made in all the garments. In building houses for persons of different ranks the same detailed rules must be observed, even to the number of nails in certain places. Now, can you tell by the badges on the mandarin and his wife to what military and social rank they belong? I take the bird on the wife's badge to be a wild goose; if that be correct, she is of the fourth rank; but I cannot identify the animal on the breastplate of the mandarin: it is something like a lion and not altogether unlike a yellow dog; but I cannot make out with certainty. The daughter is probably too young to have yet taken a degree, but she surely bears the loveliest insignia of all, the badge of modest maidenhood.

We returned to the mandarin's fleet in the river. He was on board to receive us. Our house-boat was brought alongside. A salute of four guns was fired in our honor, that being the highest number given as a mark of honor, and after saluting Chinese fashion, then European fashion, and repeating the formality again and again, bowing like fighting-cocks all the while, we sculled out into the great yellow Yang-tse-Kiang, where we caught a lively breeze which soon carried us the last twenty miles down stream to Hankow. I paid off my crew, returned the house-boat to the owners and this terminated my trip of a hundred miles into the moun-

tain region. On the following day I took passage on one of the regular steamers for Shanghai, stopping off for a night at Nankin, in order to visit the famous tombs of the Kings.

41. Huge Stone Figures on the Avenue leading to the Tombs of the Kings, Nankin.

Nankin is still a great city of two hundred thousand inhabitants, although it has suffered much both from the ravages of time and war. It lies three miles inland, on the south bank of the Yang-tse, about one hundred miles from Shanghai. The wall surrounding the ancient city measures about thirty-five miles, but the present wall is only about twenty, and in some places shows the effects of time. For many years during the Ming dynasty it was the capital of the empire; and here Hung Wu died in 1398 A.D. Hung Wu was the founder of the Ming dynasty. The founder of that famous order of Kings was buried in the royal tombs a short distance outside the city. The ruins of those tombs are all that is now left to attract travellers to the old capital. They are known as the "Tombs of the Kings," but are sometimes called the "Ming Tombs," the same as the royal tombs near Pekin. The ancient royal tombs, both at Pekin and Nankin, are approached by a dromos or avenue of stone figures. They include human figures, seemingly those of warriors and priests, figures of lions, horses, camels and elephants; they are ranged along either side of what has once been a well-paved way, sometimes in

single pairs and sometimes in doubles. While the art displayed in the hewing out of these colossal figures is not of the highest order, the amount of labor required and the mechanical appliances necessary are truly wonderful. These figures of elephants are monolithic, twelve feet high and about seven feet in breadth. They are intended to represent the guardians of the royal dead. The site of the tomb itself is seemingly unknown. The backs of the elephants are covered with stones; whether placed there by the sport of boys or whether they possess some commemorative significance I could not learn. Gigantic figures of elephants similar to these at the "Ming Tombs" near Pekin, are known to have been transported for over a hundred miles by primitive methods. I made views of other figures along this monumental highway to the grave of the great Hung Wu, but I have no space for them, and we shall return to the river, only stopping on our way to examine a bamboo plantation.

42. Cultivated Bamboo—A Plantation at Nankin.

I have already called your attention to rice as the most universal food product and the most useful cereal in the world. Now, I will ask you to consider, for a little while, another remarkable plant of the same family, but of a different species. The bamboo belongs to the grass family, and, because of its gigantic size, its great utility, its unsurpassed gracefulness and beauty, it has properly

been called the " King of the Grasses." It may be ordinary and uninteresting to you, but it is an arboreal pet of mine, and you must pardon me if I dwell for a little upon it. The bamboo and I are old friends. I have learned to know something of its wonderful qualities and uses, and among all plants which have reached the dignity of a tree, both for usefulness and for beauty, the bamboo is peerless. Many years ago I was engaged by the Wizard of Menlo Park to encircle the globe and to ransack all tropical jungles in search of a superior fiber for the incandescent light. Equipped with a full set of implements for drawing out and carbonizing fibers, I spent a year among the bamboos of India, Ceylon, Burmah, Malay Peninsula, China and Japan. That was where and when my acquaintance with the " King of the Grasses " was formed and my pet-love begotten. I found about eighty different varieties in the island of Ceylon; about sixty scattered over Hindostan, between Cape Comorin and the Himalayan Range; something like eighty in Burmah and the Malayan Peninsula; nearly the same in China and Japan. You may see, therefore, I have had some opportunities to become familiar with the bamboo and can assure you familiarity, in this case, has not bred contempt. Those who have not seen the bamboo growing in its native climate can have no proper idea of its matchless grace and beauty.

A clump of this magnificent grass will spread out until it becomes a grove. The average bamboo is about fifty feet in height and five inches in diameter, although

the largest species, the giant bamboo *(bambusa gigantia)*, found in Burmah and Ceylon, sometimes reaches a height of one hundred and fifty feet with a diameter of ten to fourteen inches. In Ceylon I have seen clumps of over a hundred swaying gracefully in the breeze and towering skyward to a great height. The bamboos before us are not in clumps as they naturally grow. This is a plantation and not a native grove. The bamboo here is a small variety, not over two inches in diameter and twenty feet in height, but you see how straight and symmetrical the stalks are; how the whole stem is divided into joints or articulations, separated by an internode or knot; this is nature's ingenious way of giving great strength to a light and slender stalk. The septum, or partition at the joint, extends across the stalk and is impervious to air and water, so that each joint can be used as a receptacle for many purposes. For measures, from a gill to a gallon or several gallons, one has only to cut a joint of the right size and length. After the bamboo is a few years old it blooms and dies like other grasses. The rapidity of its growth is almost incredible; sometimes three and four inches in a single day. It is said that its growth is complete in one year; in confirmation of this a tea-planter in Ceylon showed me a clump which we estimated at fully seventy-five feet in height, the shoots of which were planted only eighteen months previous. Lateral branches spring out from the joints; but not until the stalk has reached its full height. This is another wonderful provision of nature, since, growing

in close masses, lateral branches could not develop while a young shoot is growing upward among old stalks. When the tree grows older a curious liquid is secreted in those hollow joints, which forms an agreeable beverage. If this liquid is allowed to remain in the tree, it becomes a concrete substance called *tabascheer,* which is highly valued for its medicinal properties. This substance, after a time, loses its liquid nature and is found to contain silicious earth, which resists the impression of all acids and with alkalies becomes a transparent glass. Many bamboos absorb from the soil a large percentage of silica; hence the strong flinty nature of its fiber. I have frequently seen sparks fly from my ax while chopping them down. The Buddhist priests prepare a medicine from *tabascheer,* which cures everything, like most other medicines. The bamboo shoot comes from the ground much like that of the asparagus—the sprouts as thick as the full-grown tree; when six or eight inches above the ground it is edible and has many culinary uses; it is boiled as a vegetable; it is salted and eaten with rice; it makes an excellent pickle; it is also used for sweetmeats or preserves; a decoction made from the leaves is used for coughs. Space does not permit me to mention half of its medicinal properties. Being a grass, its leaves are an excellent fodder for cattle. It is recorded in Chinese history that its seeds have preserved the lives of thousands. There are millions of Oriental people whose houses are built altogether of it; vessels are fitted for sea, entirely of bamboo; ropes of all sizes are made from

it; I have seen three-inch cables made of braided strands of bamboo. Masts of ships of five hundred tons are built up of many stalks bound together. Three or four sections of large bamboo make a superior catamaran, the joints being water-tight. In the Himalayan Mountains I have seen water conducted for many miles from springs and lakes to the plains below through bamboos used as pipes, the small end of one connecting with the large end of another, the joints or septa being removed. The roots are carved into fantastic images; the leaves are used for thatch; rain-coats are also made from them and sold at twenty cents each; the wood, when cut into splints, is sewed into window curtains and door screens and plaited into awnings; the shavings are used for filling pillows. Chairs, tables and mattresses, cooking utensils, umbrellas, fans, chop-sticks, bedsteads, agricultural implements, harness, fishing-tackle, baskets, traps of every sort, from the cricket trap to the tiger trap, are made of it. Two clumps of bamboo will furnish the entire material for a comfortable house in Southern China, at a cost of five dollars. The school-master makes his ferule of it; it is the universal instrument of punishment; it is the peace-maker in the family. I have heard an old Jersey woman threaten her recalcitrant progeny with a "quince sucker"; I have heard of a crispin government by the "slipper" and of the "birch" persuasive; but in China the "bamboo" is the universal court of appeal; indeed, it may be considered co-ordinate, in general legislation, with the legislative and executive powers of the

empire. It is impossible to enumerate more than a fraction of the many uses of this royal reed; and those in this small plantation give little idea of the stately beauty of the Giant Bamboo, rising one hundred and fifty feet, a veritable arboreal monarch, overtopping all other trees in the tropical world, and surpassing all others, both in majesty and utility. Our two dusky companions have listened patiently to my eulogy of their inanimate benefactors and I will not detain them nor you longer. We shall hasten to board a steamer for Shanghai, and on the following morning we are once more in the busy streets of the European Settlement.

THE BOXER UPRISING: JOURNEY TO THE SEAT OF WAR.

Even before we set out on our itinerary at Hongkong, in January, a slight agitation in the political world was caused by the abdication of Emperor Kwangsu. Early in the following May an uprising in the northern provinces of Shansi and Pichili began to create alarm. Secret societies were organized, or rather, orders which had had a long previous existence were revived. Chief among these were the I-Ho-Chuan, or, "Fist of Righteous Harmony," and the Ta-Tao-Hui—"Sword Society." All members of these organizations became known as Boxers, which is a free interpretation of the literal—"Fist of Righteous Harmony." And now we must change our field of observation from peaceful aspects of Chinese life to that latest Chinese crisis widely known as the Boxer uprising. During the time we have been up the Yang-tse many stirring events have transpired; seventy native Christians have been massacred at Paoting-fu. On May 29, 1900, the very day on which we started from Hankow in the house-boat, the Boxers attacked the railway station near Pekin and cut off communication with Tien-tsin and the outside world. The Ministers at Pekin had asked for a dispatch of guards,

and four hundred and fifty had arrived on the 4th of June. Boxers were reported marching on Pekin. On the 12th of June an additional international force, two thousand strong, had started from Tien-tsin under Admiral Seymour. This force was driven back with three hundred and twelve killed or wounded. Tien-tsin was surrounded by large numbers. The different nations were hurriedly preparing to dispatch ships and troops to the scene of action. These were the exciting messages on the lips of every one when we returned to Shanghai. Next, word came that the forts at Taku had been captured with a loss to the Chinese of four hundred, and of twenty-one to the fleet. I hurried to the post for mail and then to the Consulate, where I found awaiting me a dispatch directing me to proceed at once to Taku. I readily understood it was urgent to be at once at the front. I hastened to the different steamship offices, and, fortunately, found a boat which was to sail for Cheefoo on the following morning. Two and a half days was required to reach that port, which is only about twelve hours from Taku (see map of Eastern China, Map No. 2).

In the meantime, permit me to offer some opinions on this last demonstration of agitators in China. Notwithstanding all that has been said and written about Boxers and the Boxer movement, it is very difficult to determine the cause and object of this uprising. It is generally admitted, as I have elsewhere stated, that the Chinese are a docile and peace-loving people, and yet, social agi-

tations are not infrequent, and the great Taiping Rebellion, in which over twenty million lives were sacrificed, occurred only forty years ago. An old proverb says: "Beware of the wrath of the patient man." The most peace-loving sometimes become rebellious, and when such is the case desperation marks the conflict. It will scarcely be denied that want sows the seeds of revolution and rebellion, and when the struggle for existence becomes general and prolonged, suffering humanity will organize into protective unions, or into I-Ho-Chuan Societies. China's great fertility and her vast territorial area are sometimes insufficient for her teeming millions, especially in the North, where whole provinces are often famine-stricken by reason of flood or drought or pestilence. An empty stomach does not make for peace, either in the home or in the State. The Taiping Rebellion, the most bloody, disastrous and long-continued that has occurred in China in modern times, was inaugurated by a secret organization of insurrectionaries with the usual high-sounding name, Taipings, which signifies "*grand peace*," with the ostensible purpose of overthrowing the Manchu dynasty, whose corrupt and oppressive administration of affairs had exhausted the patience as well as the earnings of the people; in other words, it was hunger that brought about that bloody revolution. Want and peace cannot dwell together. A few years ago about ten millions are said to have died of starvation in the northern provinces bordering on the Hoang Ho, a river which has been called "China's Sor-

row," because of the loss of life caused by flood, famine and pestilence. This same poverty-stricken region has been the nursery of Boxers. While, then, I regard stress of environment as the primal cause of nearly all insurrectionary uprisings, the immediate causes often appear to be something quite different to the ignorant and unreasoning insurgent. The Boxer, in his struggle for existence, sees the cause in commercial encroachments; he sees the railway driving his wheelbarrow and carry-pole out of business; he sees the steamboat supplanting the house-boat and the sampan; he sees the modern carriage and bicycle relegating the sedan chair; he sees all kinds of machinery interfering with his manual labor. His Confucian classics never taught him how it is possible for a missionary to do a benevolent work. He looks upon him as the emissary and forerunner of foreign commercialism. Altruism is not in the Confucian code. I believe that any of us with a mind cast in the same mould and with the same training for generations, would be little, if any, different. An illiterate and superstitious populace will never discover first causes; struggle and stress of circumstances, then, sets the Boxer to looking around for the immediate cause of his ill conditions; he may turn against the ruling dynasty, or against the introduction of railroads, or against coercive land-grabs, or against the beneficent hand which has come from distant lands to lift him into better conditions. Then there are Boxer leaders and Boxer followers—the more intelligent and the ignorant horde who will play the Boxer

for plunder. But it is well to remind ourselves again that after all human nature is much the same the world over. When times are dull and distress prevails, a popular howl goes up against the government administration, or an army of malcontents marches on Washington, or a wailing and lamentation is heard about unrestricted immigration. Western countries are full of Boxers; but efficient military forces keep them in check. It has always been so, and will probably always remain so. Throughout all nature there must always be a certain amount of imperfection; the consequence is distress; the attempted remedy is I-Ho-Chuan Societies, under many different names. I use the words "must always be" advisedly; some I know will not agree with this; but I mean, of course, until the millennial days when the rose shall be thornless and the bee shall be without sting and when "the lamb and the lion shall lie down together." Until then human nature will continue to be human nature, or, in other words, there shall continue to be "wars and rumors of wars," and Boxers of many sorts.

As I entered the harbor of Cheefoo (see map of Eastern China, Map No. 2) two grim men-of-war anchored in the offing emphasized the fact to me that I was nearing the theater of impending war. Two forts, one on either side of the city, bristling with heavy ordnance, command the harbor and the town. The guns of the warships and those of the forts were trained one on the other. Big guns are always grim visaged, but when

loaded and trained on an enemy there is mortal gravity in their sullen muzzles. These forts are on high bluffs, one a mile east and the other about the same distance west of the city; with glasses all the movements of the men at the forts could be seen. A part of the time the guns were trained on the European settlement and at other times on the warships in the roadstead. On going ashore I found the Europeans in a state of nervous anxiety bordering on panic. Cheefoo is a large city, and while no overt acts of hostility had thus far occurred, large numbers of Boxers were reported to be in the vicinity, and the most trifling affair would be sufficient to turn the treacherous hordes of the city into a fiendish mob. The giant English cruiser "Terrible" lay at anchor a mile off shore, with her decks cleared for action and her monstrous black broadside grim with vengeful guns trained on the forts. Several hundred marines were held in readiness to land at the shortest notice. This gave a slight feeling of security; yet it was well known that the forts could lay waste the city in a few hours. We will ascend a hill overlooking the harbor, the settlement, and the native city. This eminence is sometimes called Consulate Hill, because several of the foreign consulates are located on it. On this hill also is the signal-station on which we take our stand.

43. Cheefoo, One of China's Important Seaports, from Signal Tower, Looking East.

We are looking slightly south of east toward the

rocky, barren hills which encircle the bay at some distance. The harbor is to the north, that is, to our right. Those hills extend on the left to the sea and terminate in a promontory on which is located one of the forts mentioned. Several Europeans have their homes at the foot of those hills; you can faintly distinguish one near the center of our field of vision a trifle to the right. The family from that home I found quartered at one of the hotels. Fearing an attack from the Boxers, they gathered a few more valuable articles and hastened to the security of the settlement, leaving their home in the care of native servants. The Foreign Concession includes all that flat land lying near the water, and the French Consulate lies midway between the little English church near the beach and the farthest limit of our vision. The first building on this side of the small church, with shrubbery in front, is a hotel; a second hotel stands next to the one just designated and on the opposite side of a narrow street leading out to the beach between them. The nearer building with four windows in a line toward us is the Club House, before which on the beach several modern row-boats are drawn out. And notice those sampans beyond; I will soon tell you how suddenly those were requisitioned. The English Consulate is below at our left; the American and German behind us. We are here looking southeast, and Taku is toward the northwest, and nearly half-way between us and Taku, at the time I was here, lay the U. S. battleship "Oregon" fast upon the rocks. You see the English flag on the yard

of the signal-staff; this, with the one black ball, indicates the movement of an English ship, probably the arrival or departure of a warship. Those hotels were filled with missionaries and other refugees; bedding, boxes and bundles filled the courts of the hotels; some had come from stations in the interior, some from Tien-tsin, others from Pekin by the last train before the railway was destroyed. They were all fleeing to places of safety—some were awaiting a ship for Chemulpo in Corea, some were bound for Japan, others for Shanghai and ports southward, and many for their homes in Europe and America. There were all kinds and orders of men, women and children; there were arrivals and departures of refugees daily and hourly; the Consuls were busy, each looking after his own people. The American Consul had chartered a ship and sent it to bring some seventy-five missionaries from a remote station. Let us go down and see them land.

44. Missionary Refugees Fleeing from the Boxers. Landing at Cheefoo.

The missionaries are here landing from sampans, carrying their children and portable belongings; they lined timidly from the boats to the hotels—a matron leading a child, a father carrying a babe, a band of coolies carrying baggage, a man with a tennis set, another mournfully pushing a disabled bicycle—all with the same dual expression on their countenances, that of long anxiety and final deliverance. I was surprised to see

so many children among the missionaries, but my surprise was quite moderated when I learned that there is a premium on progeny in the mission fields; and that for each child born an annuity is added to the income of the lucky parents. I could not but wish that this benign principle were applied to other vocations. The ship chartered by the Consul lies out at anchor; some are landing here, others on the beach near the hotels we saw from our last position. You see the sun-hats worn by the missionaries of both sexes. Even these northern points in China for two or three months in summer are intensely hot.

To be prepared for an unexpected attack, many of the Europeans kept sampans in readiness by which they could, on a moment's warning, make for the warships. Taku is two hundred miles distant, and all merchant ships stop at Cheefoo. Yet I found it next to impossible to obtain passage to the former place. Warships proceeded only to the allied fleet, which lay ten miles off shore at Taku. Correspondents from all parts were arriving and hounding consuls and naval commanders for transportation to the front, or at least to some point nearer the scene of activities. War conditions were everywhere manifest; it was every one for himself; no reliable information could be obtained about anything; all kinds of rumors were afloat. Several times a day I visited all the shipping offices and the consulates seeking for transportation. Europeans who had homes in the vicinity of Cheefoo moved into the settlement, bringing their more valuable portables.

Every one sought information, but could fine none; there was a perplexing mystery about all movements, and mystery always increases apprehension. After I had been in Cheefoo three days, this apprehensiveness reached a climax. Russian agents had engaged several hundred coolies to work on the Siberian Railway; they were placed on board a ship for transportation to Vladivostok when some misunderstanding about pay arose; then a suspicion was aroused among them that they were to become conscripts for military service in the Russian army. They left the ship in rage and consternation, came ashore in sampans, when thousands of coolies and the rabble of the city gathered around them until the streets near the landing were blocked by a mob of many thousands. This was at once construed as a Boxer uprising; the people of the settlement were thrown into a frenzy of terror; women fled to the small boats on the beach and were soon well out toward the warships; a small band of volunteers which had been organized for protection and composed of clerks and shopkeepers instantly donned their cartridge belts, seized their guns and formed across the street, at the farther end of which was a solid mass of infuriated coolies held back by a cordon of native police. Missionaries with Winchesters and citizens with shot-guns joined the volunteers. Every man's face showed an expression of fight "to the death." Messengers had been sent to the Taotai (mayor) of the native city to call out the native troops. He soon arrived in his official chair, accompanied by his usual retinue of subordinate functionaries, followed by a

band of soldiers armed, not with their guns, but with bamboo flagellators. After a conference between the Taotai and the European officials, the former harangued the mob, but it refused to disperse, whereupon he ordered the troops to charge with bamboos. Then followed the funniest onslaught I have ever seen. It was a spectacle that was suddenly changed from impending horror to the irresistibly ludicrous; a band of imperial soldiers, backed by a line of native police, rushed upon this impenetrable mass of bareheaded coolies, pelting heads and barebacks with relentless fury; the cracks of the bamboos resounded through the streets; they laid on heavy and fast; the front lines of the mob took the brunt, as the great mass was too solid to be quickly moved. Those in the forefront howled with pain. The Taotai sat in his chair and urged on the attack; the vigorously laid on strokes rang like pistol shots; after several minutes the dense black crowd began to fall asunder, when the soldiers could better distribute their blows; soon the wilderness of black heads was a pell-mell of ignominious flight, and what might have proved a bloody uprising was averted. The small plucky band of shopkeepers and missionaries returned to their several places of abode, the terrified women who were in sampans off shore were rowed back, and the consternation gradually subsided; but it was a baptismal scene in the Boxer war not to be forgotten, and showed, moreover, the magical efficacy of the bamboo as an arbitrator. After five days a German merchant ship arrived, bound for Taku; I secured passage and on the following day

reached the naval fleet lying ten miles off the mouth of the Pei-ho, in the bay of Pichili.

It was a magnificent array of warships and capable of inflicting punishment upon the Boxers if they could have been placed within range. Our ship anchored with the fleet over night; on the following morning we entered the mouth of the river amidst the ships and forts whose deadly conflicts only a few days before had sent a thrill of horror over the civilized world. We landed on the south bank of the Pei-ho, proceeded a few hundred yards back from the river, and ascended a pilot tower, from which we obtained a panoramic view in the very center of the scene of action which resulted in the capture of the Taku forts.

Turn with me now to Map No. 6. This map gives us a sketch of the Pei-ho River from the Pichili Bay to a point about six miles inland, including the sites of the forts at Taku and the town of Tongku. Find the number 45 in red, inclosed in a circle, and the two red lines which branch from this circle toward the north. We are to stand at the point from which these lines start, and shall look out over the territory the lines inclose.

45. From Pilot's Tower, Looking North across the Pei-ho River to Northwest Fort, Taku.

From where we stand the mouth of the river and open bay is but a short distance to our right. On both sides of the river, at its mouth, are mud forts similar to the one we see on the opposite side of the river. The latter is known as the Northwest Fort. It is the one which was nearest

to the warships which are anchored in the river some distance toward the left. It is the one first attacked and captured by a mixed force from the combined fleet. Almost directly behind us are several other forts, little more than a half mile distant; these, with the North Fort and the Northwest Fort before us, at one o'clock on Sunday morning on June 17, 1900, opened fire with all their guns on the small warships which were lying in that narrow stream off to the left. The contest was hot, but of short duration, as by 7 o'clock in the morning two of the forts had been blown up and all the others carried by assault. The particulars of that battle are familiar to every one, but no written description can ever convey to you so vivid an idea of the appearance of the now famous mud forts at Taku, the river, and the surrounding country, as this opportunity to view them for yourself. You see the level mud flats extending to the horizon; the view is the same in every direction, except toward the sea. Now you can tell exactly how those forts appear; you can even distinguish the patches of clay detached by the impact of shell. You can almost see the guns on the wall; you can see the flag-poles and flags; indeed, that near pole is not only a flag-pole, it is also used for sending dispatches to the fleet by wireless telegraphy. These mud forts are not so crude and defenseless as many are led to suppose from the term mud. They consist of vast masses of well-put-up clay, which offers more effective resistance to shell than solid masonry; but how they are built, and how mounted with the most improved ordnance, you will see better when we

take our next position on the top of the wall of the North-west Fort, at the left-hand corner, in line with that war-ship. From that position we shall look down the river toward its mouth and the North Fort. Let me call your attention briefly to the buildings near us, that you may know how the houses in Taku are built, and not only in Taku, but throughout the whole valley of the Pei-ho to Pekin—I mean of mud, though what you see here are well-made houses and occupied by Europeans. The two buildings at our feet are portions of the Taku Hotel, which I occupied on three different occasions. The near building on the left is the dining-room of the hotel. These so-called mudhouses have walls and roof built up of bundles of reeds coated with the universal clay of these alluvial plains. The countless villages and towns scattered over these vast northern tracts are constructed largely of mud or clay; they have a miserable appearance, but they are warm and inexpensive. A mudhouse to accommodate a small family does not cost half the sum required to build a well-to-do farmer's pighouse in Western countries. This part of Taku is known as Pilot-Town, because it is the home of many pilots whose services are in great demand on account of the difficulties in navigating the shallow and tortuous river. Our position here is on the top of a pilot's lookout; you may see another lookout beyond the line of buildings on our left. Some small dry-docks are located here; also repair shops that give employment to a few Europeans. Before leaving this pilot's lookout, I must call your attention to a causeway which begins at

the right-hand side of that Northwest Fort; it extends to the North Fort on the same side of the river and which we can see better from our next position.

Now we are to descend, cross the river in a sampan and enter that Northwest Fort at the gateway at the southeast angle; we shall ascend the wall at the southwest angle and stand beside a modern gun which did its share of damage to the fleet of the allies and still remains intact.

On the map of Taku our position is given by the red lines which branch toward the southeast from the encircled number 46.

46. Looking down the Pei-ho River toward the North Fort and Bay, from Northwest Fort, Taku.

How many things you may learn from this one prospect! Again you can see the character of the surrounding country; you can see the bay of Pichili and almost descry some of the nearer ships of the fleet ten miles away. In that stretch of water, near the mouth of the river, lies the great obstruction to ships entering the river; I mean a sand-bar lying only a mile or two out from the mouth of the river, and on which often may be seen several ships entrapped by low water and awaiting high tide. You can see shipping on the river, the width of the Pei-ho, and almost the muddy character of the water; you can see the North Fort with the flag of the victor flying over it; you can see the long causeway, leading from the fort on which we stand to the North Fort. Along that causeway the attacking allies advanced from this Northwest Fort. You

can see how exposed they were; they could not advance over the level ground in open order, as it is covered with mud and water so that the daring sally was made in close order over that long distance. The causeway was a little Thermopylæ. This sentinel told me that a handful of old women (Western) in yonder fort with the guns trained on the causeway could have held it against ten thousand men; but John Chinaman is no warrior. These have been called mud-forts. The term mud always conveys a significance of meanness which naturally leads one to consider them as crude heaps of dirt; now that we see them, we find they are well-built forts with bastions, ramparts, moat and armament which probably could be tagged "made in Germany." That long breech-loading rifle was not made in China; that steel shield for protecting the gunners is up to date. It will protect the gunner from rifle shot, but not from larger projectiles. The shield of the gun next to this, on our left, was penetrated by a three-inch shell, and the brains and blood of the gunner remained spattered on the breach of the gun. This guard you see to our right, neatly dressed in white with his Lee-Metford rifle at his side, is a British Marine. A few English and a few Italians are left to guard this fort, while the other forts are held by guards from other allies.

I must remind you that Taku is not a stopping place for travellers; it is little more than a pilot station. All steamers with cargo and passengers for Tien-tsin and Pekin proceed five miles beyond Taku to Tongku. We shall now follow the narrow, winding Pei-ho to the latter

place and from the deck of our steamer at the landing look out upon the ravages of war. On the Map No. 6 we find our position given by the red lines connected with the number 47.

47. Burning of Tongku—U. S. S. "Monocacy" at Landing with Hole through Bow made by Chinese Shell.

This scene shows Tongku a few days after the capture of the forts at Taku. The relief expedition under Admiral Seymour had failed to reach Pekin, and after great loss and privation had returned to Tien-tsin. It was supposed by every one that all within the legations had been massacred. The war was on, and every nation was rushing forward troops with all the hurried bustle of desperation. I reached this place on the Fourth of July; you see the flags out on the "Monocacy." Notwithstanding the gloomy news from every quarter, every foreign warship flung out the Stars and Stripes in honor of the American nation's birthday. There was no jubilant popping of firecrackers, which we are wont to hear on this festal day, but there was the crackling of destructive flames which were everywhere devouring the vacated homes of the terrified inhabitants. On the following day, news came that the relieving force which had been dispatched to Tien-tsin had been driven back and might have to retreat to the seacoast. There were encampments of French soldiers, Russian soldiers and Japanese soldiers. Army stores were heaped up in every space near the docks. The crippled

ships which had been in conflict at Taku were strung along the river in different stages of convalescence. Refugees were hourly arriving from Tien-tsin; some, finding passage in departing steamers, while others found temporary shelter on the "Monocacy." At low tide the opposite shore is lined with bloated human forms which have floated down from villages up the river where the Boxers have done their bloody work or where the Russian relief force slaughtered everything before it on its march to Tien-tsin.

This town was rapidly becoming the rendezvous of the armies of the world; it was universal chaos come again,

> "And there was mounting in hot haste; the steed,
> The mustering squadron, and the clattering car
> Went pouring forward with impetuous speed,
> And swiftly forming in the ranks of war."

Every one felt that the fleet-winged hours were clipping life threads at Pekin. The difficulty was now to reach Tien-tsin and, in the meantime, to find a lodging place at Tongku. All railway communication was cut off, and the military at Tien-tsin were driving civilians away, and no hotel or lodging place could be found in Tongku. During the first night I was permitted to sleep on board the boat on which I had arrived. On the second day I asked for permission to sleep on the bare deck of the "Monocacy," but my modest request was roughly refused by the Captain, who, with the officious consequence of a man commanding nothing better than an old-

fashioned side-wheel tub that had been thirty years poking her prow into the mud banks along the Yang-tse, said he was reserving all space for missionaries. Accompanied by a young Swiss gentleman, I trudged several times the length of the slough-bound town to obtain only space in which to sleep for one night, hoping the following day to find some way of reaching Tien-tsin. Fortunately we fell in with a Russian officer, who, learning of our straits for a lodging place, in the blandest and most hospitable manner told us to follow him to the railway station and he would find us a room where he and his fellow officers were temporarily quartered. A Russian servant was turned out of a small hot room which was furnished with two small benches; on these we slept, each wrapping his coat about his head as a protection against myriads of flies—army flies, I suppose. I have often had occasion to entertain very high opinions of Russian gentility and politeness, while my opinions of the government are quite otherwise. The charming manner of a Russian gentleman is remarked by every one; and if there is one fault more conspicuous than another in our own country, I should name it national lack of courtesy. We made a slender morning repast from articles we bought from the steward of the German ship, and then I left my companion and set out to find transportation to Tien-tsin.

TIEN-TSIN.

After wandering about Tongku for some time I heard of a tug bound for Tien-tsin. I went on board, and a soldier in command said he was neither authorized to carry nor to refuse to carry any one. "Tien-tsin is the best place I know of to leave, just now; but go if you like," said the blunt commander of the little commissary craft. "Yesterday it was nip and tuck all day, and the Allies may be driven down here to-day, but if you are fond of shells bursting in your hair, go." "Well, I've never experienced shells in that way," I replied, "but, as the Chinamen say, I will have a 'look see.'" While the distance by rail is only some twenty-eight miles, it is forty by the winding course of the Pei-ho. The voyage occupied a good part of the day. Many mud villages were passed on the way, from most of which the inhabitants had fled back into the country. We were constantly passing dead bodies floating down, and, on either bank of the river, at every turn, hungry dogs from the deserted villages could be seen tearing at the swollen corpses left on the banks by the ebb tide. It was forty miles of country laid waste, deserted homes, burned villages, along a river polluted and malodorous with human putrefaction. At last I was in Tien-tsin. It was on the 5th of July. Our national holiday I had celebrated under most unusual con-

ditions at Tongku. The fifth presented a weird proscenium in the theater of war. The city had been reinvested; the previous day had witnessed a stubbornly contested attack at the railway station. Everywhere were to be seen dreadful scenes of desolation. Conflagration had already laid waste the entire French Concession and a good part of the English; housetops were covered with extemporized defenses; storehouses had been employed to provide defensive barricades; bales of wool, bags of peanuts, sacks of licorice-root and sacks of rice, in enormous quantities, had been utilized for breastworks. Smoke was curling up everywhere from smoldering ruins. Scarcely had I got my luggage ashore before shells came crashing over the settlement. Three of the four hotels had been destroyed; the one remaining was occupied by the military. I found an empty room in a vacated Chinese compound, where I made my bivouac until driven out. After putting my pre-empted space into habitable conditions, I set out to reconnoiter war environments.

Just before we start on our tour of exploration, we must get a general idea of the plan of the city. Spread out the map of Tien-tsin, Map No. 7. Near the center of the map we see the rectangular outline of the Native City, the heavier black line showing the course of its encompassing brick wall. Many native villages are grouped around this inner city. The Pei-ho River winds among the outlying villages in a general course from the northwest toward the southeast. The Japanese, French, British and German Concessions lie to the southeast of the

Native City on the river's right bank; the proposed Russian Concession is on the left bank. An earth or mud wall encircles the entire area covered by the old city, the villages and the Foreign Concessions. The course of the railroad which connects Taku and Pekin is seen to the east of the river. By much effort I had made my way up the Pei-ho to a point near that first bend toward the left, or west. One of the first places we shall visit together is the pontoon bridge made by the French opposite the French Concession. We are to stand as the red lines connected with the number 48 show, on the left bank of the river, and look toward a street and range of buildings on the opposite bank, a part of the French Concession.

48. Horrors of War—Dead Chinese floating in the Pei-ho, showing riddled Buildings along the French Bund, Tien-tsin.

Many talk of the horrors of war who know little of their actualities, and for that reason such a scene as this, though it is repulsive, is also educative; for, to know truly, you must see, and even this repellent scene is but a slight hint of war's horrors. For ten days before I came here, dead bodies, in incredible numbers, had been floating down the river, and, several times a day coolies were sent to this place with poles to set free the accumulation of bodies and allow them to float down stream. At this moment, you see, there are only four or five in view, but at other times there are large numbers, especially in the morning, after a night's accumulation. At times I have

seen heads and headless trunks in this flotsam of war. Many of these dead have been killed by the relief troop who first entered Tien-tsin; others, by the second advance of reënforcements, and many, previously, by the Boxers and were probably Christian converts. Doubtless a considerable number also are suicides, for the Chinese have a penchant for suicide at such times.

This part of the city, lying between the railway station and the French Concession, was the center of the heaviest firing on several occasions, and every building is gutted by fire or riddled with shot. We are looking nearly south; the railway station is less than a quarter of a mile behind us and is surrounded by a suburban population. The shattered windows and pierced walls everywhere tell how the showers of shot swept everything at this point. You see the shell mementoes on this building at the right; there are other buildings along this Bund even more thoroughly scarred than those. Many of the trees that line the side of the street have been shot through until they toppled over. The cross streets that terminate here, are barricaded for a mile or over along this Bund. The only water supply for troops and citizens is before you. Military orders were given that no water should be used unless boiled; but the order was often disregarded. Soldiers frequently have little regard for sanitary orders or law, and have a happy way of turning privations and hardships into fun. After all, we have here only a hint of war's destruction and sacrifice. These poor fellows will, in their turn, float down the river to feed the starving

dogs of the river-side villages, and yet, they are somebody's dear ones, and none will ever know how many thousands have been thus borne away uncoffined on the turbid waters of the Pei-ho.

We will leave this grewsome scene, pass out upon the Bund, and turning to the left, follow it for a mile downstream to a point in the river where small boats depart for Tongku. I wish I could show you all the scenes we pass in that mile along the Bund. At this time a walk along this street on the river is a perilous undertaking—"sniping" is constantly going on and there is scarcely a minute when one cannot hear the ominous hiss of passing bullets. Once I stood talking with a soldier, only for a few moments, when he ejaculated: "Come out of this! Didn't you hear that bullet come between us?" We were not more than three feet apart. We concluded our confab behind a wall. At length we arrive at the place where barges have been brought in to convey native Christian refugees to Tongku and other places of safety. In watching them embark we shall stand on the west bank of the river and look east. See red lines connected with the number 49 on the map.

49. Native Christians Fleeing from the Boxers—Chinese Refugees being taken away from Tien-tsin.

It is evident from the flight of these poor native Christians that there is still no security for life here in Tientsin; even after the arrival of ten thousand foreign troops, a feeling of anxiety and uncertainty prevails. All indica-

tions are that additions of both Boxers and Imperial soldiers are daily being brought into the native city. We see before us only a handful of native Christians, many women and children among them, with coolies to assist in carrying a few bundles which contain all they have left of material possessions. There is a vast crowd on the shore to our right. The order has been given to go aboard, and these are the first of the line from an assemblage that will pack that big iron barge; and thus they have been leaving since the river was cleared for the passage of boats. What sad stories these forsaken, destitute refugees could tell! They go they know not where; they know not whether they will ever return; their homes are burned; their friends are scattered and many of them killed. You see British officers on board and British marines here and there assisting with embarkation. These refugees are from the English missions. Other missions have their flocks of the helpless and homeless to look after. Hundreds of little children are here who cannot understand what it all means. Their mothers can only tell them that their own bad people have burned their homes and now seek to kill them, but the foreigner will save them; this is all they can be made to understand; they have curious little child-thoughts of their own about it all, but with undiminished faith in maternal guardianship, they cling to their mother's hand, unconscious of their hapless fate.

All refugees did not flee from Tien-tsin. It was not possible for all to find means of flight. We will leave these

fleeing refugees now and retrace our steps over half a mile along the river bank to the Church of the Apostolic Mission, where there are assembled and fed between five and six hundred refugees. See number 50 in red on the map.

50. Chinese Christian Refugees gathered by Father Quilloux into the Apostolic Mission during the Bombardment of Tien-tsin.

This church is situated on the boundary between the English and French Concessions, and escaped, in quite an extraordinary way, destruction from both fire and shell, although in the direct line of bombardment. It is a French Catholic Church and Mission, at the head of which is the Rev. C. M. Quilloux. Soon after my arrival in Tien-tsin I met this worthy father, who told me how large a flock he was sheltering and feeding in the basements and cellars of his church and other church buildings. I expressed a desire to obtain a stereograph of his multitudinous wards during such a crisis. He said if I would come on the following day, he would do what he could to induce his terrified flock to leave the cellars and come out into the court for a few minutes, but I must be in readiness to operate quickly and not expose them too long to the bursting shells. They were all notified to be in readiness at a given hour, and when I had taken my position, Father Quilloux and another father led the way out into the open yard, followed by this cowering host—men, women and children—young and old. Scarcely had they assembled when a shell burst overhead with the crash of a

near thunderbolt; they ducked and trembled and began to show an agony of impatience, when Father Quilloux called out from his position in front: "Be quick! They are afraid!" The work was done hastily, and it did not seem that the whole time occupied could exceed three minutes, and yet three shells exploded very near during that brief space. You may notice all conditions of people in this gathering; on the left, near the front, are three small children carried in arms; further back, on the left, I see two gray heads; on the right, in front, some fairly pretty girls. I asked Father Quilloux to place the women in front, I suppose, because they are more picturesque. He told me he had great difficulty in finding sufficient food for so many people. They subsisted almost entirely on a small allowance of rice. Up to that time only a few had died. He pointed out to me a fresh grave, near us on the left, where on the previous day he had buried one of them. These were days that tried the faith and courage of men and these faithful fathers did not forsake their flocks.

What you have already seen must give you some intimation of the condition of Tien-tsin when I arrived. A hundred sights in Tien-tsin alone would give you a fuller conception, but even the greatest number could not tell you all. It is impossible to picture the apprehension of faces on the street—the roar of bursting shells and deadly smaller missiles that filled the air. Subterranean housekeepers cannot be "sculptured by the sun" nor can pale, fear-stricken faces peering out of cellar windows;

nor the measured tread of soldiers at all hours of day and night; nor the thrilling bugle-calls in every direction. Just across the way, too, is a full hospital, and the stillness about it is solemn and awe-inspiring. These things cannot be portrayed by any cunning of the camera. The number of troops is daily increasing. The transportation of commissary stores for all the different troops fills the streets with every form of nondescript conveyance—army wagons, carts, "rikishas," wheelbarrows, pole-coolies, confiscated carriages. A few European women were still left in the Concession. At one time, when the fire from the enemy was becoming stronger and the rout of the Allies was imminent, a weeping and disconsolate little English mother came running across the street to a near neighbor with this pitiful and tragic request: "Now, Mr. ————, won't you promise to shoot my children if they get in?" "No, I'll be d——d if I will!" replied the neighbor. This horrible request was prompted by maternal love; its fulfillment would have been humane, in comparison with an assured butchery by the enemy; but, come what would, the manly neighbor could not, even in the name of humanity, promise to take the lives of sweet little children with whom he had been wont to play.

From here I went south again into the British Concession to the public water hydrant, where the soldiers of the Allies and the natives mingled. See the red lines connected with the number 51, a short distance to the left of our former position by the river (Stereograph 49).

51. Strange Medley from many Nations at the Public Water Hydrant during Foreign Occupation of Tien-tsin.

Water is forced from the Pei-ho to the settlement by a steam-pump on the bank of the river. The demand for water was so great that these hydrants were opened only twice a day; at such times all the nations were represented by water-carriers with all sorts of vessels, and here we see them at the hydrant waiting their turns. Not all the nations are represented here; but I can make out four; the Russians, being encamped on the other side of the river, are not to be seen; it also happens at this moment that no English soldiers are present, except the Indians, who are under the English. We see the turbaned Hindoos in goodly numbers. They have newly arrived and are quartered a short distance up that street where the British marines were previously quartered; hence the presence of Hindoos and the absence of the English. Those Indians are fine, large men, and their moral and military bearing is highly commendable; they are accustomed to carry water in skins, which are included in their camp outfit in their own country; these skins, filled with water, are carried on the backs of donkeys. Two American soldiers are in charge of the hydrant. To facilitate the supply, there is a hose on one side and a stop-cock on the other, one man to attend to each. There is a cart with a copper boiler in it, probably found in some native house. The coolies have a

tub, and there are two five-gallon kerosene oil-cans near the little smart Jap with his clean, white suit.

This street, a little beyond the farthest point in sight, was crossed by a breastwork composed of bags of rice; just before us it was defended by the ancient cheval-de-frise. Those low buildings on the right were pierced by several shells. They are cooking-houses and sleeping-places for the servants of well-to-do English families living in adjoining houses facing on a street called Victoria Terrace; but the occupants had fled, leaving the houses in care of a gentleman, who gave me permission to occupy one of the them. Before this time I had taken shelter, as before stated, in a vacated room of a Chinese home, but after three nights my room was claimed by officers of the United States Marines, when I removed to one of those houses opposite us. Here I lodged for two nights, when I was again compelled to give up my extemporized dormitory on a sofa to other officers. The Ninth United States Infantry had arrived from the Philippines and every available house was commandeered. One of the shells which passed through that wall by the trees, on the right-hand side of this street, exploded in passing through the wall and the fragments entered the room I occupied and lodged in the back of a fine piano; but each night I took the precaution to haul the sofa on which I slept behind some interior wall. These houses were of brick, and one wall of brick was sufficient to explode a shell and a second would stop the fragments; but those failing to explode

would pass through several brick walls. The bombardment was intermittent; sometimes for a half-day scarcely a shot would be fired; then it would be resumed again, possibly at midnight, or at some hour in the night. When awakened by the explosion of a shell further sleep was impossible. The few people left in the settlement were worn out by broken sleep and apprehension. Those not experienced in conditions of war, and especially of bombardment, cannot possibly imagine the startling effect of bursting shells. During one afternoon, when firing was unusually severe, three shells struck within the same number of minutes; one tearing through the walls of the City Hall and two others bursting within the barracks of the United States Marines, but doing little damage. A little later, on the same afternoon, a shell entered the quarters of the British Marines, adjacent to the United States Marines, killing one and wounding two.

Let us advance up this street about one hundred yards, swing to the right another hundred yards, and ascend to the roof of a building known as the German Club Rooms. There we shall obtain panoramic views looking in three directions.

On the map we find the six red lines which mark the limits of our vision in these three views starting from the eastern side of the English Concession, one block from the river, and branching toward the west and northwest. Note now the second and fifth lines from the bottom, each having the number 52 at its end. We are

to look first over the territory between those two lines.

Before we take this position, however, we should get in mind the positions of the Chinese troops, the Allied forces and the general plan of operations. For several weeks the Boxer and Imperial troops, located mainly within the walled Native City, have been shelling most of the territory included within the Foreign Concessions. Again and again the Chinese had made sharp attacks upon the Allied troops, especially in their efforts to gain control of the railroad station. All their efforts met with repulse, but many lives were lost on both sides. Guns from the ships of the Allies had been placed at different points commanding the enemy in the Native City. Most of them were along the earth wall on the south side of the British Concession. For several days hundreds of shells had been hurled into the walled city and the smoke from burning buildings showed the effectiveness of their work. One particular point upon which the guns had been trained was the South Gate, in the center of the south wall of the Native City, as we find by the map. And now, on the day we are to look over this field, the Allies had arranged for a concerted attack. The Russians and Austrians were to approach the Native City from the east, but the others were to advance from the south. Four days before, Monday, July 9, a force of Japanese, Russian and British soldiers had captured the West Arsenal, see on the map about a mile south of the Native City, near the earth wall. The way was thus open for a much nearer approach from the south. On

the morning of the 13th the Allies had advanced to positions from one-quarter to one-half a mile from the southern wall. The American Marines were on the extreme left near the southwest corner of the walled city; next, on the right, were the Welsh Fusiliers; then come the Japanese deployed on either side of the road to the South Gate, then the British Marines, and farthest to the right, near the river, the Eighth United States Infantry.

Let us climb now to our lookout point on the German Club building, to look over the territory lying between the two red lines having the number 52 at their ends.

52. Battlefield of Tien-tsin (during the Battle, July 13, 1900) from German Club (w.) to West Arsenal, Tien-tsin.

Just a moment now to get our bearings. The buildings near us belong to the British Concession. Farther away is the territory covered by the French and Japanese Concessions. That group of buildings with several smokestacks in the distance to the left belong to the West Arsenal (see map). In the distance, far to the right, we hardly catch a glimpse of the southwestern corner of the walled city.

Perhaps we may at first see nothing extraordinary in this scene, and still, probably not in the history of the world has a landscape been photographed in which, at the time the view was made, events so momentous were being enacted; besides, beyond doubt no other view was taken showing a similar panorama during the action of the

Allies before Tien-tsin on that historic day. I was, so far as I can learn, the only photographer on the ground to do work of this kind. Correspondents from all parts of the world tried to secure these views and offered to pay me any sum I would mention for them; but, of course, they were not mine to sell—they were the property of the publishers by whom I was employed. Even maps of the field were not in existence. These things I mention that we may appreciate the privilege we now have of looking upon the field of battle itself, and that, too, at the time when the battle waged in all its fury, when these very buildings on which we stand were vibrating with the deafening roar of more than a hundred cannon, when the thinned numbers of civilians left in the desolate settlement, were waiting in the utmost anxiety to know how the tide of battle would turn, whether in victory or defeat, which meant safety or massacre. The cruel enemy was infinitely superior in numbers, and, if their valor should prove even half equal to their numbers, relentless slaughter awaited all of us. A number of us stood where we now stand. You see the horizon yonder, hazy with the smoke of rifle fire and bursting shell. It was a thrilling and anxious day for us; it was a historic day for the world, and it is for these reasons that I ask you to note with more than usual care my explanation of what is before us here and of what we shall see from our next view-points.

First, then, let me locate our position with reference to our last standpoint. You see those trees in an open

square; the street in which we stood when looking at the public water hydrant, runs along the left side of the square between those trees and the small, low building, the gable end of which we see over this lattice-covered court near us. The small building is the one through which a shell passed into the rooms I occupied. I mentioned also a shell which entered the barracks of the English Marines, killing one and wounding two. I want you to see the hole in the tile roof made by that fatal shell; you may see it to the extreme right, at the edge of the roof of that second building, the one with three small, square towers.

The building nearest us was formerly the English Club Rooms, now used as a hospital and already containing wounded men. Notice the rent made by a shell in the roof. To-morrow, when the wounded are brought in from the bloody battle now in progress, this and many other extemporized hospitals will be more than full.

Yesterday the cannonading was heavy, especially on account of several lyddite twelve-pound naval guns brought from British ships—indeed, they had been brought direct from Ladysmith, in the Transvaal, and bore each a tablet with the significant device, "From Ladysmith to Tien-tsin." During the past night the measured tread of soldiers never ceased. We suspected some unusual movement was on foot; but in time of war civilians and common soldiers never know the import of military movements. At two o'clock in the morning the far-fetched twelve-pounders from the antipodes

were in action. The night movement of troops was the gathering of the Allies for a general attack on the Native City of Tien-tsin. Americans, English, Japanese, Welsh, French and a few Austrians, numbering in all, over eight thousand, had moved out, under cover of darkness, to gain an advantageous position for an early general attack. That West Arsenal, the cluster of buildings and tall chimneys in the distance to the left, has, up to a few days ago, been in active operation, turning out all sorts of modern munitions of war. Soon after the investment of the European settlement, this arsenal was bombarded and the Chinese driven out; shortly they reoccupied it, and only a few days before the battle now in progress it was shelled again and burned. It is in the center of the line of advance of the Allies. It is called the West Arsenal in contradistinction to the East Arsenal, lying at an equal distance on the opposite side of the Pei-ho, or directly behind us, as we stand here. The East Arsenal, which we shall see later, was captured and burned by the first relief force to Tien-tsin. Both these arsenals contained all the latest modern facilities for the manufacture of war material. The distance from where we stand to the West Arsenal is about two miles; from the arsenal to the Native City it is a little more than half that distance. As we have said, the objective point of the Allies is the South Gate of the Native City, which lies directly north of the arsenal and in line with it. A poor road extends from the arsenal across a muddy and grassy plain to the South Gate, sometimes called the

Taku Gate. The brick wall surrounding the river city is twenty-five feet high and from ten to fifteen feet thick, with four principal gates. A mile or over from this wall is the circumvallation of clay, the earth or "mud-wall," some fifteen feet high, which serves as a first line of defense. At the left of the arsenal you can see a dark line extending toward our left; that is the famous "mud-wall" mentioned so frequently in connection with the exigencies of the Boxer war. The center of our present field of vision is the center of the advance of the Allies in the forenoon; later in the day the lines advanced slowly and with great difficulty toward the city. You can scarcely see a dark line extending from the arsenal toward the right, marking the line of the road to the city. But to the left and to the right of that road, we remember the Allied forces deployed in the following order from left to right: American Marines, Welsh Fusiliers, Japanese, British Marines, Eighth United States Infantry. At this distance of two miles the field of battle seems small, but remember that it embraces five or six square miles before us in this direction, and, when we turn in an opposite direction and look across the Pei-ho, we will see another field of an equal area covered by the Russian wing of the Allies. It is uncertain whether we can now distinguish troops or not; but at times during the battle we could distinguish the different soldiers without our field-glasses, and with them, very distinctly. You can dimly see off to the right the line of the city wall vanishing in the distant horizon; and the exact posi-

tion of the American Ninth Infantry is indicated by those black objects, far to the right, in the hazy distance. Indeed, I have scarcely been able to convince myself that those dark objects are not the blue shirts of the brave boys of the Ninth; that is the exact position they occupied at midday, when they found shelter for a time behind some mud-houses. It was there they encountered a deadly flank fire from a range of loop-holed walls not two hundred yards distant. It was near that point, also, that Colonel Liscom fell. I must remind you that native villages surround the city, outside the walls, and that these places were filled with Boxers well protected and firing from loop-holes.

If we turn more to the left we shall obtain a better view of the mud-wall and the course of the night march of the Allies. On the map, the lowest of the six red lines which branch out from our standpoint near the river in the English Concession and the third line from the bottom, each with the number 53 at its end, mark the limits of our next field of vision.

53. From German Club (w. s. w.) over Battlefield during the Battle, July 13, 1900, showing Mud-wall and West Arsenal, Tien-tsin.

Although we are on the same roof as before, we have so changed our position as to be able to see a number of citizens and one or two missionaries with their field-glasses watching the progress of the battle. Notice how some look in one direction and some in another; some

are watching the bursting of the lyddite shells at the South Gate, which we hope to enter to-morrow morning if the Allies are successful; some are looking at the burning city, toward which we shall look soon; others are watching the shells from the Chinese guns on the wall of the city, which are exploding over the Allies. You can see where one shell has just exploded to the right of the arsenal. Now we can follow the course of the mud-wall as it runs from the West Arsenal toward the settlement on our left. A little farther to our left than we can now see five or six guns from H. M. S. "Terrible" are mounted along this wall; these we shall also see to-morrow, if all goes well, when we move in that direction to enter the city. Also, beyond our vision limit to the left, near the same wall, two twelve-pound lyddite guns are placed; just across the street, not fifty yards away, is the City Hall, on the tower of which is the signal corps with a telephone communication with these guns, and we can hear the orders given to the gunners. Seemingly half-way between us and the West Arsenal you see a cluster of buildings sheltered by walls; near that place the Japanese have a field battery; and farther to the right the Sikhs have another. As we stand here all of these guns and many others are belching lurid flames, while the earth seems to tremble with their unceasing roar. The Grand Canal, coming from the southward, reaches the mud-wall off to the left of the arsenal; a small canal extends from the Grand Canal to the Pei-ho, running close behind the mud-wall. Many

of the troops now engaged passed out during the night behind that wall; others passed over those low, grassy plains to the left until on a line with the arsenal, taking shelter behind the wall till the order was given for a general advance. The night movement was intended to conceal the intended attack; but spies had apprised the enemy and they were well prepared.

Only one person in this group of spectators seems to be watching the Russian attack toward the east and northeast. The person in dark clothes near us, with his field-glass at his eyes, is looking toward the center of the Russian wing across the Pei-ho.

For a few minutes we shall leave our position here and take another on the tower of the Taku Lighter Company's building, from which we shall look across the Pei-ho to the East Arsenal. On the map our new field of vision is given by the red lines connected with the number 54, which branch from the west bank of the river to the right-hand map margin.

54. From British Concession (e.) to East Arsenal over Plain Occupied by Russians—During Battle, July 13, 1900, Tien-tsin.

Now, we are facing due east. The narrow, muddy Pei-ho lies below us. We see something of the scattered villages across the river, where Boxers found defenses from which they fired upon the settlement before the arrival of the relief forces. We are here at the extreme southern end of the English Settlement and the

native houses across the river are few, but to our left, up the river, they extend from the river-front well back into the plain. At present they are everywhere in ruins; fire has obliterated every trace of a habitable home; but even after fire had done its work the enemy found secure points for "sniping" from among the ruins. The tower on which we stand has been penetrated by several shells fired from two forts a mile farther up the river. In this direction we again see the mud-wall, marking a distance of nearly two miles from the Native City. Two more of the destructive lyddite guns were placed by the wall off to our left. Other batteries of artillery had been planted on the wall in attempting to silence the two forts farther up the river, which had been a constant menace to the settlement. Eastward, two miles from us, we see the East Arsenal, which was captured and burned by the relief expedition in June. This East Arsenal was the initial point of the Russians, as the West Arsenal was of the other Allies. Russian cavalry, infantry and artillery spread out and advanced over that plain toward the East Gate of the Native City and the forts on the river. The ground, as you see, is perfectly level; there is no cover for advancing troops, and the Russians have not yet learned the art of taking shelter by prostrating themselves on the ground; they were raked by rifle fire from the villages and by shell from the forts on the river. From dawn through the long, hot day, the Russian troops advanced slowly but tenaciously, against overwhelming odds; by nightfall they

had captured the forts which had wrought so much destruction and caused so much anxiety; but they had not entered the Native City.

We will return to our former lookout on the roof of the German Club Building to witness the battle now going on. From a slightly different position, we will look toward the Native City.

Turn again on the map to the six lines which branch from one point near the river in the British Concession. Notice the uppermost line and the second one from it, each with the number 55 at its end on the map margin. As we are now to look over the territory between these two lines it is evident we shall be looking over the Native City.

55. From German Club (n. w.) to Burning Native City, during Progress of the Battle, July 13, 1900, Tien-tsin.

We can distinguish faintly the outline of the city wall, especially the towers, which at intervals rise quite above the level of the wall. It is evident that the shells of the Allies are taking effect; we can see smoke in two quarters.

The fire to the right is in the interior of the city; that to the left is at the South Gate, the objective point of attack by the Allies on the west side of the river. Every gate has a massive superstructure of wood; that of the South Gate is burning fiercely; with our field-glasses we can see the red tongues of flame licking the sky. All the batteries have been directing their fire upon it. There the Allies must enter, if at all. The bravest men cannot scale a

twenty-five-foot wall; they must enter at the gate. We can hear the order given. There is an occasional lull to allow the overheated guns to cool; then the quick muzzle flashes begin again, followed by the deafening roar and earthquake shocks. This has continued since dawn; there has been no lull in the steady roll of rifle fire; the fitful popping of the automatic guns sometimes joins in the hellish chorus. In such a long continued storm of deadly missiles of destruction one wonders if one soul can be left alive. It is now the hottest hour of the day and the hottest hour of the battle. The sky is cloudless; the sun is merciless; the thermometers register nearly a hundred in the shade; and there, before us over that torrid plain, are scattered eight thousand men, under a scorching sun, without shelter of any kind save the shelter they find in prostrating themselves in filthy pools and quagmires, and yet enduring throughout this long, hot day the well-directed and well-protected fire of some fifty thousand Boxers and Imperial troops. The territory to our extreme left here was to our extreme right before (Stereograph No. 52). The English and the Ninth U. S. Infantry are fighting near each other to the right of the South Gate. The plucky little Japanese are beyond; they are easily distinguished in white uniform. Some one in our eager group of spectators calls out: "See the Japs advance on the double-quick!" All glasses are up to see the bold little heroes rush forward for a hundred yards under a withering fire and then drop out of sight in the long grass and mud; next some one directs attention to a charge of

Russian cavalry on the plain across the river—a long advancing cloud of dust which meant that the cavalry was within it. We turn again toward the west and see riderless horses galloping back to the arsenal; many of the Allies are now lost to sight among the outlying houses in the villages near the wall, and in the long reeds which cover the ground in places. Night is coming on, and the ponderous gates are still closed and intact, being within a square court and not exposed to shells. The Allies are within two hundred yards of the city walls, but not even the lyddite shells have breached the walls or gates. To charge these walls would mean destruction and slaughter; to retreat meant the same. It is defeat, but only those at the front know it; worse still, it is defeat without possibility of retreat. Surrender means indiscriminate slaughter with such an enemy. Night is coming on and darkness will enable the Allies to withdraw; and what a welcome night it is to those weary men who have borne the brunt of battle and the broiling sun from early morn till darkness—no food, no water, no shelter, and every hour of the long day under a raking fire. We on the roof wonder how men can live under such a fire; we talk of the dead and wounded now scattered over those fields where they will remain for the night, sweltering in bloody garments, on beds of mire. Darkness is to be the salvation of the Allies, for they retired under cover of night to the mud-wall, where mud-stained and blood-stained, weary and hungry, they caught snatches of sleep on their arms.

It was learned during the night that the Chinese were

as much disheartened as the Allies and anticipating, naturally, a renewal of assault in the morning, with reenforcements, commenced to retreat. The Allies decided upon a vigorous and concerted attack in the morning, which was made and led by the intrepid Japanese. An unexpectedly feeble defense was met, many of the enemy having probably withdrawn during the night. The South Gate was breached by the Japanese. Two unsuccessful attempts were made to blow down the ponderous gates with dynamite, but each time the fuse failed to ignite. It was a crucial moment, when a minute lost might be the sacrifice of a hundred lives. In an army of heroes there is no scarcity of martyrs. A Japanese soldier rushed forward, with torch in hand, ignited the explosive and was himself blown to atoms; but the great gate was blown down. Led by these soldiers, the whole force streamed through, and the great horde of Boxers and Imperial soldiers were making an ignominious exit from all parts of the city. When early morning brought the welcome tidings that the Allies were entering the Native City, we all felt that the midnight of apprehension was past; that our long-beleaguered conditions were at an end; that the last shell had shrieked over the settlement.

Now let us hasten to the South Gate to witness "after the battle" scenes. We will go by the mud-wall and the West Arsenal, stopping a few times on the way. We halt first to examine a pair of naval guns, already mentioned as having been brought from H. M. S. "Terrible," and to look again toward the burning city. On the

lower portion of the map find the number 56 in red by the earth-wall along the British Concession, and the two red lines which branch toward the northwest.

56. *Destructive Guns from H. M. S. "Terrible" and Distant Burning City Fired by their Shells —Tien-tsin.*

These hot, smoking guns are not the first of the after-the-battle scenes; before reaching this point we have passed lines of wounded men, borne on stretchers; just behind us, in a canal in line with the wall on which we stand, are flat-boats filled with wounded Japanese. These boats are pushed slowly along with poles, and the spectacle they present is pitiful in the extreme; the bottoms of the boats are crowded with wounded men, some sitting, some lying, all in the hot sun; they are just brought from the muddy field where they have lain and moaned away a dreary night. The silence is funereal; they are not dead men; they are the wounded, many of them mortally; yet no word is spoken, even by the men poling the boats slowly along. The litter-bearers are as silent as pall-bearers; the tender consideration for the suffering wounded is as solemn as the reverence for the dead. Remembering the dreadful all-day battle, one can scarcely resist an impulse to lift one's hat when passing the familiar uniform of our own boys, spattered with mud and blood-stained beyond recognition, with a crumpled hat sheltering a pallid face from the fierce sun. It is better that I cannot show you all the scenes of war.

Now let us examine these instruments of destruction that have added red pigment to the war-picture behind those distant city walls. The gunners have retired to a slight shelter in the wall near where we stand; they are smeared with smoke and dust; they have slept by these guns. Yesterday, from daylight till darkness, these two grim machines were hot with unremittent firing. Now, the enemy's guns are silent, and these two, with many others, look restfully and victoriously toward the destruction they have wrought. We see the smoke still rising from the South Gate directly before us and, to the right, from the burning city; columns of smoke have been thus rising from different parts of the city for several days; a great part of the city is laid waste, as we shall see when we enter it at that South Gate a little later. We are nearly a mile from our former lookout on the roof and not yet in line with the ground over which the Allies advanced. We are looking northwest toward the south wall of the city, and here we get an idea of the pools of water which had to be crossed, though on the line of the advance there are no sheltering banks or ditches, nor buildings like those we see before us.

But we cannot linger here; we must hurry along the top of the wall to a point opposite the West Arsenal, in the rear of this mud-wall, where the exhausted and temporarily repulsed Allies lay on their arms during the past night. Many wounded have been brought to that place. Many dead also.

57. Columbia's Noble Soldier Boys—As Kind-hearted as Brave—American Giving Water to Wounded Japanese after the Battle of Tien-tsin.

But we will not turn to see a row of two hundred dead lying a little behind where we are standing; we will only glance at a scene among the wounded and hurry on to the burning city. You here obtain a near view of the mud-wall so often mentioned. And nearest to us you see a fatally-wounded Japanese soldier and the tender-hearted American boy bestowing the only blessing in his power—some water to allay the feverish thirst of his mortal agony. The American soldiers have a kindly feeling toward the Japanese. The average American admires pluck; the little Japanese is an ideal embodiment of *suaviter in modo, fortiter in re;* our boys recognize this and make pets of the manly little fellows. I have frequently seen an American and a Japanese walking arm in arm when neither could understand a word spoken by the other. The little chaps from "The Land of the Rising Sun" reciprocate. It has frequently been a great convenience to me, in passing a Japanese guard, that I had only to call out "American," when the cordial recognition, "All right," in quaint English, was quickly given. They are so gentle and yet so brave, possessing in a marked degree those companion virtues. A boat-load of Japanese has just left this place for the hospitals in the settlement. You see the portions of tents from which they have been removed, but you can scarcely see the blood stains. Photography is merciful and does not portray the blood-smeared garments and the

blood clots on the ground where the wounded have lain over night. There is a dying soldier on the left and a wounded English or American soldier beyond him, under the cover. Two Japanese doctors are seen here dressing wounds.

From here you catch a glimpse of the canal I have previously mentioned, and along which many of the wounded were carried. You can also discern buildings of the settlement, two miles away, on the Pei-ho. We are looking east, as the red lines connected with the number 57 on the map show.

A few rods back from where we stand, we will ascend the mud-wall and look toward the Native City and the South Gate (see map).

58. From Mud-wall near West Arsenal (n.) to South Gate of Native City, when Allies are Entering, July 14, 1900, Tien-tsin.

The allied armies have passed this morning from where we stand across that plain to the wall of the city through which they have just gone, led by the Japanese. Several flags are already hoisted, which we can indistinctly discern. To the extreme left, as I recall, the French flag; nearer the smoke, the American, over the South Gate; between the two columns of smoke, the Japanese, the English being hoisted in another part of the city. You can distinguish the outlines of the walls of the city here, much as we could from the roof of the German Club building, showing still a distance of over a mile. The road which

extends from this point to the South Gate lies directly before us; it swings around that pond to the left, then again to the right, passing around those farther native houses, where we see a number of persons; then again it deflects to the left, and continues directly to the South Gate at the left of the rising smoke, where the American flag flies triumphant over the smoldering ruins. The ruins of the West Arsenal which we have had occasion to mention so frequently, lie at our right, extending nearly up to those trees and facing that small native village on the left. These ponds occur frequently over the battlefield; sometimes as drainage canals, sometimes as mere stagnant pools. The houses in these villages have all been destroyed by fire, probably by the shells fired at the arsenal which is in line with them. You may see a canal beyond those houses on the other side of the pool. That canal extends nearly to the city, and the road follows its right bank. At a point half way to the city the Boxers had breastworks thrown across the road, and behind these were vast quantities of fired rifle shells. In that nearby village were great numbers of the dead.

We see before us a band of coolies bearing a palanquin containing some important personage, probably a civil functionary who has been allowed to pass the guards and escape to the country; or it may be a distinguished prisoner in charge of that officer who follows. The coolies are carrying small, white flags for protection. At such a time we do not stop to make inquiries about trifles.

We hurry on to reach the South Gate, and in passing

through suburban villages we see many victims of the previous day's fighting; some within their houses, some in the yards of their homes; one little boy, I could not but notice, who lay over the threshold of his home, his feet projecting into the street. When we reach the gate we find all is chaos and consternation; the flames within the walls of the quadrangular square at the gate are still burning fiercely. The terrified inhabitants are cowering in every nook. We ascend to the top of the wall, just east of the gate, and look west. The Japanese seem to be in charge, but the Stars and Stripes have been sent up, even amid flame and smoke, and there they still float. Our position is given on the map by the red lines connected with the number 59, which start a few rods east of the South Gate and branch west.

59. *Chinese who Paid War's Penalty—At South Gate Immediately after Allies Entered the City—Battle of Tien-tsin.*

The South Gate is beneath that burned tower on which our flag floats. We entered there from our left, turned in this direction and ascended the wall at that inclined causeway at the right of the Japanese soldiers on the wall. We are now looking westward, along the top of the wall. The West Arsenal and the foreign settlements lie beyond this wall to our left.

For days we have been looking to this spot before us; now we stand upon it when the victorious Allies are spreading out into every part of the city to our right. We

mentioned the Boxers in ignominious flight. You notice two before us not in the condition of flight. Since we entered China, these are the first I have been able to show you of the I-Ho-Chuan Society. These poor fellows do not look much like overthrowing the reigning dynasty or even expelling the foreigners. We know they are Boxers because they do not wear the uniform of the Imperial soldiers. The number of dead along this wall was not great. You see the protection afforded by this loopholed defense rising on our left. The Boxers stood behind this and only occasional shots, passing through loopholes, could reach them. The greater number of dead are in the streets and houses near this gate, many of whom have been killed by common shells and the deadly gases of the lyddite shells. The wall, at the point where the soldiers are standing, extends to the left for about fifty feet, forming a quadrangle within which the great gates are located; hence, the impossibility of reaching them with shell. While we are considering the wall, let me ask you to notice how it is constructed, as, at this place, the ruinous condition shows the formation, viz., a face wall, eight or ten feet in thickness on both sides, and the interspace filled with clay. The bricks used are large, about four by eight by twelve inches. You see a gathering of Japanese soldiers near the burned tower, and a few Americans at the left. In the street below are Japanese horses laden with munitions of war. Seated by the wall we see two Japanese civilian onlookers; may be they are attachés of the army, or correspondents; beyond them, standing against

the wall, is a large native gun, called a gingal or two-man gun. Many of these were brought into requisition by the Boxers, while the regular soldiers were supplied with the Austrian army guns, considered by many the most effective weapon on the field.

We will pass along to that projecting point on the wall, at the right of the Japanese soldier, and face in this direction, that we may see a continuation of the wall back of us and the aspect of the street running parallel with it down on our right. On the map see red lines, connected with the number 60, which branch to the east from near the South Gate.

60. Motley Crowds and Jumbled Huts of Old Tien-tsin —View Inside South Gate soon after the City was Occupied.

Here we have a general view looking east along the old wall which swings to the left in the distance. The German Club building, from which we obtained our first panoramas of the battlefield, lies over a mile farther to the right than we can see. We have again, from this position, a view of the Japanese military supply force, and there, near us, is an officer's horse; we see bands of coolies, probably commandeered for service; we see a line of captured "rikishas"; we may observe also this range of poorer houses made of mud; the better buildings are of brick, but all of one low story as usual. You may notice many of these mud-houses pinked with bullet holes, made by shots passing over the wall and, more than likely, by some volleys fired after the entrance at the gate, which now

lies behind us. Farther on, a little to the left, we may see where a shell has penetrated a mud-roof; but still more interesting are buildings beyond, fronting on this same street where you see an open space, flanked by a brick wall; they are to the left of the wall and are a little higher than the surrounding structures. They constitute a native arsenal and were well filled with all sorts of war materials, including cannon, rifles of many kinds, swords, ammunition, flags, soldiers' clothing, etc. There is no doubt but that the ample supply of this military storehouse furnished many a souvenir to both civilian and soldier. After the capture of the city it was divided into districts, and the different districts were assigned to troops of different nations for control and government. This portion of the city was assigned to the Americans. This district extends from the South Gate nearly to the tower we see in the distance, and to the left an equal distance. Fortunately for the Americans the district contained both an arsenal and a mint; more correctly the so-called mint was a public building for the safe-keeping of syce or silver bullion received from all parts of the Empire, in payment for salt, which is produced in great quantities from sea-water, by solar evaporation, and shipped to the different Provinces. In giving an account of this mint or salt-yamen, as we will call it, I must anticipate, in order that you may understand the interest attached to the scene before us; that is, I must tell you something of what transpired several days after the capture of the city, that you may better un-

derstand the scene presented here on the day following the battle.

The location of the salt-yamen is indicated by those two tall poles resembling flag-poles off to our left; the buildings, at the time we are looking on the scene, are still smoldering, and few seemed to know that said buildings contained great quantities of bullion. Soon after I was here I met an American soldier who had in his possession an old bag containing about as much silver as he could conveniently carry. He said, "Look in this bag!" I looked, and, sure enough, there was a back-load of bright bars; but I had some doubts about it being silver. I suspected I had become possessed of one of those old tantalizing dreams about finding money. I said to him, "How much apiece for those bars?" "Two dollars and a half; there's plenty more over there," was his reply. It proved, however, to be silver of the first quality, worth thirty-five dollars per bar. I had not qualified as a broker and the opportunity was lost. During the following night, and before the military officers in command were fully aware of the great quantity of silver in the burning ruins, soldiers and others had carried off vast amounts. From this source syce became so plentiful in the settlement that the military authorities prohibited the banks from buying it, and made some attempts to confiscate what had been thus taken by individuals. The ruins of the salt-yamen proved a veritable silver mine. A guard was placed over it finally, and the silver was removed to the headquarters of the U. S. Marines; but what disposition was finally

made of this rich capture I have never been able to learn. And, as to the amount, I cannot say authoritatively, but it was currently reported at one and a half millions of dollars. This, however, I know, that when it was brought into the marine headquarters I made a photograph of nine four-mule wagon loads of silver, all standing at one time before the marine barracks, and was told that these nine four-mule teams would have to make a second trip to the yamen for the balance. It was well known later that the Americans were not the only ones among the allied troops who found and carried away treasure. It was a great surprise to me, on returning to the United States, to learn that so little mention had been made of these captures of such enormous quantities of bullion; indeed, up to the present, I have never met any one who had even heard of it.*

If we turn about and follow the wall westward, only a few paces, past the tower on which we saw the American flag floating, we shall be within the section of the city occupied by the French. From that point we shall look somewhat east of north over the center of the conquered city. Our position and field of vision is given on the map by the red lines which start from the south wall, a short distance west of the South Gate, and branch northeast. The number 61 is given at the starting point of these lines and at their ends on the map margin.

* From the New York *Tribune* of March 11, 1902, we quote the following "According to a dispatch from Washington dated January 23, Secretary Hay that day handed to Minister Wu-Ting-Fang a draft on the United States Treasury for $376,600, the value of the silver bullion captured by American marines at Tien tsin."—THE PUBLISHERS.

61. Looking North from South Gate over the Burning City, just after its Occupation by the Allies, Tien-tsin.

For several days after the city was taken, destructive fires broke out in different parts, and it was reported that the entire city was to be destroyed, and from the precipitate flight of the terror stricken inhabitants, one could not but believe that such notice had been served upon them. At every gate, men, women and children were trampling and jostling in their efforts to escape to the country and to outlying villages. The dead remained for days on the streets and within the deserted homes. Here you can see homes going up in flame and smoke, and the homeless people sitting around awaiting permission from the French guards to leave the city. These poor people are probably in no way responsible for the Boxer uprising, yet they have lost home and all save these paltry bundles, and thousands and tens of thousands have shared this ruthless fate. From here you can only see at a distance the ravages of flame; you cannot see within those homes and shops the ravages of human hands as I saw them after leaving this spot and passing through streets near those all-devouring elements. Doors were smashed; shops were entered and plundered; men and women were fleeing, carrying their precious heirlooms—their jewels, their furs, their silks, their embroidery, their money. These much-prized valuables were snatched from them, and they dared not protest; they could not protest; they could not

even tell that they were not Boxers; but their lives were dearer than their most cherished jade-stones, and they were even thankful to escape with life and honor. One's property depreciates wonderfully when his life is imperiled. I saw native women surrender their dearest belongings almost in a spirit of gratitude that life was not demanded. Looting from an enemy bent on taking your life as well as your property is justifiable by a natural *quid pro quo* equivalency, or by the law of reprisal, as well as by the Old Testament code; but indiscriminate plunder of friend and foe is robbery, and robbery is robbery even in war. The looting by the Allies was not confined to the enemy, nor even to the Chinese, but extended to the European settlement, where temporarily vacated homes of Europeans were entered and plundered. Shamefully looted China has had a lesson in the ethics of Christian armies she will not soon forget. Li Hung Chang said to a friend of mine that he had been reading up the Mosaic decalogue of the Christians, and suggested that the eighth commandment should be amended to read, "Thou shalt not steal, but thou mayst loot." I have here mentioned looting because that which I witnessed and which I shall not soon forget occurred near where you see this fire burning.

After an interval of three days we return to the South Gate and stand again on the wall over the gate and look directly north, toward the heart of the city. See red lines connected with the number 62 on the map.

62a. Old Tien-tsin, showing Terrible Destruction caused by Bombardment and Fire—Tien-tsin.

There is a sadness about a deserted home; there is a greater sadness about a deserted city or village. Before us lies a great city, not only deserted, but sacked, looted, and in ashes, by Christian armies. Only a few days before this stereograph was made this street and the surrounding houses were a holocaust of human life. A day later that long thoroughfare was a slow-moving line of homeless, weeping human beings—their homes in ashes, without food, friendless, and, in many cases, their kindred left charred in the ruins of their homes. This is not of the imagination; all that I mention I saw. There were mothers with babes; there were aged men and women supported by younger members of the family; there were wounded borne on wheelbarrows, when it was their fortune to have friends; otherwise, they were left to die. I saw one poor fellow, whose leg had been shattered by a bullet, painfully hitching himself along by inches, dragging the broken limb, while the bone protruded from the wound. At the same time, this street was strewn with corpses; those of persons asphyxiated by the fatal gases of the lyddite shells could easily be distinguished by the yellow discoloration of the skin. Lily-feet, which were so expensive at Shanghai, were here the appendages of mangled corpses that had no more consideration than the carcasses of dogs, which also lined the streets; but the camera cannot portray nor the pen describe those heart-rending scenes along this narrow street after the battle.

Now it is a pathetic scene of desolation. The homeless, starving multitudes have fled. You see two coolies with wheelbarrows; these have been allowed to pass the guards to gather up scraps of worthless iron, or something of no value from the ruins. You see also a woman who has been allowed to pass within the gates; we can only conjecture her mission; it is, doubtless, an urgent one, may be, to search for valuable property or missing friends. Nothing less would tempt her to return at this time. Besides being a sad picture of a pillaged and deserted city, you can see the character of its architecture; its situation on a level plain; its low one-story brick buildings and narrow streets, this being one of the principal thoroughfares. You see the gate and tower beyond. Such gates and towers usually denote the intersection of important streets.

This street is the boundary between the American and French sections of the city. The transverse street, at the tower, is the northern limit of these districts.

We saw on the city wall two dead Boxers; you may wish to witness a closer view of live specimens, and I think I promised you such a privilege on our way to the north. We will therefore leave the Native City and return to the European settlement, where we shall be able to see about fifty.

63. Some of China's Trouble-makers—Boxer Prisoners Captured and Brought in by the 6th U. S. Cavalry, Tien-tsin.

Some time after the capture of the city of Tien-tsin it was learned that a large force of Boxers were advancing

from the southwest, and had reached a place only ten miles away. Some apprehension was felt about a concerted attempt to recapture the Native City and attack the settlement. The guns which had been used against the Native City were mounted on the mud-wall and trained in the direction of the threatened advance. Breastworks were thrown up along the crest of the wall and every preparation made to resist any force which might be brought against them. Even if the whole army which had fled from the city should return with reënforcements, the Allies intrenched behind the mud-wall were confident they could repel it and seemed quite anxious that an attack might be made. No Boxers appeared, however, and so, instead, an expedition was made in the direction of the rumored advance. The force sent out included the U. S. Sixth Cavalry and a company of Indian Lancers. They met a considerable number of the enemy, which they attacked and routed. The boys of the Sixth Cavalry returned in great elation of spirits. It was to them a baptism of Chinese fire and they seemed to enjoy it. They brought in many trophies, such as spears, knives and flags and about fifty prisoners. These are the prisoners before us. We see some of the boys of the Sixth Cavalry beyond them; those lads assisted me in securing this stereograph. There seemed to be some uncertainty as to whether all of these captives were Boxers. Boxers often doff their distinctive uniform for the ordinary coolie's or peasant's garb when about to be captured; so that it is not always easy to know a metamorphosed

Boxer from a common coolie. The boys said they knew one was a genuine Boxer because he carried a weapon; at the same time one of the cavalrymen grabbed the "real thing" by the pigtail and tugged him into the foreground and placed him near the camera as you see, saying at the same time: "You can tell by his bloomin' squint that he's a bloody warrior." The English and American soldiers were quite fraternal in China, hence the adoption of English slang. This is truly a dusky and unattractive brood. One would scarcely expect to find natives of Borneo or the Fiji Islands more barbarous in appearance; and it is well known that a great proportion of the Boxer organization is of this sort; indeed, we may even say by far the larger half of the population of the empire is of this low, poor, coolie class. How dark-skinned, how ill-clad, how lacking in intelligence, how dull, morose, miserable and vicious they appear! This view was made during a very hot day in a torrid sun; and still they sit here with their heads shaven and uncovered without a sign of discomfort. None of the group endeavors to escape the camera; they are surrounded by guards; they are helpless and humble. They are quite devoid of the insolent boldness that characterizes the mountain tribes in the Province of Hunan; they are prisoners and do not yet know their fate. To-morrow they may be shot; but whether it is bambooing, shooting or beheading, one fellow decides he will take a smoke.

We are but a short distance from the Pei-ho (see

miles a day on a daily allowance of twenty cents; that would be ten cents for each passenger, or one-half cent per mile about one-fourth the lowest rates on any of our railways. Why should a Chinaman favor the introduction of railways?

At Shanghai we referred to the wheelbarrow as a passenger vehicle, while here you may see it used in transporting all kinds of commodities. They have been brought into requisition in great numbers by the different nations to transport army stores from the boat-landing at the river front to the different places of encampment or to storage places for supplies. This small army of wheelbarrows is in control of the Japanese, as you may see by the flag borne by one of them; a very small flag is also attached to the front of each barrow—a flag with a white field and a black disk in the center. You may have some idea of the general use into which they are brought when you remember that all the armies are supplied in the same way. These wheelbarrow men are often careless about keeping the bearings of the wheels lubricated, and when such is the case the creaking noise under a heavy burden is excruciating. Try to imagine this entire force tearing on with heavy loads and dry axles, and you may realize the susceptibilities of the human tympanum in relation to harmony and discord. But the most interesting thing about these quaint motors is, that in case you have a quantity of merchandise to be moved from one point to another you can have it done by these coolies with their barrows for much less than it would cost you by modern

carts, trucks, wagons or railways, and done with greater care and less destruction to the goods transported.

Notice the building on our left with the American flag flying over it; it is the headquarters of the Quartermaster's Department, and I call your attention to it because when I am ready to start for Pekin I must come to this office and present a letter to General Chaffee from the State Department at Washington in order to get from him a permit for transportation on one of the commandeered small cargo junks which sail from the landing before that office. You can see some of these boats now at the landing beyond that great mound of army supplies over which the flag is flying. That is the point from which we are to sail when we leave Tien-tsin. We are here looking up the Pei-ho. You will notice two of our own soldier boys whose free and easy manner and comfortable negligée has occasionally elicited unfavorable criticism from foreigners, this rough and ready undress being regarded as slovenly and unmilitary, especially in parade, but we believe in sacrificing appearance for the best fighting conditions. These two are typical American soldiers off duty. They scrambled to balance themselves on this perch; they swore at the coolie to "hold still"; they wanted to go into pictorial history, and here they are—statuesque as you please, with the drollest of wheelbarrows for a pedestal. Before coming here we saw the Boxer prisoners; here we see, beside the wheelbarrows, the common coolie; they appear in no way different from the Boxers, showing how largely the I-Ho-

Chuan is made up of the lower element of the population.

From where we are standing we stroll directly up the river for a mile, cross to the opposite shore and enter a mile further on a native village in which many of the native Boxers were sheltered during the first attacks on the settlement. On the map see number 65 in red near the second eastward bend of the river.

65. Family of the Lower Class "Chowing" in Their Home, Partially Destroyed during the Siege, Tien-tsin.

Here, as usual, we find the house partially destroyed; but as the buildings are chiefly of clay and unburned brick, many of them furnished little fuel for the flames and so escaped destruction. The inhabitants are now returning to reoccupy their old haunts when found habitable, and we find this family of the lower class "chowing" after their wonted fashion. Whether afraid of the camera or not, they are now under the Allies and necessity has no choice; they meekly do our bidding. The "old woman" has a place at the end of the table. They are eating a regular meal; it is nondescript in the nature of its victuals. I cannot describe dishes that are altogether mystery; there is rice, of course, and something which I imagine has once been fish; there are vegetables in small pieces in liquid. There are no knives nor forks on the table, nor chairs around it, but of course we see the inevitable chop-sticks or "nimble lads," as their Chinese name implies. The name is appropriate,

for the dexterity with which the Chinese handle these little straight sticks is marvelous; they will pick up a single grain of rice between the ends of these sticks as readily as we could do it with a spoon.

Do not forget that we are here looking at a family of the lower class. Among the upper class a family at a meal would present a different appearance; there would be fine dress, fine furniture and fine food after its order. Judged by some writers, the Chinese have been placed next to the French as cooks, and particularly as culinary economists. Every Westerner is impressed by the simplicity of their food. Probably this denotes wisdom more than it does scarcity, for in Western lands also we often find the healthiest and most robust among the plain livers. In these days when the enlightened nations, so-called, are studying the best means of feeding the greatest number at the smallest cost, it is interesting to learn an undoubted fact that it is possible in China in ordinary times to furnish an abundance of food of wholesome quality at a cost of two cents a day for each adult person. Nor is this the minimum, for it is claimed by eminent authorities that during famines great numbers have been maintained on one and one-half cents a day. Before us is a family of six, and I doubt whether the daily expense of that family exceeds ten cents.

Before we leave them, have you noticed that they sit in the hottest midsummer sun, and, like all others among the lowly whom we have been studying, they are without head cover? Have you noticed the mottled scalp of the

boy who sits with his back toward us? That appearance is very common among the poor; but whether from scalp disease or the encampments of insect colonies, I can only surmise. Some girls peered from small apertures in these lowly homes, and I tried to persuade them to join this "chowing" band; they tittered and withdrew, and I did not persist, as they would not have added much to the beauty of the six already before us. It is scarcely necessary to suggest that there is probably no boastful rivalry between their wardrobe and their cupboard; but while we look upon their poverty and lowly home, we must not forget Gray's beautiful lines:

> "Let not ambition mark their useful toil,
> Their homely joys and destiny obscure."

In the course of our journeyings I have alluded before to the great amount of arable land occupied by graves. Assuming the population of China to be four hundred millions, and remembering that an equal number requires burial every forty or fifty years, or that the amount of productive land must be reduced every fifty years by the area of four hundred million graves, we can possibly understand how graves are interfering with agriculture and the food supply. Let us walk to the outskirts of the Native City just beyond the battle-field, where we can see how thickly the mounds of the dead are scattered over the plain. On the map the red lines branching toward the northeast from the number 66, a half-mile to the west of the Native City, shows our position.

66. Reverent but Prejudicial Ancestor Worship—One of China's Immense Cemeteries, which seriously Lessen Her Productive Land Area.

This is not exactly a potter's field; it is the burial place of the common people. We do not see here the graves of the better class, for they often have private graveyards within their own domain. These are humble graves, simple mounds covering heavy wooden coffins. They are sacredly preserved; they have been located by geomancy and that has first right, and land tenure second. Suppose we allow a square rod for two graves and that only four hundred million burials occur every fifty years; that would diminish the production area one and one-half million acres every half century. Can we wonder then that there is so much complaint because inviolable sepulture encroaches so heavily upon productive lands. Wherever possible, barren slopes and unproductive places are set apart for cemeteries, but this is frequently not practicable. Mortuary buildings are erected in which the wealthy place their dead, at least, temporarily. Near Tien-tsin I saw buildings inclosed by brick walls in which many coffins stood above ground quite exposed. These coffins had been burst open and rifled by some of the foreign soldiers. The bodies were tumbled out to be stripped of their jewels and trinkets; they were robed in their best apparel and well preserved, as though partially mummified. It is known that they are buried with some of their precious belongings, and this tempted the greed of some of the unprincipled soldiery. The coffins are made of plank three

and four inches thick, carefully sealed. In the bottom is placed a quantity of quicklime; the body is swathed in a great amount of cotton, and only a slight odor escaped from these newly-opened coffins. The dead are kept at least forty-nine days before interment; this is to give the geomancers ample time to locate a lucky burial site. Coffins are often secured irrespective of any imminent prospects of death; indeed, they are always regarded as a very handsome and appropriate birthday gift. Funeral customs in China are so numerous and strange that chapters might be devoted to an account of them; one consists in scattering paper money (small tin-foil imitations of syce) along the road as the funeral procession advances, in order to appease the cupidity of straggling ghosts that may haunt the way. We see no tablets nor monuments to mark these last resting-places of the dead. The approaches to the tombs of nobles, as we observed at Nankin, are often marked by rows of stone figures.

You see in the distance what appears to be a small pagoda, and beyond a small tower; they both might be called towers of silence; but they are really baby-towers; that is, they are towers in which babes are buried, or rather pitched. All babes under one year of age at death are wrapped in cloths, bound around with strings, and thrown into these towers. It may even be suspected that these baby-towers may be the bourne of many girl-babes before death; you know girl infanticide is not uncommon, and here is *facile modus*. In illustration of how prevalent is the destruction of girl-babes, one writer tells about see-

ing the following notice posted at the edge of a pond: "Girls may not be drowned here."

There is a shepherd here among the graves with his little flock; very little mutton is eaten in China, so it is quite probable that these mutton-subjects are kept for their wool.

Only fifty yards to the left of where we stand I witnessed a spectacle I will not soon forget, a scene too shocking to be shown to the world indiscriminately. It was the shooting of two Chinamen by the French and the beheading of two others by the Japanese; the former were convicted of stealing, the latter of being Boxers. The former were bound to posts and shot; the latter were made to stand among these graves while a shallow pit was dug in their presence, beside one of these mounds; this shallow muddy hole was to be the one grave for the two convicts. They were made to kneel on the mound looking down into the grave prepared for them, so that when the fatal blow was struck they would fall therein. Only a few of us had learned the hour of execution and were present, among us an American doctor who, when this grave was being dug and the two poor fellows stood near by, held the hand of one, feeling his pulse. Some one queries: "Normal, doctor?" "One hundred and twenty-six," replied the physician; and yet the doomed man showed no outward mental disturbance. Another, speaking his language, asked him if he was a Boxer, to which he replied meekly and with mysterious resignation, "I am no Boxer; all the village people hereabouts know me." I

was told afterward that this sympathetic medical man, who was not unfamiliar with blood, was so disturbed by this heartless butchery that he was disqualified for duty for several days. I will not describe this spectacle in detail for the same reason that I do not present a view of it. It is too grewsome for presentation in a popular series; yet those who would fully realize the cruelties and barbarities of war should know and see; the view may be had of the publishers.

The most famous man in China, the ablest statesman in Asia, the second richest man in the world and one of the most widely known characters in history, reached Tientsin later during my sojourn in China. I refer to Li Hung Chang. His journey from Canton to the north was heralded over the world. The great intermediary between the throne of China and the foreigner, so often degraded and then reinstated, passed from south to north like a sidereal luminary that had wandered from its path, but was again to be restored to its true place in the heavens, or as peacemaker to the Imperial Court.

67. Li Hung Chang, China's Greatest Viceroy and Diplomat—Photographed in His Yamen, Tientsin, September 27, 1900.

This meek and bland-looking old man who sits before you was at this time the talk of the world—would he be allowed to land at Tien-tsin? Would he be reinstated? Would he be authorized to negotiate terms of peace? He seemed to be the only man who understood this great in-

ternational difficulty. He was allowed to land. He occupied the Viceroy's Yamen across the river outside the walled city (see map northeast of walled city). It was important to obtain a stereoscopic record of this distinguished personage. Through the courtesy of an American doctor who desired a photograph of the ex-Viceroy and who had some acquaintance with Dr. Parks, his medical adviser, I visited the Yamen. His Excellency being engaged with important matters of state, kindly consented to sit for us on the following day at a fixed hour. At the hour appointed we were met by the genial Dr. Parks, who, as soon as I had chosen a well-lighted part of this court in the Yamen, had servants bring out this finely inlaid stand and the chair in which he sits. When cameras were placed in position and everything in perfect readiness, his chair-bearers were notified and he was brought from his rooms in his official chair and assisted by his attendants to the chair in which you see him. He greeted us with a pleasant smile and spoke to us freely through Dr. Parks as interpreter. His natural simplicity and the entire absence of affected importance was quite fascinating; kingcraft is nearly extinct; the time when a sovereign could make his subject revere him as a demigod belongs to the past. A truly great man has no occasion to pretend greatness; only those who are not great find it necessary to resort to affectation. Neither Earl Li's great wealth nor his great attainments have in any degree left a trace of self-importance in his manner. His left eye has a quizzical droop which seems to be the premonition of an

ever-ready smile. He personifies the simplicity and naturalness of a truly great mind. He is vigorous in intellect, but somewhat feeble in his limbs; he is supported to and from his palanquin. He is richly dressed in heavy brocaded satin. In the front of his cap you see an ornament; it is a circle of pearls around a large ruby. When I asked Dr. Parks if he could remove the cap of his Excellency for one stereograph, the doctor explained to him and removed the cap. This caused Earl Li to smile as though he would have said: "What can they want with my bald pate?" Even that fine blackwood table, inlaid with mother-of-pearl, upon which his arm rests, is worth noticing; this style of furniture is much used by the wealthy.

Nearly all the world is more or less familiar with leading events in the life of this Bismarck of the Orient; but for those who may not be, I will take the following résumé from "The Chinese Empire Past and Present."

"The modern development of China is due more to Li Hung Chang than to any other single agency. He is immensely wealthy and has held nearly every post of honor that China could give him, though likewise at irregular intervals, he has been deprived of all position and power; his "yellow jacket" has been taken from him, and his head has been in danger. He was born in 1819 of pure Chinese blood. In three successive literary examinations he stood first, and in 1847 was enrolled in the Hanlin or Imperial Academy, the highest literary degree in the empire. He was an official in the Imperial printing office when the Taiping Rebellion broke out. In this war he be-

came prominent and was appointed governor. He immediately saw the value of European military organization and equipment and formed the " ever-victorious Force," a Chinese Corps, armed, drilled and disciplined according to European fashion, first under the direction of the American, Ward, and then of the celebrated Gordon. Henceforth Li threw all his force and influence into the adoption in China of Western arts and sciences.

" In 1870 he was made viceroy of Chili, the province in which Pekin is located.

" In 1872 he had thirty Chinese boys sent to the United States to be educated, and established a college in Pekin, under Dr. W. H. P. Martin.

" In 1880 he took advantage of the Russian war scare to improve the army and navy and establish the telegraph, which now comprises a network of over ten thousand miles. Simultaneously he worked for railroads. A short line had been built from Shanghai to Wusung, but this was bought and dismantled the next year by the government. Li maintained, however, the agitation for railways until in 1888, when an active beginning was made, and the work has gone steadily on ever since. In 1877 he bought four ironclads just built in England for the royal navy, and so laid the foundation for the present Chinese modern navy. He has likewise so cleverly managed diplomatic relations with France upon their nominal victory in the war in 1884-85 over Formosa, that China got decidedly the best of it in the net result.

" Under his encouragement joint stock companies have

been organized for various industrial enterprises, such as silk, cotton, wool, glass and iron manufactures.

"Li Hung Chang belongs to the native party, and is ready to resist the encroachments of foreign nations with all the arts of diplomacy at his command."

With a single spark of patriotism in his breast, how can he feel otherwise? He favors progress and development; but how can he look with favor and equanimity upon foreign encroachment and the exploitation of his native land by nations whose customs and institutions he does not like. China has been the victim of exploitation and commercialism for centuries, and that because she is rich in resources, old-fashioned and unwarlike.

If she had developed the arts of war as long and as well as she has the arts of peace, the foreign nations, even the allied foreign nations, would not have dared to coerce treaty ports and naval stations in her borders, or to thrust a new religion and a new civilization upon her. There is much of the bully and the child about all these affairs in China.

When might makes right, justice is usually out of the balance, and there is apt to be greed and cowardice in its place.

I have no special love for the Chinese, but it does not seem to me that they get fair play. The average European and the average American knows no more about the Chinese people than he does about the possible inhabitants of the stellar worlds.

The Boxer uprising was stupid and barbarous. The

retaliation by the so-called Christian armies was often characterized by rape, plunder, cruelty, and enormous indemnities dictated by allied might. The Golden Rule has been quite lost sight of in the ravages of trade, greed and tyranny. What would we think if England should demand a cession of territory on Casco Bay that she might have a winter port for the Canadian Pacific Railway? And then, if Russia should demand a naval station on Massachusetts Bay to equalize strategic points? And again, if these demands should be followed by one from Germany for a grant of territory in Plymouth harbor, because some alien countryman had been killed by irresponsible ruffians at Worcester? I hope this parallel is not altogether unfair. It ought, at least, to be suggestive.

When we had finished our stereographs from this position we asked Dr. Parks that His Excellency might be carried through the open court into bright sunlight in order that we might obtain a view of him in his official chair. This was done, and as we pressed the bulb and lifted our hats, the venerable statesman smiled acknowledgments and was borne to his spacious rooms within the Yamen.

A most exasperating delay in the delivery of my photographic plates kept me in Tien-tsin for weeks after the battle. Boxes of plates which arrived at Shanghai June 24 did not reach me until the middle of September. In the meantime many additional forces had arrived, among them many additional troops from Germany, from India,

from Japan and Russia. The Legations in Pekin had been practically in a state of siege since June. In the early part of August the greatly increased force of the Allies started for Pekin. On the way they fought the battles of Peitsang and Yangtsun, and burned the city of Tung-Chow and all the villages left standing by the Boxers in their line of march.

This march of the allied troops between Tien-tsin and Pekin occupied ten days, and they entered the latter place on August 15, just a month and a day after the capture of the former city. Now that about twenty thousand troops were quartered in the Imperial capital, the transportation of vast quantities of army stores to that place was necessary. To accomplish this the different armies requisitioned great numbers of native junks, and these plied constantly between Tien-tsin and Tung-Chow, the nearest port to Pekin. Before boarding one of these junks at Tien-tsin for Tung-Chow I shall tell you briefly how I maintained my existence during and after the investment of the former place.

It would seem that under even a quasi-military rule, civilians have few if any rights; the civilian furnishes the sinews of war; he pays the taxes which maintain the army and the navy; but he has scarcely a right to his own property or his own soul when petty military officers are invested with a little brief authority. Many citizens, both American and English, complained bitterly of the high-handed, unlawful and impudent way in which officers took possession of private houses which had been

temporarily vacated, using and misusing everything found therein, including libraries, pianos, bedding, etc., notwithstanding the fact that these same civilian owners are paying taxes to furnish the army with all necessary camp equipments. Three times I had received permission from agents of the owners to occupy private houses which had for a time been vacated, when American officers came, and in a way which I fear is somewhat characteristic of my countrymen said: "Get out of this; we want these rooms!" An English, a Japanese or a Russian officer would have said: "Sorry to disturb you, but we will require these rooms." Bluster is not bravery. *Suaviter in modo fortiter in re.*

After three removals, by the courtesy of Mr. Denby, son of ex-Minister Denby, I was allowed to occupy a room in a series of Chinese buildings under his charge. Here I remained undisturbed until I went to Pekin. This room was my abode for three months; it was my bedroom, my kitchen, my parlor, my developing room. It contained some Chinese furniture—a raised platform, or Chinese bedstead, a table and some stools. I secured a spirit lamp with which I cooked the few things which required cooking. It was some time after the capture of the city of Tien-tsin before supplies came in from Shanghai. During that time there was great scarcity, and it was often difficult to obtain a sufficiency of food to allay the gnawings of hunger. To make matters worse, mails had failed to bring to the North registered letters and other valuable matter. My letter of credit was two months overdue.

Things were a little uncomfortable when so little food could be bought, but when my last penny was gone a famine seemed near at hand. I don't mind missing a few meals, but a fast of a few days makes unpleasant cavities about one's anatomy. Fasting has an uncomfortable sensation, but it is more bearable than asking favors of the military, which I might have done. I did, however, make a pretense of dropping in casually upon the cook of the U. S. Marines to ask him if he could spare a little rice. He pointed to a small starch-box on the floor half filled with rice and clay and straw, saying at the same time, " That's good rice if you only wash it enough." I carried it off quite thankfully, and, sure enough, when washed in five or six waters, it assumed a normal white, and I feasted several days upon this, seasoned with a pinch of salt. One day during this period of scarcity, while on the street, I saw a potato drop from a passing commissary wagon. This I seized, and following the wagon for a half-mile picked up in all seven potatoes and one onion. With these I returned to my room in a mood of triumphant forage; I pared, sliced and boiled them together in a small tin pot on my spirit lamp. I seasoned with salt and a small portion of rancid oleomargarine left in a tin which had been opened two months before. That meal I shall never cease to regard as the acme of gastronomic pleasure. People try many things for an appetizer, but seldom try fasting. This veritable feast had predisposed me to potatoes, and on another occasion, having seen a quantity of fresh potato parings thrown out in a yard near a street, I de-

cided to return after night-fall to secure them. When night came on, taking a quantity of matches in my pocket to enable me to find the exact spot, I walked back one mile to obtain this tempting prize of potato parings; but on reaching the place a number of officers were seated near by and my pride defeated my plan to secure another feast, for I could not take them in the presence of the officers. I returned bootless and retired to my hard bed with hunger unappeased. This state of scarcity continued until one day an American soldier came to me, all his pockets sagging with syce (bars of silver), and asked me to buy. I told him I had no money. Seeing my watch and chain, he said, "What kind of a watch have you?" I replied, "A good Elgin watch." Without a moment's hesitation he offered his bars of silver for my watch. The "swap" was promptly consummated, and I had one hundred and fifty dollars worth of silver bullion, that is, about twenty pounds. This relieved the money market and in some measure the fast, for soon the natives began to return to the city and to the settlement. After a while they commenced to bring in produce, which ended the famine. About this time more American troops arrived, one company encamping in the compound about my room. I formed many pleasant acquaintances among these men and officers; sometimes giving accommodation to them in my room, and in turn they would accompany me in my outings with the camera, rendering valuable assistance. Through these generous-hearted boys I obtained many

war-souvenirs and enjoyed many acts of courtesy; but we cannot go further into details.

We now pass, October 3, to the river before the Quartermaster's office, already shown you, and embark on one of the junks requisitioned by the American army to transport supplies to Pekin.

Turning to Map No. 2, the map of Eastern China, we trace the part of our route just before us by the red line which runs from Tien-tsin to Pekin. A short distance from Tien-tsin we find the number 68 in a circle, both in red, with a zig-zag line running to our route line. At this place we stop to inspect a line of junk boats on the Pei-ho River.

68. Junk Flotilla on the Pei-ho River—Transporting U. S. Army Stores from Tien-tsin to Pekin.

General Chaffee's permit is only for transportation. Each traveller must supply his own provisions, cooking utensils and bedding. These quaint craft need little description, as they are before you. They draw only two or three feet of water; their shallow holds are filled with army supplies. The only sleeping-place is under those tarpaulins thrown over the poles, and the season is so far advanced that the north winds are exceedingly uncomfortable. Each boat has a crew of five or six native boatmen, one of whom acts as captain, each junk being in charge of a soldier who cooks his own meals on board. Every boat has a small cabin, in which the crew cook and sleep. With a favorable wind, a sail is used; at other

times each boat is towed by the crew with a line attached to the top of the mast. Other lines radiate from the main line to accommodate the several men on the tow-path. The progress upstream with the tow-line is scarcely a mile an hour, and the average time of a passage to Tung-Chow is five or six days. You see this fleet of junks before us is being propelled by the tow-line while its sails remain unfurled; you see also something of the tortuous course of the river. At certain turns of the river the wind is favorable and the sail is spread. Have you noticed how those slender bamboo poles are used for expanding the sail? Sometimes neither the tow-line nor the sail can be used; then poles are employed; these are thrust into the muddy bottom at the bow, the end is placed against the shoulder and then the coolies walk rapidly to the stern of the boat, thumping heavily the deck with their feet at every step. This habit of pounding with their feet at every step as they push from bow to stern is one of the strangest customs among these boatmen. They seem to think that it adds to their effort in pushing. The effect during the still hours of night is very curious—they "keep step," and there are often several fleets passing in opposite directions at the same time, and the rhythmic pounding of so many bare feet on the hollow sounding decks in the dead of night I cannot forget.

The native commerce on this small stream, in boats like these, in times of peace, is enormous. The river is narrow and shallow and is frequently silting up and changing

its bed. The boats touch the banks at many points and one can debark and embark almost at any time without stopping the progress of the fleet. I found walking on the tow-path in the cool autumn weather much pleasanter than the deck of a junk like this, and I walked the greater part of the distance between Tien-tsin and Pekin. Standing here, we get a true aspect of the Pei-ho and the kind of boats that ply the river; we see also the level character of the river plain and the small growth of shrubbery and trees in the distance. We get some idea of the alluvial soil, though we do not see the prevailing crops. We happen to be at a place on the river where the cultivated fields do not extend up to the river bank. The soil everywhere is exceedingly rich, and alternating crops of corn, millet, beans, sweet potatoes, peanuts, sorghum and melons have marked the fertile valley all the way between these two great cities. But the crops have not been harvested; the villages and homes are deserted. I said the crops had not been harvested—I meant by the owners; many of them for almost a mile on either side of the river have been plundered by the men of the junk-fleets belonging to the different armies. The native junkmen were permitted to go ashore and gather in corn and millet to fill all the empty space available; the Europeans took whatever they could use. The inhabitants had fled well back from the river, leaving crops and sometimes live stock. Many a pig that had been left behind and ventured to the river bank became a victim to the deadly army rifle. Occasionally some

of the people who had fled from their homes returned under cover of night to gather in something of their wasting harvest. It was a sad sight to see such vast fields of valuable crops being lost, and cold winter near at hand and starvation awaiting many. On one occasion I attempted, while walking, to cut off a great bend in the river by what I imagined would be a short way across country. After penetrating about three miles I reached villages containing skulking refugees, at least stragglers, partially in hiding. At first sight of me they scampered pell-mell into the forests of millet; this grain is often from twelve to fifteen feet high and affords a safe and interminable retreat. At one farm where a poor old woman carrying a bundle of grain on her back attempted to cross the road some fifty yards ahead of me, and little suspecting the presence of a "foreign devil" so far back from the river, furtively cast her eyes both ways on the road. She spied me, dropped her bundle as though she had been fired upon, jumped into the dry millet field and in a moment was out of sight. It gave me a sensation of sadness I never before experienced, and even now, long afterward, it steals over me when I recall the incident—an innocent, harmless fellow mortal fleeing from me in frenzied terror. She thought I sought her life; and to be suspected of seeking to take life shocked me, I dare say, as much as my presence frightened her. It is almost a pity that this terrified woman could not have known that the alarm was mutual. By this time I had decided that the road I had

been following did not lead to the river, and was on my way back by the same road on which I had come. I was sure I was among Boxers. I had no weapon whatever about me. I secured two cornstalks and arranged them to have the appearance of a gun and carried this make-believe affair as I would have carried a gun so that Boxers back in the fields would think I was not defenseless. In this mood of nervous apprehension I was working my way back when the poor terrified woman dived into the field of millet. We were much in the same condition except that my fright up to that point had not settled in my heels quite to the same extent as hers. I, however, made good time back to the river.

Three times a day I made my cocoa by means of my spirit lamp, and as often did I have my bread and oleomargarine and a fragrant hunk of automatic cheese out of a box that once held two five-gallon cans of kerosene oil. After walking, sailing, towing and poling for five days we reached Tung-Chow, the end of the journey by junk. All the nations had a transporation service of junks here, and they lined the bank of the river for a great distance. It is thirteen miles from Tung-Chow to Pekin, and that distance had to be made in a four-mule wagon over the worst kind of a road, axle-deep in mud. The only accommodation at Tung-Chow was an army tent kept for soldiers passing either way. In this I spent the night with a single soldier, who shared with me such remnants of things eatable as we could find in my kero-

sene box. On the following morning, after lashing some eight or ten pieces of baggage on the top of a well-filled government wagon, I mounted the high seat with a mule driver well versed in all up-to-date vocabularies of profanity for the final stage of my journey from Tung-Chow, the nearest port on the Pei-ho River, to Pekin.

PEKIN.

About mid-afternoon, after thirteen miles of dislocating jolts, and weary with hearing the driver's lurid swear-words, we reach the famous capital of the Chinese Empire October 9, 1900. And now that we have arrived, at what gate shall we enter? This same question confronted the Allies, and some entered at one gate and some at another.

That we may get our bearings from the very beginning, let us turn to Map No. 8, a plan of Pekin. The vast wall which encompasses the city is in the general form of a quadrangle, corresponding with the four cardinal points of the compass, the greater length lying exactly north and south. A transverse wall cuts off the southern third of the quadrangle, and within this is the strictly Chinese section of Pekin, the Chinese City. The northern two-thirds is what is known as the Tartar City. The central position of this latter area walled off by itself is the Imperial City, and yet within this is the walled Forbidden City. A small outline plan of these several city areas is given on the upper left-hand side of the main map. This small plan also shows the besieged district. The wall of Pekin extends about five and one-half miles from north to south, and three and one-half miles from east to west.

Coming from Tien-tsin we have approached the wall on

the east side near the junction of the Tartar and Chinese cities. At this place the Tung-pien-men or Tung-pien Gate opens into the Chinese City. It was at this gate the American forces entered. We enter here also and pass along within the Chinese City, close to the wall separating it from the Tartar City, until we reach the Ha-ta-men, or Ha-ta Gate, for our first view of the Chinese Capital. Note the two red lines which start from this gate and branch toward the left or west, each having the number 69 at its end outside the wall. We are to stand now on the wall, at the point from which these lines start and look west over that part of the city lying between them.

69. West from Ha-ta-men (gate) along Huge Ancient Wall between Tartar and Chinese Pekin—Scene of a Desperate Charge during Siege.

We are in Pekin. Here is the great wall stretching away before us toward the west, the wall which separates the Tartar from the Chinese City. The latter lies on our left or south, the former lies on our right or to the north. The center of the Legation, or besieged district, lies about a half mile in front of us on the right side of the wall. We entered at a gate one mile in our rear and followed along the left-hand side of this wall, passed through the gate beneath us and ascended by a causeway on the right side to the top of the wall, and then by a flight of steps to a floor in the wooden tower about thirty feet above the wall, on which we now stand. You can see a canal or moat running parallel with the wall on our left, but it seldom

contains water. Notice particularly the gigantic proportions of this wall, much greater than those of the Great Wall of China, which are only about twenty-five feet in height and from fifteen to twenty feet in thickness, while this wall of the Tartar City is forty feet in height, fifty feet in thickness at the base and thirty-six feet at the top. Note, too, the massive buttresses flanking the wall to a thickness of sixty feet at intervals of a hundred yards; it is paved on top with large gray brick and surmounted by crenelated parapets, but shrubbery and weeds cover this pavement in many places. On the top of those flanking towers are scattered unmounted, ancient Chinese cannon, such as you may see illustrated in Webster's Pictorial Dictionary under Chinese cannon; others of a later period, but yet ancient, and mounted on rude wheels, are found in the tower on which we stand.

Keep clearly in mind the location of the gate a mile behind us where we passed within the wall, the same at which the American troops entered. The English force came in on the same side at a gate three-fourths of a mile southward, and followed a principal thoroughfare in the Chinese City, running parallel to this wall, until they reached another thoroughfare running at right angles to the street already mentioned and passing through this wall at a point half-way between us and the gate which we can see far away on the horizon. Yonder gate in the distance is a very important one both in connection with the Boxer war and in reference to its important central location between the Chinese and Tartar cities. It is the

Chien Gate found on the map as the center gate of this wall. Later we shall stand upon the ruins of its tower, on the very spot where the brave Reilly fell while in command of his famous battery. The Americans passed through that gate on their way to the Legations, after passing along that open space by the dry canal on the left of the wall. At certain points a troublesome fire was directed upon them from the top of the wall; but not from the portion of the wall some distance in front of us, as that part was captured by a daring sortie from the hemmed-in Legations. To the right of this wall, not two hundred yards away, is a parallel street; it is called Legation Street; and on or near that street the Legations are located. You may know, therefore, how this wall overlooks and commands the Legations, which you will understand better when we advance to a point abreast of them. The gate over which we stand and the one in the distance are a mile apart. Three miles away you can see the faint outlines of the Umbrella Pagoda, and beyond you can dimly descry the western hills, thirteen miles away. The Summer Palace of the Empress is located on the slopes of those same hills, which we may visit later.

We are looking upon historic ground; every prospect bears a record of thirty centuries of human life and activity, and events of the past year have added another chapter. Some of the most thrilling events of this latest chapter transpired on this wall between these two gates. The English and American Legations are to the right of a point midway between them. You see a partial barricade

of brick just before us, and beyond the small building; you see another at the second small building, and further on you see others extending half way across the top of the wall; still further on there is one extending quite across; that is nearly abreast of the English Legation. That point of the wall, for some unaccountable reason, the Chinese never occupied; they had approached it from both gates, fighting and holding their ground with great tenacity until only a short distance was unoccupied.

This gate, over which we are standing, was occupied all through the siege by the Chinese, and from here the Legations were badly harassed by cannon fire. Between this gate and the Chien Gate the American soldiers were on guard and were so worn with constant watching that Captain Meyers thought the wall must be abandoned. Minister Conger thought to abandon the wall would only mean death to all the Legations, as the Chinese could occupy such an advantageous position and shoot directly into the foreign lines. As a last resort a midnight charge was decided upon, hoping thereby to rid the wall further west of the Chinese and give more space for the Americans. The gallant Captain Meyers, with a force of fifty-five men, consisting of American, English and Russian marines, were to make the charge. It was a desperate undertaking for fifty-five men to attack unknown hundreds, perhaps thousands, in front of them. But it was well and bravely done. The wall was gained, fifty Chinese were killed. Captain Meyers was severely wounded, but he finally recovered.

This well-planned and bravely executed sortie at this moment was justly considered the salvation of the beleaguered inmates of the British Legation; for if the enemy had succeeded in planting their guns on the wall between these two gates the raking fire at close range would inevitably have destroyed all in a brief space of time.

A branch canal from that dry one on our left leads north beneath the wall at the point I have just mentioned in line with the British Legation. The opening beneath the wall, called the Water Gate, was barricaded; but it was through this that the first of the relief force reached the Legation. A missionary lady in the Legation told me that the first men she saw were a Sikh soldier and an English officer who had crawled through the Water Gate beneath the wall. The first greetings were: "I am so glad to see you!" and the reply, "I suppose you are!"—about as brief and expressive as Cæsar's famous speech, "*Veni, vidi, vici.*"

Before we stroll along the top of this wall to a place where you can see the barricades and the Legations, I must ask you to face directly towards the north from the top of the wall, below the tower in which we are now standing.

Turn to the map of Pekin and find the two red lines which start slightly east of the Ha-ta Gate and branch to the north wall of the city. The number 70 in a circle is connected with their starting point and is also found without a circle at the end of each line. We are to look over

that considerable portion of the Tartar City which lies between those lines.

70. North from Ha-ta-men (gate) over Scene of the German Minister, Baron Ketteler's, Murder, now called Von Ketteler Street, Pekin.

Looking out over this scene you will obtain a better idea of the appearance of Pekin than chapters of description could give; the buildings scarcely need description; you see them very distinctly. This street, however, is slightly Europeanized by being macadamized for a short distance, owing, I presume, to its proximity to Legation Street, which is the first street leading west down on our left. A narrow surface drain extends along the street for a short distance, as you see; this is also an innovation we will attribute to the Europeans; no normal Chinaman of to-day could ever comprehend the advantages of a sewer. Nowhere else in Pekin can a piece of paved street or a single yard of sewerage be found, barring Legation Street, which is altogether European.

This northern part of Pekin was built by the Mongol conquerors about eight hundred years ago. Kublai Khan thought bad luck was attached to the old city to the south, so he had that city destroyed and built this northern city, giving it wide streets, as the Mongols were used to plenty of air on the prairies to the north. He also built the northern city much larger than at present. Under most of the streets in those days fine stone sewers were made, but they have been filled up with débris by the Chinamen

of later times. Pekin could easily be made into a beautiful city. Splendid springs of clear cold water burst from the mountain-side ten miles to the north, and old Kublai Khan had aqueducts made to bring the water into the city. These also have fallen into disuse. The Manchu, or reigning dynasty, are Tartars. Said one European resident of Pekin: "The Manchus are lazy and growing lazier every year. If the recent troubles in China should eventuate in driving the Manchus back to their native home in Manchuria, no one would mourn."

This street before us has been rendered famous by the murder of the German Minister, Baron von Ketteler, whose name it now bears, being formerly called Ha-ta-men Street. The German Legation is near the other Legations, about a half mile to the left from where you see its termination on Von Ketteler Street below us. Along that side street came the German Minister on June 20, accompanied by his Secretary, and turned north on the street stretching away in front of us. Soon he was to be followed by the Ministers of the other Legations, on the way to the Tsung-li Yamên or Foreign Office. The Minister and his Secretary were in their official chairs and had reached a point in the distance near where you see what seems to be a dark arch across the way. A narrow street extending from Von Ketteler Street toward the east at that point leads to the Tsung-li Yamên, as the map shows. On that street the Minister was attacked in his chair and killed.

The story of the murder of Baron von Ketteler and the wounding of his Secretary are too well known to need

repetition. The wounded Secretary made his way to the American Mission, which lies to the west of the place of attack and in the vicinity of that small white tower which rises from among those trees quite beyond the larger building with the white roof; that is another way back to the Legations.

While we are looking along this important thoroughfare, allow me to locate certain places, some of which we may hereafter visit. Should we follow one of the first side streets leading to our right one mile we would reach the east wall of the Tartar City, at a point where the famous Observatory is located and which we will show you later; and near it is situated the Examination Hall. A short distance beyond the Tsung-li Yamên is the headquarters of the Inspector General of Customs, Sir Robert Hart. At the extreme end of this street and outside the wall is a great temple called Ti-tan, or Altar of Earth. It is over three miles distant and we can see it looming up in the horizon. At the farther end of this street, slightly to the right, we shall visit later the great Lama Temple. Those two temples stand near the northern limit of the Tartar City; but there are remains of an ancient wall two miles beyond that, which was the northern limit of the capital of the Mongol Dynasty. Observe the level character of the site of this great city, how great the distances and how the whole area is interspersed with trees. In many parts of both the Tartar and the Chinese City there are large tracts quite vacant. It is verily a city of great walls and great distances, and, I might add, of great filth

and great cowards. In the dry season the main streets are ankle deep with fine dust, and when carts or caravans pass along, it rises and floats in great clouds, covering everything and infiltrating everywhere. Observe, also, how the side of the street is lined with booths, where all kinds of wares are sold. After the city was occupied by the Allies, the last two miles of this great street was one of the greatest loot-marts in the city; mats and cloths were spread out on the sides of the street and articles for sale were laid thereon, and in that way the place became a wilderness of all sorts of things, and the haunt of curio hunters.

We shall now turn away from this view northward along Von Ketteler Street and proceed along the top of the wall westward to a point nearly opposite the British Legation.

Our position and field of vision is given on the map of Pekin by the two red lines which start from near the Water Gate in the wall between the Tartar and Chinese Cities, half a mile west of our previous positions, and extend to the north wall of the city. The number 71 is given at the beginning and at the ends of these lines.

71. *British Legation, Scene of Heroic Fortitude during the Terrible Siege,—from Barricaded City Wall—Pekin.*

We are again looking northward from the top of the wall, and that large two-story building beyond the bridge is the most prominent building of the British Legation. It is surrounded by many one-story buildings, which do

not show distinctly behind walls and surrounding trees. A wall incloses the compound on every side. That was the center of the besieged district. Probably never in history was the interest and anxiety of the entire civilized world so centered on one small spot as on that British Legation during the months of June and July of 1900. For sixty days four thousand human beings were penned within those narrow quarters, and not only living on limited food supplies, but under an incessant hail of cannon and rifle fire. Since this place before us is so full of history, episode and thrilling association, let us make a careful inspection of it from our commanding outlook. First note the fatal stupidity of the enemy in not gaining this position, from which, with the modern artillery in their possession, they could have swept the Legation with a plunging fire and annihilated the four thousand inmates in a few hours. I pointed out to you the eastern end of Legation Street from our last position; here again you may see it where it passes over that low arched bridge between us and the British Legation. The French and German Legations are a short distance toward the right from that bridge; the Russian and American are to the left. A canal at this time dry, passes beneath that bridge past the English Legation and on toward another bridge in the distance. It was on the second bridge that Professor James was killed as he was returning from doing what he could to find a place for the suffering native Christians. I have already mentioned that canal as issuing from the canal on the south side of the wall and passing beneath

through a small barricaded opening known as the Water Gate, at which the English first entered. That now historic gate is almost below us, a little to the left, as you may see, by the course of the so-called canal. The main entrance to the English Legation is toward the canal at the beginning of the row of trees. Out of that entrance beneath those trees rushed the long-imprisoned, the long-besieged Ministers and missionaries to welcome their deliverers. Try to imagine the emotions of those people as they saw the brave American and English boys, covered with the grime and dust of a ten days' march in the hot sun, reach Legation Street at the bridge and turn toward them. Sixty days in hourly expectation of massacre, and now the space between them and the bridge filling up with serried lines of guns which means deliverance. Could there have been present some sort of a *cardioscope,* if I may coin a word, to register heart-beats and emotions, what a picture we would have had! Think of four thousand choking utterances of the greeting aforementioned: "I'm so glad to see you!" But we must be satisfied to merely look upon the place.

We have heard of the sinking and explosion of mines during the siege of the Legation; so I must point out the locality where they were sunk. The second bridge marks a street running parallel with Legation Street; following that street a short distance to the left to a point about in line with the conical hill in the distance, you will reach the entrance to the Imperial stables on this side of the street, and not a great distance from the rear portions of the

Legation Compound. There shafts were sunk and a tunnel was under construction toward the Legation; with a little longer delay in the relief it would have been under the Legation, with such results as one may conceive. Give your attention next to that area of ground lying beyond the British Legation and extending to the street in the distance; it seems to be now mostly covered with trees because the important buildings standing there before the outbreak have been razed to the ground. It is the site of the famous Hanlin Yuen College, the great national school of the Empire in which all Chinese learning and literature were centered. The Classics of Confucius inscribed on tablets of marble were treasured there; these are gone; the twenty thousand volumes of precious literature are gone; and this venerable institution, founded a thousand years before the Christian era an *alma mater* from periods immemorial, is a heap of ruins below the level of those trees. The loss of thousands of volumes of ancient records recalls the destruction of the Alexandrian Library as an irreparable loss; not so many precious books, perhaps, yet the Hanlin College antedated the Alexandrian Library by nearly seven hundred years; but what do Boxers care for colleges or precious tomes of ancient literature!

I have already mentioned that sharp hill in the distance. We must give special attention to that place; it is historic; by its prominence it is a landmark in Pekin; in a little while we shall stand upon its summit and overlook the Sacred City. We shall see it from other standpoints, and so it will serve as a guide to us in the matter of position

and direction over the wide-spread city. It is said to be artificial and to consist of coal, which can be used in case of siege; this is tradition, however, which is often no more than the gossip of history. The Chinese call it Mei-shan, which signifies Coal-hill. History relates the tragic death of Tsung Cheng, the last emperor of the Ming dynasty, who hanged himself on that hill when the victorious hordes of the Manchus entered the capital. Between us and Coal Hill I think you can discern the outline of the wall of the Imperial City. You can see this wall plainly at the farther end of this street. The Sacred or Forbidden City, surrounded also by a heavy wall in the form of a quadrangle, lies directly south of Coal Hill. During the siege the Chinese erected an emplacement on the wall of the Forbidden City at the end of this street on which was planted a cannon which gave the Legations the most trouble. It was not until the famous "Aunt Betsey" was found and put to use by an ingenious American that its fire could be stopped.

I should mention while we have this Legation before us that the artillery mounted on the wall of the Forbidden City was not the only artillery brought to bear on the inmates; guns were also mounted on the east wall off to our right, and toward the west near the Chien Gate.

Now look toward those trees, opposite the Legation, across the canal. Among those trees was the beautiful home of a Chinese prince who had always been friendly with the Europeans, and when the trying ordeal came he proved a prince indeed, turning over to the Legations the

use of his home for the native Christian refugees, and delivering up for their use all foodstuffs in his possession. I had the pleasure of meeting and making the picture of this noble Chinaman while at the London Mission. I believe, however, he is prince by royal appointment and not by birth. He is a man of fine appearance, as princely in manner as he has proved himself generous at heart, and is known as Prince Su.

The Chinaman near us is a native Christian whose whole family was killed by the Boxers. He so despaired of his own life that he gave up hope, and once tried to commit suicide. He has only one eye, and is afraid perhaps he will lose that if he looked into a foreign camera.

This barricade was built by the Legation guards after driving back the Chinese by the concerted night sortie. This was the easterly barricade occupied by the American soldiers, who could, on the one hand, keep in check the Chinese at the Ha-ta Gate to our right, and on the other control somewhat the canal in front and assist in case the enemy tried to cross it.

Barricades such as these were thrown up at frequent intervals along the top of the wall in the rear of the Legations, as we have seen. The material was taken from the wall and shows you the kind and size of bricks of which it is built. I will now try to familiarize you with the aspect of Legation Street by asking you to go down to the left end of that bridge and mount to the roof of a small building and look to the right or eastward.

On the map we find our position and the direction in

which we are to look by the two red lines which start on Legation Street, a short distance above the Water Gate, and extend toward the east. The left-hand line stops at Von Ketteler Street, the right-hand line reaches the map margin, and each has the number *72* at its end.

72. One of the Typical "Freight Trains" of China—looking East on Legation Street at a Caravan from Tien-tsin—Pekin.

It is three-fourths of a mile to the eastern end of this street on Ha-ta-men or Von Ketteler Street, heretofore pointed out to you. On the right-hand side of the street, one-eighth of a mile distant, we can see a portion of the German Legation building from which the German Minister departed on his fatal mission on June 20. To the left, the building next to that tree, with a flag-pole above it, is the entrance of the Spanish Legation, where I will escort you later to see the Foreign Ministers leaving the Legation after an important sitting. One-fourth of a mile from where we stand, on the left-hand side of the street, is the French Legation, which we shall visit next. Behind us, one-eighth of a mile, is the American Legation on the same side of the street on which we stand. Opposite to it is the Russian Legation. And surely you have not forgotten the location of the British Legation behind us and to our left by the canal. When we again ascend the wall we shall look over the American Legation.

The camel train is a typical scene in the streets of Pekin. Carts are used to some extent for transportation,

but for long distances the patient, loping camel is the chief burden-bearer. In our own country we see freight trains of sometimes well-nigh a hundred cars. In northern China we may see a caravan of a hundred camels. They come from points south and from the interior carrying produce; for you may be reminded that agricultural production is quite limited in the vicinity of Pekin. It is too far north. We find here the beginning of that barrenness which reaches its culmination in the sandy deserts of Mongolia. How these meek and uncomplaining transportation drudges must rejoice in the prospective completion of the Siberian Railway with its branch to Pekin! For ages caravans like this have been threading their way over mountains and burning sands for two thousand miles between Siberia and the Chinese Capital. We do not see the farther end of the caravan before us; it may be a mile back.

You can see the barricade of brick thrown up on the wall of the bridge; this defensive preparation evidently anticipated the occupation of the wall facing this by the enemy. We do not here see many traces of shots on the walls of the buildings; this is owing to the circumstance that we are here in the line between fires from opposite directions. The attacks were chiefly from the east and from the west—from the Ha-ta Gate and beyond it to the east, and from the direction of the Chien Gate and the west and northwest. Should we go back to the American Legation we would see the west sides of the building riddled with bullets; and should we go eastward till we

reached the east sides of the French and German Legations we would find the same condition. We shall go where we can see each of these Legations in a few minutes. But first let us glance at those figures nearest us in the caravan. You can see some French soldiers in the distance, and a couple of American soldiers to our right on the bridge, and the familiar looking telegraph poles and wires which a stranger might be surprised to find in Pekin.

Let us now go forward along this Legation Street just one-fourth of a mile to the French Legation, then turn around and look back in this direction. On the map, about half way between our present position and Von Ketteler Street, find two short red lines, connected with the number 73, which branch off toward the left or west.

73. Reminders of the Terrible Eight Weeks' Siege —Ruins of the French Legation on Legation Street, Pekin.

We are now looking west toward the bridge at which we stood to see the camel train. Ruins of the French Legation are nearest us on our right, and this shows us the woeful destruction of the more exposed quarters of the foreigners. Here the fire was as hot as anywhere. This corner was blown up by a mine, burying two Frenchmen and many Chinese. A cannon ball came through the wall of this Legation and carried off the head of Mr. Wagener, a gentleman in the customs service. On the paved street to our left a young Russian was killed; he had been drinking heavily and did not know the direc-

tion he was going. Just beyond the head of that ragged woman near us you can see a narrow depression in the road. That is the remnant of the trench dug by the Chinese across the road, and marks the place of their nearest barricade.

The destruction wrought by fire and shells has been largely obliterated; the débris has been removed. The street itself is restored almost to its original appearance. Of course some telegraph poles have hardly been brought back to the perpendicular; and some portions of the barricades remain. The lions before the door of the Legation seem to have been imbued with the alleged Boxer impenetrability, for there they stand, at least one of them, unscarred and as rampant as ever. These pitted walls tell of the risks and difficulties and the impossibility of a longer tenure of these buildings; notice also the scarred remnant of that tree by the telegraph post. The marks even show the direction of the bullets as coming directly from the locality of the Ha-ta Gate; and now we can understand why we saw no traces of bullets on walls facing the west, from our last position. We see only the entrance to the Legation; the buildings belonging to all the Legations are Chinese, and they are always back in the compound a short distance from the gate. As usual everything is inclosed in walls, and, as heretofore stated, the Chinese are a nation of wall-builders. Notice how the Legations have improved this street; it is macadamized and sewered and lined with lamp posts, although I see none here. This is the way to the Tsung-li Yamên; this

is the street along which all the Ministers are carried in their official chairs to the Chinese Foreign Office.

There is a ragged and miserable looking beggar woman before us. I told my porter, who stands there by the telegraph pole, to ask this poor woman to stand a moment till I made a picture of the street; her poverty was greater than her prejudice against the photographic thing of evil, and she stood and earned her alms.

The great south wall of the Tartar City, upon which we have stood several times, is only a short distance to our left. We must ascend it again and pass along its top toward the west and past the place from which we looked down to the British Legation, to a point in the rear of the American Legation. On the map our position and field of vision is given more definitely by the two red lines which start at the wall just west of the Water Gate and reach beyond the northern city wall. The number 74 is found near the starting point of these lines and at their ends.

74. The Bullet-scarred American Legation from Barricaded City Wall—Forbidden City and Coal Hill in Distance—Pekin.

There are some things in this part of the city which you will not, I am sure, fail to recognize; you see far away that land-mark previously mentioned, that Coal Hill on which the last of the Mings hanged himself, and which has become famous in tradition and in history. And you will verily not fail to recognize that ever-endeared em-

blem of liberty and of our country which floats out there over those trees and over China. Even the slow natives soon learned to know the import of the Stars and Stripes. To carry or display a flag was a claim to the protection of the nation to which the flag belonged. The American flag was in great demand; everything in the way of an American flag was bought or secured in some way, and when the supply was exhausted the Chinese mothers and daughters ransacked their homes for bits of red, of white and of blue which they speedily sewed into a funny semblance of the American flag. They had soon learned that the Americans treated them with more consideration and fair play than some other of the nations; and that the Stars and Stripes meant, even to them, liberty and protection.

The flag is over the entrance of the American Legation, on Legation Street. The large two-story structure is the main building. Dr. Lippert received a terrible wound standing by the side of that house. It is surrounded by low one-story buildings occupied by attachés of the Legation. First Secretary Squiers has quarters just beyond the trees to the right of the main building. Mr. Bainbridge, the Second Secretary, and Mrs. Bainbridge, occupied rooms on the second floor of the main building. A shell burst in those apartments. All the members of the Legation were finally obliged to seek shelter in the British Compound. You can readily see the exposed position of this Legation. It is scarcely more than a stone's-throw from the wall. How unaccountable that the Chinese did not at once gain this advantageous position! They un-

doubtedly thought that all those low buildings were filled with legation guards, and they are evidently not fond of taking great risks. The walls of the rooms of the Second Secretary on the west side of the building were pitted all over with rifle bullets. Some of the Chinese arsenals were stored with vast quantities of excellent bows and arrows. These could almost have been used effectively at this short range. In line with the Legation we can discern superstructures connected with the large gate which is the entrance to the Sacred City on the south. The gate at the left with the small flanking towers on either side is the main entrance. It is on a line southward from Coal Hill to the Chien Gate.

All these nearer Chinese houses are to be removed for the new Legations. Observe again how the guards have thrown up temporary defenses; this continues for a great distance, and the replacing of these bricks and the general restoration of this wall will involve much labor for the Pekinese brick-layer. The irregular nature of this barricade was necessary because the men were fired at from all directions. You also meet again my unfortunate one-eyed native, correctly typifying the national life—meek, phlegmatic and immobile.

We have still an inadequate idea of the destruction wrought in the vicinity of the Legations by the Boxers. If we now go to the Chien Gate, to our left, and look toward the northeast over the territory lying to the west and north of the American Legation, we shall realize more fully the havoc done during the siege. On the map of

Pekin find the Chien Gate, directly south of the Forbidden City. We are to see the section lying between the two red lines which branch toward the northeast, each having the number 75 at its end on the map margin.

75. Ruins Around the Legations Burned by Chinese, from Chien-men (gate) where Captain Reilly was Killed—Pekin.

When we stood on the Ha-ta Gate for our first view in Pekin, we looked westward along the wall to the Chien Gate, which we could see in the distance, about a mile away. I told you then that later we would visit the latter and stand on the place where Captain Reilly fell. Now we are on that spot, as nearly as I could have it located, and looking a little north of east and toward the British Legation, which we can see in the middle distance to the right of that tall pole.

The Boxers and Imperial troops in the vicinity of this gate, after repeated attempts on the united Legations, thought to facilitate further attacks by burning the intervening portion of the city. The fire did its work, as you see; but the troops failed in theirs. I was told by good authorities that this burned district, destroyed ruthlessly and uselessly, represented, at a low estimate, five million dollars' worth of property. Here were the Ginseng shops, which drug the Chinese prize so highly. The fire that swept this district also swept away the Methodist Mission and the Austrian, Belgian, Netherland and French Legations. The day after the foreign armies entered the city

the guns of Captain Reilly's battery were mounted on this gate and trained on the gates of the Imperial City, which lie north of us to our left; after the gates had been demolished and the way cleared for the entry of the troops, and at the moment of victory the gallant leader, standing where we now stand, was instantly killed by a rifle bullet.

This gate is one of the largest and one of the most imposing and important in Pekin; the entire upper structure is burned and is now only a mass of ruins.

A great thoroughfare lies beneath us. Toward our left or the north it leads through lofty gateways into the Imperial City and thence into the Palace, which embraces a large area surrounded by massive walls; southward or to our right it leads across the southern or Chinese portion of the city. We are to turn southward for a half mile and visit this central highway.

76. Busy Markets in Chinese (Southern) Pekin—On Kaiser or Chien-men Street, between South Gate and Chien-men (gate), Pekin.

We looked down into Von Ketteler Street from the Ha-ta Gate (Stereograph No. 70); now we are in Chien-men Street, or, as the Germans call it, Kaiser Street, and there are other places with Teutonic cognomens, until it almost looks as though Germany was going to extort a namesake indemnity from poor "John."

This street extends from the extreme southern gate of the Chinese City to the gate of the Imperial City. We are looking northeast again. (On the map see the red lines

connected with number 76, south of the Chien Gate.) The scene before us is typical of this busy street. It is all trade and no recreation; there are stands for the sale of all sorts of queer comestibles quite beyond the comprehension of Western cooks. It seems to be an out-door restaurant along the entire street; there are buckets, tubs, pots and pans, baskets containing rice, vessels containing fruit which I recognize to be a fine large species of the persimmon. I see bakers and what appears to be flour on some tables; if flour it is rice flour, which is in general use for many purposes. The people here all appear dirty and ragged, and so they are; they are all of the lower class—the unwashed and unkempt horde. You may notice they are clad in warm garments, in quilted coats, and all wearing shoes and stockings. Winter is coming on; it is November and the winds are sharp and a thin ice coats the pools. The climate in Pekin corresponds with that of New York. Out there in the street is the ever-present wheelbarrow. On the other side of the street are crowds lingering by stands of haberdashery, and, indeed, stands for the sale of all conceivable commodities from junk to jade and other gems. We see some pieces of matting not yet unrolled; this will be spread out in the sand and dust, and articles for sale placed upon it. The opposite side of this street, like Von Ketteler Street, to which I have already referred, has been a mart for the sale of loot. It is seldom that one does not see something inviting where eatables are for sale, but in China never, barring, possibly, natural fruits. Here we fail to see such things

as desiccated rats and boiled bugs; but if they are not here they are elsewhere for sale in the Empire; for I have bought the former in the markets of Canton and eaten the latter in the same place, although only in a tentative sort of a way.

There is a disappointing similarity in the appearance of the people in all parts of China; they are said to be much larger and stronger in the north, and I presume they are in the average; but the difference is not very marked. In the groups we have seen in the south and in the north I scarcely think you have noticed a great difference; probably you will say that they seem darker in complexion among the lower classes in the north, and I think they are.

Only a few miles behind us is a branch of the Young Men's Christian Association. No more commendable example of applied Christianity could be found. On the map see the two red lines connected with the number 77, in the center of the Chinese City.

77. Y. M. C. A. Rooms for Soldiers of the Allied Armies—formerly a Notorious Dive—on the Busiest Street of Pekin.

What a difference in the meaning of that sign to these thronging Orientals and to the soldiers passing up and down this street!

The beginning of the Spanish-American war aroused new interest in the American army and navy and recalled to the public mind the fact that while ample provision was made by the government for clothing, feeding and arming

the American soldier and sailor, it could not provide through strictly military channels those mental, moral and social influences required for the best development of young manhood. Beginning three days after the first call for volunteers in 1898 down to the present, the one agency that has most diligently and systematically endeavored to supply these needs of the soldier and sailor has been the Young Men's Christian Association. In southern camps, under the sunny skies of Cuba, Porto Rico and the Philippines, or in frozen Alaska, the men in blue have found the Association anticipating their needs, and with well-equipped places of resort bountifully supplied with games, books, magazines, writing paper and other comforts, has made it possible for the soldier and sailor to keep in touch with civil life and remain good men as well as good fighters.

The Association's enterprise was shown by one of the secretaries representing the International Committee in New York, pushing to the front with one of the columns which relieved the besieged legations here at Pekin. About the same time another secretary was detached from the force in the Philippine Islands, where a large work had been conducted since the American occupation and sent to organize the movement in China wherever American troops should be called. At Tien-tsin, Tongku and various less important stations this was done, the activity culminating in securing the building before us which had been a notorious gambling and opium den until closed by military authority. As soon as permission for its use was

secured it was made the headquarters for a line of similar buildings in various parts of this city, differing from the others only in the fact that it was located so as to be accessible to the allied armies. Situated as it is in this Chinese City at the junction of the American, German and British camps, it was naturally more used by the troops of these armies than by the troops of other nations, but all were found in the building, and when games were unfamiliar or books and papers were found to be printed in an unknown tongue, or lectures, sermons and songs were unintelligible, the Sikh, Japanese, French or Italian could pen a message home on paper that bore the Association imprint and meet in fellowship in the lunch and coffee rooms which were powerful in restraining men from patronizing the dens of infamy with which every Oriental city is so well supplied.

Here again we have before us a typical crowd in this important Chien-men (great street). While the buildings are used for stores, still the most active merchandizing is carried on in the open air. Something much trafficked in here is Chinese coal, a mixture of coal dust and clay, and is sold in baskets. Shoes and other articles of clothing are bought and sold alongside the open air restaurants, where such toothsome dishes as grasshoppers, dog flesh and vegetable mixtures are served to the fastidious but hungry wayfarer who wishes to have some change from rice and tea diet.

Off to our right, or to the northeast, is the gate through which the American army entered the city. South of us

lie the Temples of Heaven and Agriculture, which were the headquarters of the British and American forces during the winter of 1900 and 1901. Only a short distance west of us is the place of public execution, where two of the Boxer princes were executed among the other criminals during the occupancy of the Allies.

Now that we have seen Chien-men Street in the Chinese City and know how it appears, how low and mean-looking the buildings are, how ragged and miserable the common street sellers are, we shall follow this same street directly north to the Chien Gate again, thence we shall pass eastward a short distance along Legation Street, thence northward outside the wall of the Imperial City about half its length, until we reach a breach in the wall made by the Allies to facilitate transportation. This we enter and thereby conveniently gain access to Coal Hill, which we have already seen several times at a distance. It is about one hundred and fifty feet high, and from its summit we are to obtain fine prospects of the more important parts of the city.

We find the location of Coal Hill on the map practically in the center of the area inclosed by the Tartar City wall. It is also near the center of the Imperial City area, and just north of the Forbidden City. Trace out the two red lines which run north from Coal Hill, each having the number 78 at its end outside the plan of the Tartar City. Our next field of vision will be the territory between those lines.

78. Mei-shan (Coal Hill) within the Imperial City, north to Drum and Bell Towers—Ancestral Temples in Foreground, Pekin.

Coal Hill is the most elevated point in Pekin; it affords the best panoramic outlook. We are looking toward the north. Here again you learn that the general aspect changes little; the city spreads away over the same level plain; the street in the distance is broad; the houses are low and somewhat scattered, and the whole field of view is thickly interspersed with trees. The area of the city is not densely populated, as at Canton and many other cities in China; in the Chinese portion there are large areas almost without buildings except a few temples. The slopes of Coal Hill are quite heavily wooded; the higher points contain pavilions or summer-houses, and at the time of our visit the largest of these on the highest point was occupied by French soldiers. There are not many objects of special interest in this northern section of the city. Directly north, a little over a mile distant, you see what appears to be a huge gate rising from the street to a great height. It is known as the Drum-tower, because it contains a colossal drum which is beaten in times of alarm, and is also used to signalize the night watches. Two hundred yards beyond the Drum-tower is another somewhat similar structure called the Bell-tower, because it contains one of five great bells cast by Emperor Yung Lo in the early part of the fifteeenth century. These bells are said to weigh sixty tons each. The Chinaman's fondness for big things is not confined to great walls; he takes to big

drums and big bells, and sometimes to very big "josses," in material concerns; but, worse than that, I fear he does not always scruple on big diplomatic fibs, nor is his commercial code always free from big "squeezes"; yet in this respect what nation shall "cast the first stone"? The northern wall of the Imperial City lies one-half mile north of us, but it can scarcely be identified among the trees. The Mei-shan, or Coal Hill, on which we stand is also surrounded by a wall which we see among the trees at the foot of the hill. We may see among the trees an ornamental gateway, and near it a passage through the wall leading to those rather pretentious structures beyond. That large building with its several adjuncts is an ancestral hall. You have not forgotten the beautiful memorial hall of the Chun-Ka-Chie family at Canton. This is another of those sacred ancestral shrines, where family records are kept and where memorial tablets are erected, as was explained to you when we stood before the one at Canton. There are many beautiful architectural features to this family temple; there are richly carved marble rails and large figures of animals and birds in bronze. Says Du Bose, speaking of these ancestral halls: "Here sacrifices are made, incense is burned and prayers are offered. The following is the prayer of an emperor of the Ming dynasty to his ancestors:

"'I think of you, my sovereign ancestors, whose glorious souls are in heaven. As from an overflowing fountain run the happy streams, such is the connection between you and your descendants. I, a distant descendant, hav-

ing received the appointment from heaven, look back and offer this bright sacrifice to you, the honored ones from age to age, for hundreds and thousands and myriads of years. Now ye front us, O spirits, and now ye pass by us, ascending and descending unrestricted by conditions of space. Your souls are in heaven; your tablets are in that department. For myriads of years will your descendants think of you with filial thoughts unwearied.' "

Behind us lies the Palace, and for our last panorama of Pekin let us look over the urban " Holy of Holies," or the Palace area. Turn again to the map and trace the two red lines which bound our field of vision, starting from Coal Hill and extending over the Forbidden City and the Chinese City. The number 79 is given at the beginning and ends of these lines.

79. Looking South over the Palaces of the Forbidden City, from Mei-shan (Coal Hill), Pekin.

The Shrines of Mecca are not kept more fanatically exclusive toward " Christian dogs " than is this Forbidden City at our feet toward all the world save the Imperial coterie.

In all Oriental countries, the policing of cities is very imperfectly done, hence the people learn to shut themselves in and the streets are very uninteresting. Until about one hundred and fifty years ago the Forbidden City was not entirely closed to visitors. Then a wretch took advantage of his privileges and tried to assassinate the Emperor. From that day to this, not only this city, but all

imperial places are closed to spectators. The Chinaman is naturally generous and sociable. It is his environment and lack of governing ability which has resulted in his present spirit of exclusiveness. The Great Wall was built to keep out nomadic horsemen who troubled their borders. Walls of cities were built, as they say, to make thieving less easy and the capture of thieves more easy. Walls are built in front of public offices and homes to keep out evil spirits rather than to prevent people from looking in. The Chinaman is more afraid of wandering ghosts than any man alive. Spirits, to him, are everywhere present and must be kept out if possible. Doubtless if we knew the reason for the erection of many buildings in the "Sacred Enclosure" it could be traced to superstition.

Let us gaze for a little on this debarred city which the highest foreign dignitaries have not been permitted to enter for centuries. The entire palace enclosure is surrounded by a massive wall faced with tile glazed with imperial yellow. The wall is flanked by a broad moat, which is also walled with solid masonry. Three streets extend across the grounds; three halls, in line north and south, embrace the main buildings; three and nine are sacred numbers; therefore you must expect everything in threes or nines. Before each of the three principal halls are threefold gates. The gate in the wall around the hill on which we stand is triple; the large gateway before you, which is the northern gateway of the Palace, is also triple. Seven is the Jewish lucky number, but the Chinese fates (feng-shui) know no numbers but three and the

multiples thereof. It is their numerical sacred trinity. This vast space appropriated to private palaces for the Emperor and the Empress contains a lake, gardens and pavilions; it has a fine temple dedicated to the Imperial ancestors. We see countless adjunct structures in all parts of the ground. It would be impossible to learn all the different uses to which they are put. Many are occupied by eunuchs, of whom there are about two thousand in the palace inclosure. There are concubines, I suppose, and guards and bannerman, and servants of many kinds, and court flunkies innumerable, all requiring quarters within the grounds.

One of the great mistakes made by this dynasty was in subsidizing all the soldiers who helped establish the throne two hundred and fifty years ago, as well as their descendants. Hence these Manchus expect to be carried on the shoulders of the Emperor, and when their stipends grow small, as naturally they must in the course of time, they make up the deficiency by stealing public funds. There is no court in the world where there are so many loafers and useless flunkies who still have a sort of right to be there. The Empress Dowager is the keenest monarch who has governed China for many years, but even she dares not weed out the worthless trash in the palace.

Up to the present time the public has not been admitted even to the ground on which we stand. Friends who had previously visited Pekin advised me to endeavor to gain the top of this hill by stealth, as the only way of obtaining a panoramic view of the Forbidden City; but

stealth is uncalled for when European troops cook their rations in the pavilion we occupy. It is another circumstance which admits the old adage about the "ill wind." The exigencies of war, therefore, have gained for us, not only a panorama of the forbidden ground, but also of the *sanctum sanctorum* itself, to which I will introduce you after we walk around to the opposite approach of the sacred enclosure.

Do not forget that we are here looking directly toward the Chien Gate, which is now over a mile and a half south of us. We will leave the Mei-shan, turn to the left and pass outside the west wall of the Imperial City, and then southward till we reach Legation Street, and then swinging to the right on a line with the Chien Gate, we face north and enter the gate of the Imperial City and continue our way northward over a flagged highway and through another massive gateway until we reach a third prodigious gate; this we ascend and from its lofty second story we look north toward the gate which opens into the Forbidden City. On the map we see by the red lines connected with the number 80 that we are to look north from the southern wall of the Imperial City.

80. Count Von Waldersee Escorted by Officers of Allied Armies through Lines of U. S. Infantry, toward Sacred Gate, Pekin.

Now we are on the southern side of the palace area looking toward Coal Hill, which is hidden behind the gate. Before us we see the German Field Marshal, Count von

Waldersee, passing through the Imperial City on an official tour. At the same time we are able to get a good view of the entrance to the Palace or Forbidden City.

The gate on which we stand is similar to the one on the opposite side of this grand court, except that it has no flanking wall and towers such as those we see. There is a vast room just behind us stored with immense quantities of swords, bows and arrows and other war material. The whole court at our feet is paved with brick, and the central drive or promenade is flagged with heavy stone, and this flagging and paving extends from the Chien Gate to and within the Palace area, a distance of three-fourths of a mile. Notice again the triplicate form of this entrance. You will remember that at the Chien Gate we stood on the spot where the gallant Captain Reilly fell. I then told you that the guns of his battery were trained on the sacred city and the gates leading thereto, in order to clear the way for the advance of the troops. If you look carefully you will discover traces of shells from Reilly's guns—grim mementoes for the Empress when she returns to the Palace; for at that time she was fleeing southward toward Paoting-Fu.

After the occupation of the city by the Allies, the American and Japanese troops were placed in charge of the Palace grounds. A portion of the Ninth Infantry were encamped within this court. At this time you see them lined along both sides of this Imperial highway as a mark of military respect to the Field Marshal. You see three mounted officers between a guard on white horses and the

escort following. The central figure, partially hidden by the German flag at the head of the escort, in the rear of the three mounted officers, is the Field Marshal. He passes through and leaves the court by a gate to the left. His escort embraces officers from the different armies. The American Sixth Cavalry lines the way between the gate on which we stand and the next gate behind us toward the Chien-men, and representatives of troops from other nations occupy positions along the route followed.

Before we can enter yonder sacred portal we must obtain a permit from General Chaffee or General Yamaguchi who at the time are in command of the American and Japanese forces. Very naturally after a place so important as this is thrown open for the first time in history, there is an irrepressible desire to peer within; restriction is necessary and permits are required. After some delay these are received; then a further delay is entailed because one must wait until permits have been granted to a number, when an officer is detailed to accompany the party. Previous arrangements have been made with the native caretakers of the Palace, who also must accompany us to see that nothing is taken or disturbed. Notwithstanding this precaution and vigilance nearly all portable articles in the buildings have disappeared.

We will descend and enter at that middle door, where we find a number of well-dressed court guards, who will follow us at every turn. Within the court beyond we shall pass to the west side and look toward the northeast. See red lines on the map connected with the number 81.

81. Within the Forbidden City and Home of the Empress Dowager—Harmony Gate from Elevated Walk near Canal, Pekin.

We are at last within the Sacred City, where, until now, none of all those who have visited Pekin have ever been; within grounds from which all the foreign ministers and high functionaries of state have been excluded. And now that we are within, what are we to see to reward a mysterious exclusion for all these centuries? The expression of all who have passed through these royal enclosures is that of disappointment. Royal domiciles the world over have taught us to expect to find therein a lavish expenditure of wealth in art and architecture, and why not expect such things in this venerable arcanum of Chinese and Manchurian sovereigns? On the other hand, in all that we have thus far seen of China we have not been encouraged to expect great things, except, probably, in walls. Decay and dilapidation have characterized all places under native rule from Canton to the Capital, and why should we expect it to be otherwise here? We will not find it otherwise. Let us venture to look around. We are in the first court and within the great South Gate of the Forbidden City; we have turned a little off to the left and ascended for a short distance an inclined causeway leading to side buildings. We look diagonally across the court toward an interior gate, called "Tai-ha-men." Already since leaving the Chien-men we have passed through four stupendous gates. What an egregious fad in gates and walls! And how little whims and fancies

develop, in time, into monstrous follies! But to the Chinese taste these gates are things of beauty. The most we see here is roof. It is thus over the country; buildings are mostly roof; and one roof is not enough; there are generally two, and often many attachments. Everything in China has an uncared-for appearance. Look at the weeds and grass growing up from the pavements; that canal is without water; and look at the shrubs growing from the chinks in the walls. There is grass and wild herbage enough about this court to graze a flock of goats; neither is this owing to the absence of the royal occupants; it is characteristic of the palace grounds, and it is characteristic of China. Those massive rails before the gate and around it and along the canal near us are elaborately sculptured in white marble; but when once finished they are left for time and neglect to write their traceries upon them. The yellow glazed tiles of the roofs and the dark green ornamental painting on the interior wooden work of the gate afford an agreeable contrast to the colorless city outside. Those pillars of the gate are of wood, as is the entire inner structure. The two bronze lions guarding the approach are works of art, at least of the Chinese order, and were probably cast during the Ming reign when the bronze age was in its zenith.

We have made a cursory survey of all within our view except the solitary living figure, a half-grown lad, who, I scarcely need say, is not a member of the royal household left behind, but my own solemn-visaged, though very serviceable native boy. He was rather averse to standing be-

fore the camera, but did not see his way to escape decently, being in my employ. This accounts partially for his demure countenance, although in his general state of mind he was cross, but honest. This is a Christian boy furnished to me by missionaries. They said his father was chased away by the Boxers and had not been heard of since. The family were reduced to poverty and the boy was manfully trying to do what he could to support them. He took care of the room which I occupied for a month, sometimes acting as my porter. He had more honor than the average Chinaman. On one occasion I hinted that something had disappeared from my room; this touched his pride so painfully that he left me for twenty-four hours, but returned at the end of that time after wages due him and making me to understand that "he no stealee boy." We thereupon became reconciled until another day when we had a serio-comical falling out because I found him wiping my dishes—I should not say dishes; dishes is too plural for a plate and a cup—with his coat-tail. The culmination, however, was a protest with no serious results; we became reconciled again, and I furnished a dish-cloth and we parted friends.

When we pass up that balustered approach to the gate we shall tread upon dragons sculptured in bold relief in the pavement blocks of marble. Passing through and entering another smaller court, on the farther side of which stands one of the royal halls, we turn to the right and look westward along its front. See map.

82. Architectural Ideas of the Imperial Chinese—Building in Second Court of the Forbidden City, Pekin.

Is not this disappointing? Certainly it is of exceeding interest; it is within the Forbidden City. That alone would give great interest to the scene, but it is one of the main buildings of the palace. That fact adds further to its interest, yet architecturally it is disappointing and far from being palatial in appearance. There is little of the imposing grandeur we expect to find surrounding royalty. We would not, of course, expect to find it comparable with imperial homes in European countries; but it does not compare with many palaces in other Oriental countries, nor other structures even in China, such as the Fukien Guild Hall at Ningpo, or the Ancestral Hall at Canton.

There is nothing to distinguish the building from any old temple, or tea-house, or Yamen, or private home of a mandarin; and we should scarcely expect anything different when we recollect that the Chinese are a people of a single idea—one idea in everything; more than one would denote progress, a lack of which is the distinguishing trait of the people—one idea in art—and one in architecture. All buildings are on the same plan; a temple may be turned into a palace and vice versa, which is often done. Private houses, pavilions, shops, palaces, pai-lau, temples and even gateways embody but one architectural idea; hence in this sacred and long secluded sanctum of the imperial family you see only the same old rickety heaps of

brick and tile. The Chinaman aims at perpetuity rather than progress, and who can say he has not succeeded? He and Time are old friends, and he regards progress as an upstart. We fail to find anything out of the usual in the buildings; we see some carved tablets on the pillars; we see weather-worn awnings over the doors. The roof tiling is of a superior quality. The court flagging is out of repair; but the bronze figures are beautiful; also the bronze cisterns and the urns or altars, all of which we are naturally disposed to credit to the bronze age of the Mings. Bronzes are cast at the present time, but it is unreasonable to suppose that inferior modern bronzes would be found in such a place.

To a certain extent we may say the Chinese ideas of architecture result more or less from their religious ideas. Spirits prevail everywhere and houses must be arranged so as to make it difficult for them to enter. As spirits go in a straight line, it is not wise to have buildings higher than the city wall, otherwise you might have undesirable visitants. So all buildings are one story. The mythical creatures in bronze or marble placed out by the entrance are supposed to have a real influence in keeping out evil spirits and preserving the peace of the household. Geomancers are a necessary part of the palace officials, and they keep the imperial household well stirred up lest the *feng-shui* should not be right. They also reap a silver harvest in the process.

That object resembling the common form of the Ameri-

can heating stove is the altar. On this incense and offerings are burned to the so-called divinities, or heroes who are liable to become divinities in time; but hero worship and pantheism in China is an infinity of idiocy more pitiable than interesting, and we pass it by and introduce you to a trio of celestial court flunkies. Those fellows are not simply posing for a picture, they are keeping a sharp surveillance over every movement of the photographer. I necessarily fell behind the party in making these stereographs, and these three linger to watch my movements in case I might carry off that cistern or pocket those birds. By their style of dress we see that two of them are somewhat important; those are caps of consequence; the feather behind is particularly consequential; besides, they are portly men, and obesity in this country usually keeps pace with functionary importance. Mandarins are generally fat men.

There is a Western clock at the farther end of the porch. It is not going, and one wonders whether it stopped at the time the imperial household fled.

We enter the building and see considerable furniture of fine workmanship, and some art treasures and bric-a-brac not easily moved, most movable belongings having been looted or carried away in the *hegira*. We leave this hall on the opposite side, and, passing through another gate, and entering a third court, we take a similar position before another hall. See map.

allied armies were in the capital and has since been burned down.

We will pass through the Hall of the Empress, which scarcely contains anything worthy of a stereograph, even if the smallness of the rooms and the poor illumination did not prevent photographic operations; then we enter another building called the Tai-ho-tien, or "Hall of Highest Peace," which is apparently the most imposing structure in the Forbidden City. It is over a hundred feet in height and elevated on a terrace twenty feet above the ground. It is ascended by successive marble steps ornamented with magnificent balustrades in richly sculptured marble. The main hall is two hundred feet in length by ninety feet in width and contains seventy-two pillars; in the center of this is the Dragon Throne.

84. Sacred to the "Son of Heaven"—Grand Throne in the Emperor's Palace, Forbidden City, Pekin.

We stand before the Dragon Throne. This is the finest and most important hall in the Palace. It is surely the *chef-d'œuvre* of Chinese artisans, architects and sculptors. Notice the deeply paneled ceiling and the vast elaboration of carving on everything. The screen behind the monarch's seat of state is an intricate lace-work in wood. The dragon, of course, holds the first place, indeed all the places, in ornamental designs. The throne itself is a capacious and massive affair carved in black wood. The floor of this great hall is marble; the floor of the dais on which the royal chair stands is exquisitely inlaid. The incense

urns and figures are of bronze; the ascent to the throne is by *three* steps. There is no scarcity of fine moral sentiments inscribed on tablets and walls; that motto in large characters over the throne is, as nearly as translatable into English, "Purity and Righteousness," and on the vertical tablet at the right hand is, "The first step in adjusting the universe is to keep constantly in mind the shaping of one's own character." As to whether there is any palpable misfit about any of these fine ethical sentiments surrounding the throne of the Chinese Empire, there may be diversity of opinion. The other inscriptions are too incomplete or indistinct for translation. Williams says in his "Middle Kingdom": "Here the Emperor holds his levees on New Year's Day, his birthdays, and other state occasions; a cortège of about fifty household courtiers stand near him, while those of inferior dignity and rank stand in the court below in regular grades, and, when called upon, fall prostrate as they all make the fixed obeisances. It is in this hall that Titsingh and Van Braam were banqueted by Kienlung, January 20, 1795, of which interesting ceremony the Dutch Ambassador gives an account and since which event no European has entered the building," until, we may now add, the allied armies of Europe and America entered it, in 1900.

There is another hall where the Emperor comes to examine written prayers to be offered at the state worship. There is another where the highest degrees for literary merit are awarded every three years. And beyond this stands the "Palace of Earth's Repose," or, stripped of

metaphor, the Imperial Harem. Another building farther north and near the northern gate is called the "Hall of Intense Thought," where offerings are made to Confucius and other sages. There is also the Imperial Library and the Ancestral Hall, where the members of the royal family offer homage to their departed ancestors. There are other buildings too numerous to mention; but the number of persons living within these sacred walls is not large and nearly all are of the line of the alien conquerors. How many times servile subordinates have stood in the court near where we stand and made the nine regulation obeisances before the "Son of Heaven," seated on this throne; and we come and go and neither make obeisances nor "Chin, chin" to anybody! How pretentious and absurd kingcraft appears to democracy! We have seen enough to convince us that while certain things show infinite labor and some skill, the general appearance and condition of this place, show Tsz' Kin Ching, or "Carnation Prohibited City" to be a parody of high-sounding names.

We leave the palace at the northern gate, near the foot of the Mei-shan. We then turn to the left and stop to inspect a Pekinese cart. Our position and field of vision is given on the map by the red lines, marked 85, which start near the northwestern part of the Forbidden City and extend slightly northeast.

85. Typical Springless, Seatless, Chinese Coach—looking toward Coal Hill, in Imperial City, Pekin.

There is scarcely an illustrated work on China which does not give a picture of this celebrated Pekinese vehicle. It is entitled to a world-wide celebrity for its negative and infernal qualities; there is nothing which shows the sluggish inaptitude and inadaptability of the Chinese mind better than a Pekinese cart. Its evolution covers millenniums, and yet its unaltered primordial capacity for inflicting torture on the traveller cannot be imagined. Before coming to Pekin a friend warned me against these carts, and now I realize he was a true friend; but his warning did not qualify my anticipation—to know, a person must ride in one. I had but a single experience—I rode a mile only, and yet I know. They do not look different from other carts, but they are different. I imagine that the passing of the Car of Juggernaut over one's body would produce a wooing sensation as compared to the jolting of a Pekinese cart. They are not only without springs, the axle and wheels are very heavy, the latter filled with bolts to give strength; the tire is of heavy iron and its outer surface, in nearly all carts, is filled with knobs or bolt-heads an inch high and an inch apart, though the cart before us lacks the customary knobs on the tire. The heavy tire protects the felloe, and the knobs are intended to protect the tire. The solid upper structure is bolted unyieldingly to the axle. There is no seat. Besides all this there is an inherent mysterious rigidity about the axle

which I have never been able to understand. The interior is very narrow and very low, and the only entrance is at the front. I wished to visit the Summer Palace out on the western hills thirteen miles distant. The missionaries told me I must take a cart; and I have not yet quite forgiven their poor but well-meant advice. I engaged the cart, placed my camera and box and other paraphernalia within. There was no seat, and I secured an empty box as a substitute. I perched on this and we were off. Chinese horses are small, but they are somewhat lively, at least it seemed so to me on this occasion. I expected to find the horses as slow and plodding as the people, and that it would be a leisurely walk of thirteen miles. The horse at once struck an impetuous gate; the road was of course the worst possible. My apparatus was soon flying about in the most reckless fashion; my hands were both occupied in holding fast to my extemporized seat, using my elbows as springs; ruts and bottomless mud-holes are plentiful, but the one gait is maintained, and I bumped from side to side; my hat went off and scampered with the apparatus. I was at once convinced it was to be the roughest locomotion I had ever tried, and I have tried nearly everything. Others had travelled in that way, even some missionary ladies had preceded me to the Summer Palace in a similar cart, and both my pluck and endurance were at stake. I hoped for the road to become better, but it became worse. I feared the destruction of my camera and plates, yet I could not quit my hold. The jolting was excruciating; it was not the mere possibility of dislocation

of joints; I would not mind that; it was the more serious matter of telescoping the vertebræ. I pitched up and down and from side to side. With grim clutch I supported this churning and pounding for something over a mile, when I quite lost my temper; I did not swear, but was verily in a profane mood. I kicked the driver, who sat over the cross-bar in front as a signal to stop. This he did, when in sheer desperation I removed my portables, ordered the cart to return, engaged two street coolies to accompany me, and made the journey and return, twenty-six miles, on foot. The agonies of this, my first and last attempt, to exploit a Pekinese cart would have been appreciably diminished had I known the proper way of adjusting one's person to the exigencies of the vehicle. No seat is ever used, but instead mattresses and cushions are placed on the bottom and occupants recline and do not attempt to sit erect; but even with the body thus disposed, the thrashing and pounding to which one is subjected is but slightly modified. In a single day between sunrise and sunset I have made one hundred and seventeen miles in a springless, Russian post-wagon with relays of horses; but that was as nothing compared with a few miles in a Pekinese cart. The Chinese have devised many unique modes of torture, but none of them show so successful an application of means to an end as this homicidal cart. There is another style of cart used in the capital, but it is only used by royalty. In the royal cart the wheel is placed behind and the cloth trimmings are all in imperial yellow.

Do you recognize the land-mark which has been several times pointed out from our former positions? I mean the Mei-shan, or Prospect Hill, or the Coal Hill or Mountain, for it is known by all these names. Now we are quite near and can see distinctly some of the pavilions on the different points of elevation. That is a French soldier peering at us on the right.

Have you noticed the strange gate-like structures between us and the hill? We will walk over for a nearer view of the latter. On the map this new position is given by the red lines connected with the number 86 just north of the Forbidden City.

86. Curious Chinese Architecture—Typical Gateway over a Street in the Imperial City, Pekin.

These curious structures, resembling gateways, are called pai-lau, and may be found scattered over the Empire. They are erected to commemorate distinguished men, or by officers in memory of their parents. Permission to erect a pai-lau must be obtained from the Emperor, and such permission is always looked upon as a high mark of honor. They are sometimes put up in honor of women who have been noted for purity and filial devotion, and also in honor of widows who have declined a second marriage. Sometimes men erect ante-mortem pai-lau to themselves. They have frequently been called triumphal arches, but this is altogether a misnomer, for where there have been no triumphs surely there can be no triumphal arches; besides, they are never in the form of

an arch. They are sometimes constructed of stone, but more generally of wood, and often elaborately carved. There is sometimes a massive profusion of bracket work below a heavy protecting roof of tiling, indeed, one of the strangest peculiarities of Chinese architecture is an exaggerated system of complex bracket work, and this may generally be seen in the pai-lau. These commemoration portals are usually placed in streets before temples and government offices; sometimes, however, ordinary gateways placed at the ends of streets are mistaken for honorary portals. I suppose you have observed the triplicate form of the pai-lau—any number outside of three and its multiples, you will remember, is as fatal as the ill-omened thirteen. Here we have a perspective of three portals all lying between the Forbidden City and the Mei-shan. We erect statues and tablets to commemorate persons of distinction; the Chinese erect pai-lau and place a tablet thereon, their statues being chiefly confined to the temples. You see the tablets on these, the first being by a free translation, "Blessing for the People," and the one on the second pai-lau, "A Bright Sky and Clear Mirror," whatever that may mean. From these mottoes it is evident they are public memorials.

The Great Lama Temple is one of the places visited by all travellers to Pekin. We must not fail to make at least a brief survey. Its location is given by the number 20 in black in the northeast part of the Tartar City. We shall stand in the court and look first toward the northeast, as the red lines connected with the number 87 show.

87. In the Court of the Great Lama Temple—showing Lama Priest Turning Prayer-wheel, Pekin.

You may remember our second position in Pekin when we looked from the Ha-ta Gate due north, along what is now called Von Ketteler Street. We are now at the extreme northern end of that street, by the northern wall of the Tartar City, within the court of the chief temple of the Lamas. It is called by the natives the Yung-ho Kung, or Lamasery of Eternal Peace. The formation of the temple, like all Chinese buildings, is a series of courts surrounded by low, tile-roofed structures on every side; so that it is impossible to make a photographic view to show more than one side, or a section of one of these courts. In the center of this court is a pavilion at which a number of priests are whiling away their leisure, and that is to say, their lives; for their life-time and leisure signify about the same thing. This gives you an idea of the character of the many connected edifices all of one style, chiefly roof as before mentioned; there is, however, one building much higher than the rest. It contains a colossal wooden statue of Maitriya, the coming Buddha. Notwithstanding its mean appearance, this temple is considered to be one of the most complete in all its arrangements for study, living and worship in the country. I suppose when I say it is considered to be the most complete, I should explain that it is thus considered by the natives. My own opinion is that it is one of the most dirty, dingy, smoky, ramshackle establishments in the whole world and filled with one thousand five hundred

Mongolian and Tibetan ignorant fanatics, called priests. Soon I shall present to you a group of these priests, and if you are somewhat of a physiognomist, I will submit whether my apparently uncharitable appellation be unjust. First, though, we should observe the priests before us. The priest nearest us assumed that dramatic pose of his own accord; I did not prevent him, and am now glad I did not, as it helps my definition of the group you are to see later. Three sit by the wall of the pavilion, and another turns a praying-machine; he likewise strengthens my unkind arraignment of the yellow-robed conclave which dwell here. The praying-machine should be explained. We claim to lead the world in labor-saving machinery, and yet we have not perfected a genuine praying-machine. That we have sometimes soporific approximations we all know, but no *bona fide* mills. You see a priest couchant by that small upright frame with the typical Chinese roof over it; he is turning a prayer-mill by a short stick held in his hand and attached to a crank at the base of a vertical cylinder or box. The prayer is written on paper and attached to the box, and every time it revolves the writing is prayed. In this way a skillful operator can turn out a great many prayers in the course of the day. Sometimes the crank is attached to a water-wheel, and sometimes to a rude wind-mill, in which cases the devotee can retire while the mill prays on through the night. A Lama who establishes one of these plants may, with a stiff breeze blowing, consign himself to the arms of Morpheus, and in the morning find himself the very *ne plus ultra* of holi-

ness. These priests ought to be good men, as both the elements of the omnipotent "Feng-shui" are utilized to that end (the Chinese fates, called *Feng-shui,* reside in wind and water). In the native land of the Lamas the praying-machine is universal. At the door of every house the family machine stands, and every one who enters is supposed to give it a twist for the benefit of the family. By every stream that affords water-power one may notice a small building which would ordinarily be taken for a water-mill, but which in reality is a prayer-mill, where every turn of the wheel is sending to Heaven the stereotyped invocation: "Om Ma-ni Pi-mi Hom"—O, the jewel in the Lotus, Amen!

But I promised to present to you a group of these men sanctified by machinery. We need only turn around a short distance to our right.

88. Lama Priests at the Tung-ho Kung, the Great Lama Temple, Pekin.

These are Lama priests who gathered around us while we were looking at the prayer-wheel. In ordinary times it would be impossible to induce them to stand to be photographed, but the allied armies hold the city, and like all Chinamen they are more meek than they are wont to be; they are afraid to refuse a foreigner's request; yet I do not like to practice duress on men of cloth, even yellow cloth, so I offer them money and they hesitatingly comply. They are of all ages, some venerable in the service, and some mere boys preparing for the priesthood. They

spend their time in idleness or in studying the doctrines of Buddha. The head of the Lamasery is called a Gegen, who is considered a living Buddha. Their studies embrace metaphysics, ascetic duties, astrology, medicine and the arts of laziness. Their regular devotions are performed in the different courts, and when great numbers are engaged at the same time in their chants and mill-prayers the effect is very curious, especially if the mills should not be well lubricated, and a universal creaking mingles in the chant.

The Gegen is usually a Tibetan, as are many of the members. Of course this temple is a monastery as well as a temple. Buddhism in northern Asia is called Shamanism, from the Chinese words Hwang-kiao, which signify yellow sect, because the Buddhistic order of priests the world over wear yellow robes. The pontiff of Shamanish is the Grand-Lama or Da lai Lama at Lassa. Mongolia and Tibet swarm with Lamas. The Lamas have a decalogue which is not unlike the Mosaic in many points: (1) Do not kill. (2) Do not steal. (3) Do not commit fornication. (4) Speak not falsely. (5) Drink no wine nor eat flesh. (6) Look not on gay silks or necklaces, use no perfumed ointment, and paint not the body. (7) Neither sing nor dance, and do no sleight of hand tricks or gymnastic acts, and go not to see or hear them. (8) Sit not on a high, large couch. (9) Do not eat out of time. (10) Do not grasp hold of living images, gold, silver, money or any valuable thing. The tenth will be a sore test for the average mortal. The great resemblance

of the ceremonials of the Buddhists and those of the Romish Church has led to much discussion as to which has copied from the other. The distinguished scholar and writer, Abbe Huc, enumerates some of the similarities as follows: "The cross, the mitre, the dolmatica, the cape which the Lamas wear on their journeys, or when performing some ceremony out of the temple; the service with double choir, the psalmody, the exorcism, the censer suspended from five chains, which you can open or close at pleasure; the benedictions given by extending the right hand over the heads of the faithful; the rosary, ecclesiastical celibacy, spiritual retirement, worship of saints; the fasts, processions, litanies, and holy water—all these are analogies between ourselves and the Buddhists." Some claim that Lamaism and Buddhism have copied their ritual from Romanism and others that Romanism has derived its forms from paganism, and there have been those who argue that the simulation of the ceremonials of the two religions is a machination of the devil; however, ceremonials are but ceremonials, and we will look again at these representatives of Lamaism in their dirty yellow, cotton robes, and with their shaven heads. The tenets of their religion may be well enough and their rituals well enough, but what sort of an exposition of a religious life can we expect from men and boys of types like those before us. I suppose in all religions we must expect great discrepancies between tenets and their exemplification. The Lama's tenth commandment says: "Do not grasp hold of living images, gold, silver, money or any valuable

thing," and some of these priests followed me at least a half-mile clamoring all the way for money, and extortionate money; at last I compromised for a Mexican dollar. There is a fine bronze lion beyond the priests with a much better countenance than most of these disciples of the Da lai Lama at Lassa.

Speaking of these priests to a well-informed man who had lived in Pekin for years, he said: "This great Lamasery was once the residence of Chien Lung, Crown Prince in 1770. For that reason it could never be used for private purposes again, so it was turned over to the Lamas from Mongolia. These Lamas represent a distinct type of Buddhist, and are perhaps the most worthless human beings on the earth. They are very bigoted, but do not understand why or wherefore they are Buddhists. The Emperor supplies their needs by a generous subsidy each year so as to keep them quiet. The Chinese from time immemorial have bought the subjection of the peoples who might be called their conquered enemies. Before the siege, it was risky business for foreigners to attempt to visit the Lamasery, for he might not be allowed to leave except by the payment of a large sum of money. These priests are filthy in their habits and have no regard for the common virtues of truth and decency. The Living Buddhas (Gegen) sometimes get into trouble among themselves, and one day a Gegen was seen going down the street with blood flowing down his face."

The Tibetan Lamas have another large temple outside the north gate of the city.

We are now to leave this extreme northern end of Von Ketteler Street, and are about to take a walk of two miles south to the Ha-ta Gate. So we will just hand over to these Tibetan Lamas that which they are forbidden to take or "grasp hold of," and then away. At the Ha-ta Gate where we obtained our first sight of the city, we will follow along the top of the wall eastward until we reach the east wall, and this we follow northward for only a short distance and we reach the Imperial Observatory. Note on the map the red lines and the number 89 near the southeastern corner of the Tartar City.

89. Imperial Observatory, One of Pekin's famous Sights on the Eastern Wall.

This famous observatory, called Kwang-hsiang-t'ai by the Chinese, is mentioned by all writers on Pekin. It is visited by all who desire to see the most interesting things about the northern capital. The occupation of the city by the Allies during the Boxer war has brought this old observatory into still greater fame. If you have expected to find a great imposing structure like those you may have seen for astronomical purposes in Western countries you must be disappointed. It is not the building that is notable; in fact you may now see there is no building, only a terrace or a tower built into the wall and some fifteen feet above it. On the top of this tower are placed the astronomical instruments that are considered so wonderful. Here we see them only at a distance, and they appear small.

Soon we shall go nearer where we can study them in more detail; but it is not the instruments in themselves which we are to consider; we must remember the time at which they were made. Those we see on top of the tower, a magnificent bronze celestial globe, a sextant, a sun-dial and quadrants, were all made in 1674 by order of the Emperor Kanghi, under the direction of the Jesuit Father, F. Verbiest, who was at that time President of the Board of Works. The large azimuth instrument at the left was a present from Louis XIV to Emperor Kanghi. Those instruments were made over two hundred years ago, and when we look at them we are astonished no less by the scientific knowledge displayed than by the marvelous mechanical skill requisite for their construction. We are still more astonished when we go to a court below at the left hand of the tower and find three instruments made altogether by the Chinese, two planispheres and an astrolabe, made nearly four hundred years before Kanghi gave his imperial order for those we see on the tower. You may remember when we started out on our itinerary I observed that in China one is constantly in a two-fold state of mind, that of admiration and that of disgust. In looking at these astronomical instruments made over two hundred years ago and some of them over six hundred years ago, we are once more stirred with admiration. But for the other state of mind we have only to look around us here to see the usual neglect and dilapidation, the wall in ruins and overgrown with weeds and shrubbery.

There sits a native before us with his closely shaven

pate defying the fiercest sun-rays; and lest you should take him to be an astronomer who has wandered a little from his instruments to ponder some profound astronomical problem, I will have to tell you he is only my porter waiting my next movement which will be to the top of the tower for a nearer inspection of the famous instruments.

90. *Magnificent Bronze Astronomical Instruments made in 1674, under Emperor Kanghi, Imperial Observatory, Pekin.*

We have come to this point to see partially several instruments made by the Jesuits, rather than to see an entire single instrument. A portion of one of the many ornamental dragons upon which the instruments are mounted is very near, so that we are able to inspect details, though of course this is only for decoration and does not show the delicate mathematical accuracy of the instruments. In the court below the instruments made by the Chinese themselves, not only antedate these Jesuit-made instruments by over four hundred years, but are much finer in scientific and artistic workmanship. A quite full and careful description of them by J. Thompson, F.R.C.S., will give you a good idea of their merit as well as of their exquisite handicraft; so while we look at those of the Jesuits we will hear about those of the Chinese: "Here, in addition to the colossal astronomical instrument erected by the Jesuit Missionaries in the seventeenth century we find two other instruments, in a court below, which the Chinese made for themselves, toward the close of the

thirteenth century, when the Yuen dynasty was on the throne. Possibly some elements of European science may have been brought to bear on the construction of even these instruments; although the characters and divisions engraved on their splendid bronze circles point only to the Chinese method of dividing the year, and to the state of Chinese astronomy at the time. Yet Marco Polo must have been in the north of China at about the period of their manufacture; or, at any rate, John de Carvino was there, for he, under Pope Clement V, became bishop of Cambalu (Pekin) about 1290 A. D., and perhaps with his numerous staff of priests he introduced some knowledge of Western art.

" Mr. Wylie (than whom there is probably no better authority) was with me when I examined these instruments, and is of opinion that they are Chinese and that they were produced by Ko-Show-King, one of the most famous astronomers of China. One of them is an astrolabe, furnished beneath with a splendid sun-dial, which has long since lost its gnomon. The whole, indeed, consists of three astrolabæ, one partly movable and partly fixed in the plane of the ecliptic; the second turning on a center as a meridian circle, and the third the azimuth circle. The other instrument is an armillary sphere, supported by chained dragons of most beautiful workmanship and design. This instrument is a marvelous specimen of the perfection to which the Chinese must, even then, have brought the art of casting in bronze. The horizon is inscribed with the twelve cyclical characters, into which the

Chinese divided the day and night. Outside the ring these characters appear again, paired with eight characters of the denary cycle, and four names of the eight diagrams of the book of changes, denoting the points of the compass, while the inside of the ring bears the names of the twelve states into which China, in ancient times, was portioned out. An equatorial circle, a double-ring ecliptic, an equinoctial colure, and a double-ring colure, are adjusted with the horizon ring. The equator is engraved with constellations of unknown antiquity, while the ecliptic is marked off into twenty-four equal spaces, corresponding to the divisions of the year. All the circles are divided into 365¼ degrees for the days of the year, while each degree is sub-divided into one hundred parts, as for everything less than a degree the centenary scale prevailed at that period. I take these instruments to be of great interest, as indicating the state of astronomical science in China at about the end of the thirteenth century."

When we witness such perfection in art and such advancement in science, we must not forget that the above-described instruments were made nearly four hundred years before the Greenwich Observatory was founded and two hundred years before Columbus discovered America, and that even a thousand years prior to that time China was a civilized nation.

Some of the instruments before us were taken by the German officers to Berlin, and apparently are to remain there permanently. The Chinese do not seem to care enough for them to insist on their return.

We have been giving attention to circumstances of war, to palaces, to temples, memorial portals and astronomical instruments; now let me present to you an assemblage of Pekinese women near the London Mission. The London Mission is located on the east side of Von Ketteler street, about one mile north of the Ha-ta Gate. See the number 32 in black on the map.

91. A Group of Pekinese Women in the Court of a Wealthy Chinese Home, Pekin.

As a type of South China, you saw the Bible woman at Canton, and of Middle China, you saw a class of pretty girls at Shanghai, and as a representation from the north we offer these Christianized women under the London Mission. An opinion prevails that the Chinese are a dwarfed race; in this respect, they seem, and not unnaturally, to be confounded with the Japanese. It is a mistake, however; the highest authority places the men in the north of China as being a little larger than the average European or American, and those at the south as a trifle smaller, while the average Chinese woman is smaller than the average of her sex in the West. The scarcity of beauty among Chinese women is remarked by every observer; most persons forget, however, that all of the male sex are everywhere on view, while only the lower class among women are seen by the ordinary observer. Before a fair comparison can be made we must hide away from public view an equal proportion of Western beauty. We know, in China, all beauty is jealously screened from vul-

gar gaze, while the opposite is true in Western countries. In general, it is readily conceded that the Caucasian face and figure are more comely than those of the Mongolian. The flat nose detracts much from the facial beauty of the Chinese. Roman or Greek noses would effect a marvelous alteration in their faces. Next to the depressed nasal feature, the ill-shaped mouth mars the Chinese face; the angular eyes do not seriously disparage their appearance. And I am not sure but the usual sadness of the female face in China detracts more from its attractiveness than aught else. A smile improves every face, but it altogether transforms a Chinese woman's face. Poor things, they have little reason to smile! They are enslaved and imprisoned!

A friend said to me: "How is courtship perpetrated in China?" Well, all people are interested in matrimony, barring possibly thoroughly confirmed old bachelors; and as Chinese matrimonial customs are curious I cannot do better than to give some interesting and reliable statements from Williams's "Middle Kingdom."

"There are six ceremonies which constitute a regular marriage, though their details vary much in different parts of the Empire: 1. The father and elder brother of the young man send a go-between to the father and brother of the girl, to inquire her name and the moment of her birth, that the horoscope may be examined in order to ascertain whether the proposed alliance will be a happy one. 2. If the eight characters seem to augur aright, the boy's friends send the mei-jin (match-maker) back to

make an offer of marriage. 3. If that be accepted, the second party is again requested to return an assent in writing. 4. Presents are then sent to the girl's parents according to the means of the father. 5. The go-between requests them to choose a lucky day for the wedding. 6. The preliminaries are concluded by the bridegroom going or sending a party of friends with music to bring his bride to his own house. The match-makers contrive to multiply their visits and prolong the negotiations when the parties are rich, to serve their own ends. At Fukien, parents often send pledges to each other when their children are mere infants, and registers containing their names and particulars of nativity are exchanged in testimony of the contract.

"After this has been done it is impossible to retract the engagement, unless one of the parties become a leper or is disabled. When the children are espoused older, the boy sometimes accompanies the go-between and the party carrying the presents to the house of his future mother-in-law, and receives from her some trifling articles, as melon-seeds, fruits, etc., which he distributes to those around. Among the presents sent to the girl are fruits, money, vermicelli and a ham, of which she gives a morsel to each one of the party.

"These articles are neatly arranged, and the party bringing them is received with a salute of fire-crackers. From the time of her engagement until marriage a young lady is required to maintain the strictest seclusion. Whenever friends call upon her parents, she is expected to

retire to the inner apartments, and in all her actions and words guard her conduct with careful solicitude. . . . When the lucky day for the wedding comes, the guests assemble in the bridegroom's house to celebrate it, where also sedans, a band of music and porters are in readiness. The courier who acts as guide to the chair-bearers takes the lead, and in order to prevent the onset of malicious demons lurking by the road, a baked hog or large piece of pork is carried in front, that the procession may advance safely while these hungry souls are devouring the meat.

Meanwhile the bride arranges herself in her best dress and richest jewels. Her girlish tresses have already been bound up, and her hair arranged by a matron, with due formality; an ornamental and complicated headdress made of rich materials, not unlike a helmet or corona, often forms part of her coiffure. Her person is nearly covered by a large mantle, over which is an enormous hat like an umbrella, that descends to the shoulders and shades the whole figure. Thus attired she takes her seat in the red gilt marriage sedan, called *hwa kiao,* borne by four men, in which she is completely concealed. This is locked by her mother or some other relative, and the key given to one of the bridemen, who hands it to the bridegroom or his representative on reaching his house. The procession is now arranged with the addition of as many red boxes and trays to contain the wardrobe, kitchen utensils and the feast, as the means of the family or the *paraphernalia* require. As the procession approaches the

bridegroom's house the courier hastens forward to announce its coming, whereupon the music strikes up, and fire-crackers salute her until she enters the gate. As she approaches the door the bridegroom conceals himself, but the go-between brings forward a young child to salute her, while going to seek the closeted bridegroom. He approaches with becoming gravity and opens the sedan to hand out his bride, she still retaining the hat and mantle; they approach the ancestral tablet, which they reverence with three bows, and then seat themselves at a table on which are two cups of spirits. The go-between serves them, though the bride can only make the motion of drinking, as the large hat completely covers her face. They soon retire into a chamber, where the husband removes the hat and mantle from his wife and sees her, perhaps for the first time in his life. After he has considered her for some time, the guests and friends enter the room to survey her, when each one is allowed to express an opinon; the criticisms of the women are severest, perhaps because they remember the time they stood in her unpleasant position. This cruel examination being over, she is introduced to her husband's parents and then salutes her own."

This to us seems a strange nuptial ceremony, but custom establishes many strange usages, and many of our own are strange to those to whom they are unfamiliar.

Before leaving the group now before us, note carefully the rich dress, the neatly and curiously arranged hair and ornaments, and the small feet which have heretofore been described. We will introduce to you another group of

northern women, Chinese subjects, but of the Manchurian type. Then you may see Manchurian feet, Manchurian coiffure, Manchurian dress and features.

92. A Group of Manchu Women, with Typical Headdress, of the London Mission, Pekin.

The long gowns and peculiar headdress of these women stamp them as Manchus. Their feet were never bound and as a rule they are taller than Chinese women. These are Christian Manchus. This group and the group of Chinese women are taken from among several hundred refuges of the London Mission just after the siege of Pekin, and are at this time under the faithful guardianship of a Miss Smith. The Church and School property of the London Mission was entirely destroyed by fire, and the premises in which we now stand was the home of a Boxer leader, and were, after the relief of the legations, occupied by this mission and its host of homeless refugees which we will show you soon. At the request of Miss Smith the members of both groups hurried to their several apartments to don their best gowns and frills to appear before the foreigner's picture-making device. It seemed to be their highest pleasure to do Miss Smith's will, and well it might be; she had led them through fire and siege and was then feeding them on the results of her zealous efforts. Have you discerned in these Manchu faces a much lighter complexion and more prominent noses, and that their countenances generally indicate greater intellectual capacity? Have you observed

that they are larger physically than the Chinese women? And I must tell you that some authorities consider the Manchus the most improvable race in central Asia, and possibly on the Continent, and many consider their administration of the government in general as superior to that of the native sovereigns, notwithstanding the maladministration of the present Empress. The men do not wear queues and the women do not bind their feet. I was at once impressed with the superiority of those I met. These are really the descendants of those vigorous Oriental Northmen who compelled the Chinese to build the Great Wall—the Tartars. You will notice some difference in their dress, a different style of shoe, a different way of arranging the hair. They display a wealth of richly embroidered silks and satins in their dress, as do the Chinese women. Those shoes appear clumsy and inconvenient, and those huge cloth-covered blocks for soles are clumsy; but the marvelous fineness of the embroidered uppers quite atones for the heavy soles.

The Manchu women have shown to the Chinese women the advantages of natural feet over bound feet for two hundred and fifty years without any noticeable effect. They look sturdy and unsentimental, but to see that they are not destitute of the poetic fancy we need only refer to their ancient books of poetry in which we shall find expressed all the finer feelings of the human heart that are found in poems of the present time. I would like to show you while in the presence of these ladies some verses of Chinese poetry written about eight hundred years be-

fore Christ and freely translated into English by the eminent Dr. Legge. Poetry and the fair sex are so often associated that no better opportunity will offer for presenting examples of the former than when we are in the presence of the latter. The great book of Chinese poems is called the *Shu King*, and from it we give the following madrigal:

Maiden fair, so sweet, retiring,
At the tryst I wait for thee;
Still I pause in doubt, inquiring
Why thou triflest thus with me.

Oh! the maid so coy, so handsome,
Pledged she with a rosy reed;
Than the reed is she more winsome.
Love with beauty hard must plead.

In the meadows sought we flowers,
Thus she gave me—beauteous, rare;
Far above the gift there towers
The dear giver—lovelier, fair!

And here is a little poem called Kan-tang, or the "Sweet Pear Tree," written by a contemporary of Saul, and which seems to be an exact counterpart of "Woodman Spare That Tree":

1. O fell not the sweet pear-tree!
See how its branches spread.
Spoil not its shade,
For Shao's chief laid
Beneath his weary head.

2. O clip not that sweet pear-tree!
Each twig and leaflet spare—
'Tis sacred now,
Since the lord of Shao,
When weary, rested him there.

3. O touch not that sweet pear-tree!
Bend not a twig of it now;
There long ago,
As the stories show
Oft halted the chief of Shao.

The following are two stanzas directed against a certain Mrs. Pao Sz, a mischief-maker in the court of King Yu; they give a wicked thrust at the poor women folk by some disgruntled member of the long-haired fraternity who lived over seven hundred years B. C.—or may be they are by a rustic poet in the Province of Kwei-Chow where the custom of the Couvade prevails. The Couvade is the custom whereby a mother gets up at once after the birth of a child and performs her usual work, while the father takes to bed for a month with the baby.

A wise man builds the city wall,
But a wise woman throws it down.
Wise is she? Good you may her call;
She is an owl we would disown!
To woman's tongue let scope be given
And step by step to harm it leads.
Disorder does not come from Heaven;
'Tis woman's tongue disorder breeds.
Women and Eunuchs! Never came
Lesson or warning words from them!

Hurtful and false, their spite they wreak
And when exposed their falsehood lies—
The wrong they do not own, but sneak
And say, "No harm did we devise."

. . . . . .

The Chinese women we saw a few minutes ago have gone to the ruins of the London Mission, a short distance in the rear of this place; these Manchu women now go to the same place, and we shall follow. There we shall find assembled about the ruins of the church and school several hundred members of the Mission.

93. *Miss Smith, a Heroine of the Siege, and Protected Refugees, among the Ruins of the London Mission Schools, Pekin.*

We are in the presence of a host of homeless human beings all depending for food and shelter upon the noble little woman seated near the front with a child by her side. There are men and women, young and old. All these were sheltered and fed within the English Legation during two of the longest months which any of them have ever experienced. All within the Legation were saved; but all were not within that nobly defended fortress. Many friends and kin of these poor people were not so fortunate, but were mercilessly slain by the bloodthirsty Boxers.

When Miss Smith, at my request, seated herself in front of her flock I asked her to have a native child stand by her side; not wishing to give the appearance of any

partiality in such a choice, she asked me to choose one. From the first line where you see the children I brought the child that now stands at her side. "Why, how strange," exclaims Miss Smith, "that you have brought to me this poor little thing that is the object of my tenderest love and sympathy! Do you know," she continued, "that both the father and mother of this little one were not only killed, but were dismembered and horribly chopped to pieces; her parents are gone, and all her friends are gone; there is no one left to look after her, and she is very dear to me." These are the tender motherly words of the woman, who, when the shells were crashing into the Legation, was as brave as she was loving after the Allies had brought safety—another evidence to prove, if proof were necessary, that tenderest hearts are bravest.

The women and children are assembled here on the ruins of the burned church; the men stand by themselves farther away. The burned school buildings are beyond the men. Can you see among the group of women some of the Chinese and Manchu women we have already seen? These Christian converts seemed to be deeply grateful toward Miss Smith. There stood in the court in which we saw the Chinese and Manchurian women, five silk umbrellas which they and their friends had presented to her as evidences of their gratitude, for, as previously explained, the umbrella is the usual object given in token of especial regard. We might say that, as a present, the umbrella is the "loving cup" of China.

In this same court where these honorary umbrellas

stood and where were the groups of Chinese and Manchu ladies, I met Prince Su, whose palace and property were turned over to the beleaguered Legationers; he had proved from the beginning a friend to all the foreigners, and was on the best of terms with the people of the London Mission. He is a man of fine appearance and seems to delight in mingling with foreigners. He quite readily granted me a sitting for a stereoscopic photograph, and presented me with his card, explaining at the same time that it is not customary for a Chinese prince to use cards, though on account of his intimate relations with many foreigners he found it convenient to deviate from court usage. Instead of showing you his picture I give below a

VISITING CARD OF PRINCE SU.

representation of his card, but I cannot give the full size, which is its most curious feature, being four and one-half

by ten inches, and made of thin red paper, much like firecracker paper. It is very possible that Prince Su will be appointed Chinese Secretary of State in the new organization of the government.

You have, no doubt, noticed the gentleman seated near Miss Smith; that is the Rev. Joseph Stonehouse of the Mission, who had spent over twenty years in mission work in China. I met him on several occasions and found him a very amiable gentleman and zealous worker; and only a short time after I met him here, Mr. Stonehouse was visiting some of the mission stations not far from Yang-tsun when he was set upon by armed natives, presumably Boxers, while crossing a river in a large ferry-boat. Five bullets were fired into his body while he crouched helplessly beneath his travelling cart. His murderers fled; his body was cared for by native Christians in the place where the murder occurred. Cavalry was at once dispatched from Yang-tsun, and the villages near the place were burned, but the bloodthirsty and unreasoning assassins were never found. The London Mission was splendidly equipped for service. Their work was prosperous when the Boxer war broke out and their fine premises were reduced to the condition seen before us.

Probably the most interesting place in the neighborhood of Pekin is the Summer Palace of the Empress among the western hills, some thirteen miles westward. As already stated I made the journey on foot and in a single day, which is a little too much for a pleasure trip. A trip there in memory is much easier and quicker. I

remember very distinctly passing over a level plain, along a road flagged with large square stones, past little villages of brick houses with tile roofs, and by waving fields of millet, till I reached the western hills, at the base of which I encountered a small lake fed by mountain streams. The lake and the Imperial grounds are surrounded by a high wall. I passed within the wall and around one side of the lake and over a beautiful marble bridge to a small island on the lake on which are erected gates, temples, pavilions and rockeries. You may now stand with me by one of the summer-houses and look across the lake toward the many indescribable structures on the opposite shore.

Turning to Map No. 2, "Eastern China," we find our red route line extending northwest of Pekin to the location of the Summer Palace.

94. *Wan-Shou-Shan (Hill of Ten Thousand Ages) Summer Palace of the Empress, from Island in Lake Kun-Ming-Hu, near Pekin.*

This Imperial retreat is called Wan-Shou-Shan, which signifies Hill of Ten Thousand Ages, and has been used as the summer residence of the Empress since the destruction of the original Summer Palace at Yuen-Ming-Yuen, which lies a mile to the north of this place. Yuen-Ming-Yuen was destroyed by a former invasion of "Allies" in 1860. Before its destruction it was a magnificent place four and one-half miles in circumference, covered with all sorts of beautiful and luxurious structures. Since its demolition by the Allies in 1860 it has only partially been

restored and Wan-Shou-Shan continues to be the Summer Palace. From this point you are able to look across the small lake from an island near the south shore. You know that the Palace in Pekin was a city of itself, a Forbidden City, rather than one palatial structure. We find the same here—almost a small city forming an amphitheater on the southern slope of the hill and around the western shore of the lake. Our field of vision includes only a section of the numerous buildings that extend for nearly a half mile along the shore of the lake. The slope of the hill and the edge of the lake is covered with trees and studded with villas and arcades. Off to the right, but not within our range of vision are landing stages, near which are moored row-boats, sail-boats and two small steam yachts, all toys of the Empress. The most conspicuous object before us on the opposite side of the lake is a gigantic structure or terrace built of solid masonry, and ascended on either side by stone stairways, which are shown on that perpendicular wall by the dark lines. The terrace is surmounted by a huge tower, temple or pagoda. It has been called a temple, but I could find no one on the grounds who knew its purpose. I would naturally consider it an Imperial out-look tower. It is covered with glazed yellow tile and can be seen sparkling in the sun at a great distance. Later, before leaving the Summer Palace, we shall pass around the lake and ascend the hill to the left of that tower near the wall. We shall stand just before that bush by the wall, on a line with the tower where we can obtain a near view.

There is a pretty pavilion at our right hand, and the massive rail before us surrounds it. The pavilion is of white marble ornamented with peculiar designs, chief of which is, of course, the dragon. Beyond the rail rising from the edge of the water is an artificial rockery, in the construction of which the Chinese show unusual skill.

When I started for the Summer Palace in the conveyance afore mentioned and found I could not sustain the shock of a Pekinese cart, I picked up on the street two coolies to carry my outfit; they are here before us, one on the rockery and one on the rail. One of these fellows was unequal to the walk of twenty-six miles and gave out on the return when we were within two miles of my quarters. It was after ten o'clock, on a dark night, before we got within the city walls. The one coolie who was entirely exhausted lagged behind, and in the darkness turned into a side alley with the evident intention of secreting himself and retaining my valuable apparatus. When he seemed to be suspiciously far behind I ran back to the end of the by-way up which I knew he must have gone, and, hearing a slight noise in that direction, I dashed on in the darkness and overtook him just as he was entering a small native house. I collared him, brought him into the alley, took my apparatus and left him there. He never afterwards appeared to claim his day's hire.

To reach the mainland from this pretty islet we cross a beautiful bridge at which we will also stop for a moment.

95. *Magnificent Marble Bridge at the Imperial Summer Palace, near Pekin.*

This fine bridge contains seventeen arches and is made largely of marble. The workmanship is superior; the long line of figures on the rail show much labor and considerable skill. A few glances only about the Summer Palace will tell us why the Empress spends so little of her time within the prison-like confines of the Forbidden City. Here there are crystal springs and mountain breezes and commanding prospects, all that nature and art can add to make the surroundings attractive. At the time I was here the grounds were deserted, except by a few foreign soldiers who were guarding the entrance, and an occasional group of visitors who had gained permission to visit the ground. In ordinary times the public is excluded as rigorously as at the Sacred City. When the Court occupies the Palace this bridge and the lake are not so devoid of life; then the water is dotted with row-boats, and sail-boats, and the entire royal area within the wall, as well as the villages outside where servants live, is full of activity. You can better understand the populousness of the place when I tell you that the Emperor is entitled to three thousand eunuchs, but the actual number employed is about two thousand. These eunuchs perform the work of the household. The number of females in the harem is not known, but it would probably far exceed the plurality of wives accredited to the celebrated Mormon prophet. The Court, with all its multifarious service and functions, must embrace a population of many thousands. From

this bridge the lake extends a half-mile in either direction, and the mountain slopes outside the Imperial domain are dotted with temples and homes of noted Chinamen.

As I walked across this bridge I found at the farther end the figure of a cow cast in bronze and mounted on a base of stone. In my walk of a mile about the lake I passed many curious structures, all showing unmistakable signs of the looter and the iconoclast. For our final look at Wan-Shou-Shan we climb the hill to the point mentioned from our first position.

96. Grand Porcelain Tower, One of the Splendid Buildings of the Imperial Summer Palace, near Pekin.

Here we obtain a good view of the great porcelain tower which overlooks the entire plain lying between us and Pekin. It is a vast creation of stone and tile and decorative work after the Chinese fashion. I entered and ascended to the top, expecting to find something to reveal its purpose; but found nothing to show that its use is for aught else than an observation tower. Indeed, there were many buildings about the grounds whose use could not be determined by their appearance; many of them, no doubt, the outcome of Imperial whims or fancies. Notwithstanding "the divinity that doth hedge a king," he is subject to human ambitions like other mortals. Royalty is certainly somewhat expensive! Here is a populous city, there is another at Yuen-Ming-Yuen, the Forbidden City is another and then the private palace outside the

Forbidden City; all these exist to gratify the cruel and unscrupulous vanity of an old Manchu woman. Millions are starving, and the one arch-mischief-maker sports four palaces, and three of these are verily cities, and all, we may say, for her personal luxury. The pomp and the palaces, of course, help on the "divinity that doth hedge," etc., and if the suffering masses can be kept in ignorance the "divinity" can be maintained—millions upon millions for the maintenance of a Christian-killing Empress, while thousands upon thousands are starving in honest poverty. Look upon these multiplied palaces and palace luxuries and then witness the staring eyes of starvation in the "dying place" at Canton. It does not require the "hedging of divinity" to make an intelligent and democratic people love and honor a Washington, a Lincoln or a McKinley; and in this respect what is true of China may be true of all monarchical or monarch-supporting governments. Democracy elects fitness for sovereignty, but empires inherit the next in line—many times unfit to rule; then comes the necessity for hedging with divinity. We did not love dear "Old Abe" less because he was not housed in a congeries of palaces, or because his beloved personality was not "hedged" by *lèse-majesté*. But if we linger in this line of thought before this great porcelain tower we shall soon be calling it a tower of shame. At the right of the tower we can see the plain over which we must pass to reach Pekin; only for the hazy atmosphere we could faintly discern the outlines of the city thir-

teen miles away. Now let us climb down this steep hillside and wend our way back to the quaint old capital.

A few days after my return from this Summer Palace to Pekin, during a casual visit to the United States Legation, I found Minister Conger preparing to set out on an official visit in his official chair.

97. Minister Conger leaving the Legation in His Official Chair, which is always used in making Official Calls, Pekin.

At the Legation Minister Conger kindly consented to allow me to make a picture of himself and his secretaries in the Legation rooms. It was during this sitting that our popular Minister spoke of going out in his official chair, when it occurred to me that to see him leaving the grounds would be interesting, as showing the formalities which must be observed at the Court of Pekin. It brings to mind also, that among the many different branches of the government organization, there is a ceremonial court whose duty it is to regulate forms to be observed and in marshaling visitors according to their proper ranks, and directing them when to make the "Kowtow." The kowtow is a formal bowing or kneeling and has many variations or degrees according to the rank before whom made; before the Emperor a kowtow consists in kneeling three times and knocking the head on the floor nine times. The refusal to comply with this formality on the part of foreign officials, has, at times in the past, led to international friction. Foreigners are not unwilling to

make their rounds in a sedan-chair, but they do not take to the requirements of kneeling and whacking their heads on the floor.

These chair-bearers have been waiting for some time in the court of the Legation. They are dressed in distinctive garb of red and white, with regulation hats. An avant-courier stands at one side with an air of superiority, and it is his duty to howl commands for all to clear the way for the important occupant of the chair. The highest dignitaries are carried by eight bearers, others by four, and ordinary mortals by two. There are two kinds of sedan-chairs, those made of bamboo for common people, and those elaborately curtained and upholstered. Ordinary persons are forbidden to use the latter; only those holding some rank are allowed to use them. In the cities chair-bearers are organized into guilds, and their establishments are the livery-stables of the country. In some places the chair-bearers are nicknamed *mo-mi-ma,* i. e., tailless horses.

While the sedan-chair is a very primitive conveyance, every one must confess it is one of the most luxurious, and reminds the rider how well adjusted with springs is the "tailless horse." When a set of chair-bearers are passing through the narrow streets of a city like Canton they keep up a dismal howl that reminds one of the approach of a band of howling monkeys in the jungles of the Amazon; this notifies the crowds in the street to clear the way, but the warning is so common that it is seldom heeded. The chair has the right of way, and when peo-

ple are struck by it they do not seem to mind it; their equanimity can scarcely be disturbed. In any other country the passage of a sedan-chair would, in a dense thoroughfare, engender endless broils and fisticuffs.

Mr. Conger is in the first chair, and his secretary is in the second. This official mode of travelling from place to place shows you exactly how Baron Von Ketteler was passing along the street which now bears his name, his secretary following, as Mr. Conger's secretary is following here, when foully murdered.

While Mr. Conger obligingly halted for a moment he told me that if I could get a stereograph of Prince Ching I would be scoring a great success. Now you may meet him whose picture Mr. Conger thought so desirable and so difficult to obtain.

98. Prince Ching, Commander of the City Guard—Secret friend of the Legations during the Siege—later Peace Commissioner, Pekin.

There are not many men in the world who have earned a wider celebrity than this member of the ruling dynasty. Another prince has earned for himself an infamy as world-wide as this man's fame; I refer to Prince Tuan who was the head and inspiration of the Boxer horde, and who is now likely to reap the fate which due retribution will probably mete to him, that is, banishment or some other extreme penalty. Prince Ching, who sits before us, has always been favorably disposed toward foreigners, and at the crucial moment, when the fate of the

Legations and all the foreigners in Pekin was in the hands of the shuffling Yamên, he did not hesitate to admit that he had failed to convince the court of the danger of inactivity and that he was helplesss in adjusting matters. When Sir Claude Macdonald found it was useless to discuss matters longer with the vacillating Yamên he demanded an interview with Prince Ching, who stated to him frankly that the government was not able to control the Boxers, and that foreigners could not expect protection either in Pekin or in any part of China. Prince Ching was President of the Tsung-li Yamên, and for his suspected sympathy with the foreigners was suddenly removed from the head of the Yamên by the Empress, and the Boxer chief, Prince Tuan, appointed in his place. There can be little doubt that only for these frank and friendly avowals of Prince Ching the Legations and all the Europeans would have attempted to obey the order which they had received to quit the capital and proceed to Tien-tsin; and this step, in the minds of everyone, would have resulted in indiscriminate slaughter. Can we wonder then that there exists a kindly feeling toward this true prince, or that when peace commissioners were to be chosen from among the Chinese to confer with the foreign ministers in the settlement of the great question between the Empire and the Allies, that Prince Ching should be the choice of the nations whose representatives he had saved? He has held many important positions besides being the head of the Foreign Office. In 1885 he was appointed along with Prince Chun and Li Hung Chang to take con-

trol of naval affairs, and now he has been coupled with China's famous statesman and viceroy in the adjudication of the Empire's imbroglio with the world. He is a near relative of the Emperor, and has now been mentioned as a possible successor to Li Hung Chang as Secretary of State and Viceroy; being so important a personage in the affairs of China and the world you can understand why our minister told me if I could secure his photograph I would "score a success." Along with an irrepressible New York correspondent who had secured credentials to Prince Ching from the Secretary of Li Hung Chang, and, couriered through the ramshackle wilderness of the Tartar City by a native "boy," I reached the palace of Prince Ching in the extreme northwestern portion of the city. See number 35 in black on Pekin map. Like all Chinese palaces it is a series of courts flanked by low buildings on every side. In an alley outside we were met by the official interpreter for the Prince, who explained to us that in a short time his excellency would receive us; finally we were taken to this interior court, where the Prince soon appeared and greeted us kindly. The interpreter had, of course, already explained to him that we desired his photograph for the American people, who looked upon him as their friend. His manner is grave and dignified, but with no sign of official dignity. As you can see he is of medium stature and apparently about seventy years of age. His garments are of heavy brocaded silk; the ample sleeves take the place of gloves; a magnificent ruby *within a circle* of pearls ornaments the front of his cap.

The correspondent asked for permission to speak with his excellency for a few minutes; this was readily granted, and the weather being chilly, we were asked to accompany him to a reception-room, where tea was at once served to us. I took along with me for his inspection a series of stereoscopic photographs, that he might understand the kind of picture I wished to make of him. The interpreter had, meanwhile, intimated to the Prince something about the photographs I had brought to show him. He seemed almost impatient to get hold of the stereoscope and stereographs, but the correspondent had him immeshed in his catechism for a time. At length he again glanced inquisitively toward the stereoscope, when I advanced and adjusted it to his eyes and passed a number of stereographs through it. He was visibly impressed with the realistic effect; they were the first stereoscopic photographs he had ever seen; he never wearied and scarcely withdrew his head from the hood of the stereoscope till all the views had been passed through. He scrutinized the stereoscope to ascertain where the remarkable effect came from. I asked the interpreter to tell him that his own photograph in this form with the instrument would be sent to him.

While we were yet sipping our delicious tea I asked the interpreter if his excellency would not permit us to carry back to America as souvenirs of the honor he had conferred upon us, the cups from which we were drinking the tea. He smiled benignantly and ordered the servant

to bring two better cups. More delicate specimens were soon forthcoming, into which we poured the remainder of our tea that we might say we had drunk tea from them with Prince Ching. The Prince said he had not had his photograph taken for eight years previous to this time, when a Dutch painter made of him an oil-portrait, which he took from the wall to show us.

After thanking him suitably for his hospitality and the patient audience and sitting he had given us, we retired to the alley whence we entered, and where the interpreter was joined by three members of the Tsung-li Yamên, whom you will be interested in meeting now.

99. *The Empress Dowager's Counselors in dealings with the Powers—Members of the Tsung-li Yamen, Pekin.*

The Chinese government is administered through several branches, such as the Board of Civil Office, the Board of Revenue, the Board of Rites, the Board of War, the Board of Punishments, the Board of Works, etc., and only in recent years has a new board been created called the Tsung-li Yamên, or Board of Foreign Affairs. The whole duty of the Tsung-li Yamên is to receive and confer with foreign ministers and to act as an intermediary between them and the Court. All diplomatic communications to the different Boards, or to the throne must be made through the Tsung-li Yamên. No foreign minister can come before the Emperor or the Empress. This condition of affairs is both inconvenient and offensive. It

was painfully exemplified during the siege of 1900 when this treacherous go-between Board screened the sinister motives of the crafty Empress. In the peace negotiations, now signed at Pekin, it is said that a radical alteration has been made in the relations of the foreign ministers to the Court, and that the article relating thereto is as follows:

"The Chinese Government shall be bound to reform the Chinese Foreign Office and the court ceremonial for the reception of the foreign representatives, and to do so in the sense which shall be defined by the Foreign Powers."

At any rate you have before you three representatives of the notorious Chinese Board of Foreign Affairs. These are men who were in office during the siege, the one seated is the interpreter. What do you think of them? I hope you will not fail to notice the fine feathers in their caps, because I swung two of these dignitaries partially around that you might see them. These are important men in Chinese affairs; they are members of the newly organized Board. How we would like to know just what they did and said and thought during those dark days of the siege; being identified with Prince Ching they, of course, pretend that they were friendly, but sincerity is a rare thing in the "Middle Kingdom," and then the faces of Chinamen so often possess a coldness which dispels confidence.

General Wilson in his latest revision of his book on China says of this modern Board of Foreign Affairs: "In view of the fact that none of the members of the

Board understand English, or any other foreign language, and none of the foreign ministers speaks Chinese, all conversation must be carried on through the intervention of official interpreters, and to prevent mistakes all official communications must be in writing, translated into the court dialect, or literary language of the country. As this language is almost an insuperable obstacle to the general dissemination of Western knowledge, and as there is no social intercourse whatever between foreigners and the conservative Chinese officials or their families, it will readily be seen that there cannot be a very active interchange of ideas between them."

A careful student of Chinese affairs in Pekin for many years said to me of the representatives of the Tsung-li Yamên. The members of the Tsung-li Yamên are not usually chosen because of their intelligence. It is a place where men with progressive tendencies are sometimes put to keep them in check. There are eleven members and nine are requisite for the transaction of business, and as most of them are reactionary there is little hope that a man with progressive spirit will have any special influence. However, there were two men of high courage in the summer of 1900 who protested against the murder of unarmed foreigners, and for endeavoring to protect the helpless these two men were beheaded. The Yamên has proved to be practically useless for the transaction of business, and now it is replaced by the Office of Foreign Affairs. Whether they will do any better remains to be seen.

An assemblage of the representatives of the great powers are meeting daily to discuss the great questions of indemnities, penalties and the future relations of the Empire to the nations concerned. A stupendous responsibility devolves upon these representatives. Both for the terrible siege through which most of them passed and for the important work they are doing, it is both a pleasure and an honor to meet these noteworthy men.

100. Ministers of Foreign Powers during Negotiations with China—leaving Spanish Legation after a sitting—Pekin.

We have just entered the Spanish Legation from Legation Street, a little east of the English Legation. The ten foreign ministers are emerging from the assembly-room at the end of a morning session and find themselves confronted by two cameras. Major Conger who seemed to enjoy an esteemed seniority among the ministers and with whom a previous arrangement had been made for this stereograph, addressed them somewhat as follows:

"Gentlemen, we are besieged again! This time, however, by a gentleman from New York who represents a house that does magnificent photographic work, and if you will halt for a moment he will possibly send us each a fine photograph; now, how shall we stand, Mr. Photographer?" "As you like," was the reply, "except, do not try to look pretty"; when some member in sotto voce jocularly rejoined: "We have enough on hand without undertaking greater tasks."

Thus in a few moments this scene was snatched by the sun-ray and registered for the future centuries among the annals of history. The different members of this tribunal of the nations may be identified as follows:

Of those standing on the lowest step, Major E. H. Conger (U. S. A.) is to the left, Don B. J. de Cologan (Spain) is in the center and Dr. Von Mumm (Germany) is to the right. Of the two standing on the second step, M. De Giers (Russia) is on the left next to Minister Conger and Baron M. C. De Wallton (Austria-Hungary) is on the right. On the next step back Marquis J. Saloago Reggi (Italy) is to the left, directly behind Minister Conger. Then comes Baron Missi (Japan) and M. N. Joostens (Belgium). In the doorway Baron d'A. de Wasserwass (France) is on the left and Sir E. Satow, the newly appointed British Minister, is on the right.

The task of this diplomatic corps has been very great, very difficult and protracted. It is impossible for people not versed in diplomacy to comprehend the endless number of subtle and perplexing matters that have demanded its careful deliberations, and the whole civilized world is its censor. Of course these men are but intermediaries between their respective governments and the Chinese Empire, yet their duties are complex. Most of them endured the privations and suspense of the siege, yet a year's struggle with perplexing problems awaited them. Diplomacy has been slow to learn that in dealing with the Chinese Government confidence is never safe; the Boxer uprising is not the first. Treaties have been often made,

but seldom honored, and now all the world wonders what will be the outcome of this last insurrection. Will China modernize and assimilate, or will she compromise in order to gain time only to make greater preparation to debar the Caucasian of the West, as she walled out the Tartar from the North? Time holds the secrets of the future, and for the issues of this great international settlement made by these ministers, we must wait.

In taking leave of these men we also conclude our itinerary in China. We have passed from Canton at the south to the devastated capital at the north. We have witnessed in our wanderings the wretchedness of hopeless poverty and suffering, and the stupid and demoralizing luxuries of wealth; we have seen the "King of Beggars" and the Princes of the Empire; we have seen the poor, burden-bearing coolie whose labor feeds the luxurious mandarin; we have seen the Tankia in their little floating homes and the many palaces of sovereignty. We have been stoned by the superstitious rustics among the mountains; we have "chowed" with mandarins. We have looked upon the bloody and harrowing circumstances of war, and as we are about to make our leave-taking obeisance before this ancient contemporary of Egypt and Babylon, we cannot but wonder what is to become of her. She is weak by reason of her unpreparedness for defense, and the vultures of Western commercialism are "watching out." Even now she has ceased to be a sovereign power when the allied nations can dictate enormous indemnities and the demolition of her coast defenses and the regulation

of her own internal affairs. China has international obligations to perform; none will consider her blameless; yet the various nations need to be very careful that they do not come to play the part of vigorous young bullies mauling a feeble and helpless centenarian.

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